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AMERICAN Detective

FACT CASES

AUGUST 25¢

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CAPTURE
KARPIS**

**Solving
Florida's
"MURDERS
in the
NUDE"**

The Horror of the Hanging Corpse



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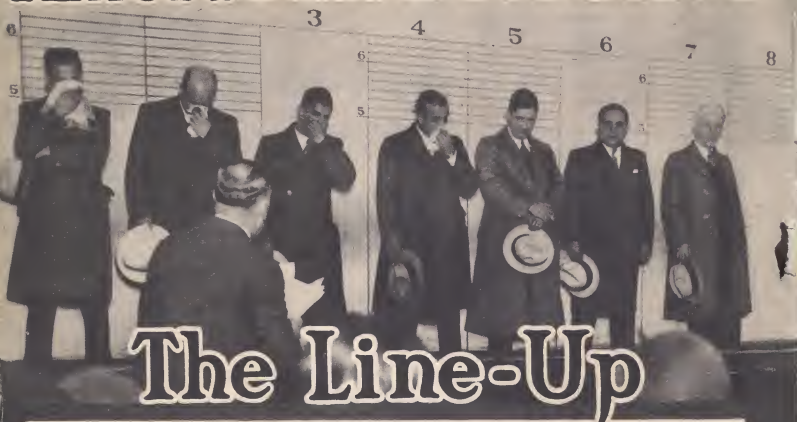
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American Detective



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George C. Johnson

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Cover by Delos Palmer

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AMERICAN DETECTIVE published monthly by the Artivision Publishing Company, Inc. Office of Publication, Washington & South Avenue, Dunellen, New Jersey. George C. Johnson, President; Jay P. Cleveland, Secretary. Editorial and executive offices, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Artivision Publishing Company, Inc. Manuscripts will be handled with care but this company and magazine assume no responsibility for their safety. For advertising rates address Jay P. Cleveland, Advertising Manager, Artivision Publishing Company, 551 Fifth Ave., New York City.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION (or twelve issues): In United States, \$2.50. (In Foreign Countries, \$3.50.) SINGLE COPIES: In United States, 35 cents. (In Foreign Countries, 50 cents.)

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AN AMERICAN DETECTIVE



Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf Superintendent of New Jersey State Police

The cold and efficient hand of the law, reaching out in all directions and spanning the years, clutching at last a criminal who believed time had given him safety—this is the picture Americans have of Scotland Yard.

The picture is correct, but it is not necessary to look across the ocean to see a police department that works that way. One such example can be found in the New Jersey State Police, one of the most successful police organizations in the country.

Much of this success must be credited to Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, present head of the New Jersey State Police. He was appointed to this position in 1926. The first move he made was to install a system of case reports. When a crime is committed in the state, the first state trooper to arrive at the scene of the crime must prepare the initial report. This includes a map of the scene, condition of the weather; names of victim, all clues—in fact, every detail that will prove important. This is rushed to Trenton, where a Captain of Detectives files it. Then every detective and trooper that works on the case is required to make a daily report of everything he does. These reports are no haphazard affairs. The troopers are trained to make them and no detail is omitted.

With these daily reports filed in Trenton, it is possible to substitute a new detective on the case without causing efficiency to suffer. A year may pass or five years; yet always at the fingertips of the state police is a perfect picture of every crime.

Uninteresting and certainly lacking in glamour, these reports; but to the criminals they have proved to be a dragnet from which few have ever escaped.

Colonel Schwarzkopf spent over a year studying every system of case reports of the more famous police departments in the country. Taking the best in each of them, he compiled his system, which is used as a model by police departments in all states. His famous case reports is just one example of the efficiency he has brought to the New Jersey State Police. The record of his famous organization speaks for itself.

It marks Colonel Schwarzkopf as one of the leading police officials in the United States.



THE STORY OF

By
Edwin V. Burkholder

Right: As Alvin Karpis looks in the files of the G-Men.



THE crouching men moved through the darkness swiftly and silently, like beasts of night stalking prey. Crooked under their arms were sub-machineguns. There were fifteen in all, and they advanced in an encircling movement that converged on a rainblowing house of white that loomed up in the eerie night like a ghostly apparition.

Overhead fast-moving clouds of grayish black blotted out a moon that was struggling vainly to pierce the mist and expose the ghastly drama that was about to unfold below. But the clouds increased and the darkness grew denser and the crouching figures moved on—relentlessly and grimly.

Yellow squares of light, coming from the few scattered houses of the little village of Oklawaha, Florida, cut

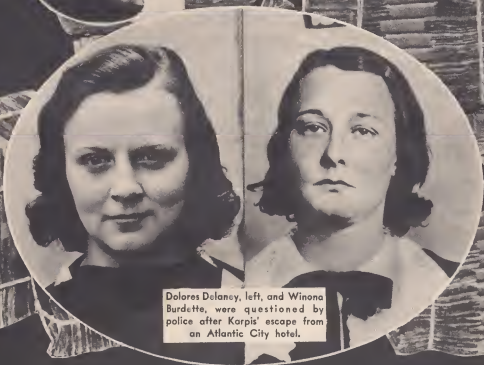
through the darkness feebly. In all there were not more than two hundred residents in this town that was located on the beautiful Lake Wier, a hundred miles southwest of Jacksonville.

It was a peaceful and law-abiding community, the town of Oklawaha. There were a few winter residents, but

'MAGIC' KARPIS

Featuring
J. Edgar Hoover, Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation

Alvin Karpis, Public
Enemy Number One,
blazed a path of death
and destruction on his
escapades—an amazing
trail which G-men fol-
lowed for two years to a
startling climax



Dolores Delaney, left, and Winona
Burdette, were questioned by
police after Karpis' escape from
an Atlantic City hotel.

they were known to the community, many of them having come every year for over a quarter of a century. Murder and crime were things utterly unknown there.

Yet on this night of January 16th, 1935, death was to come to this community as the first act in one of the most amazing man hunts in the history of the country.

What was about to happen that night was not wholly unexpected. As the fifteen men with machine-guns moved through the night, converging on the rambling white house, the two hundred citizens stood in silent and frightened groups around the stores. They talked in subdued whispers and most of the conversation concerned the rambling white house.

Two months before it had become the mystery house of the town. The owner had leased the house to a couple who went by the names of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Blackburn.

The Blackburns did not prove to be friendly neighbors in the small community. They were friendly enough in the stores and on the streets, but nobody was ever admitted to their house. That is, nobody in Oklawaha.

There were plenty of visitors, but they came at night, in high-powered cars, and left before dawn. There was another couple staying at the home. They were young people, hardly in their thirties. The girl was pretty and the man was sharp-faced and a little eagle-eyed as he looked at the townspeople.

It was the Blackburns that were the strange people to the community. Mrs. Blackburn was a middle-aged woman, somewhere in her fifties, a little heavy of body and face, with jet-black hair and flashing black eyes. There was strength and power in her face—and something a little peculiar.

The man that posed as her husband was far younger, somewhere in his early thirties. He was slim of body and shifty-eyed. The town resented the unfriendliness of these strangers, and it was not long until stories began to leak out. A neighbor,



The hideaway of Alvin Karpis and Fred Hunter when they were surprised by a visit from J. Edgar Hoover.





Federal agents surrounded the little Florida bungalow, above, in January of last year, killing Fred Barker, left, and his mother Kate Barker, right, when they attempted to shoot their way free. The Barkers engineered the kidnapping of a prominent St. Paul banker.

who trucked fruit and left his house at around 4 o'clock in the morning, reported that every time he started his truck at that hour the strange face of Mrs. Blackburn would appear at a window.

There were other stories, and as they were retold daily they increased in details and importance, and after the Blackburns had been in the house for the first month it became a house of mystery.

Then late on the afternoon of January 15th a car drove into Oklawaha and a tall, lean-faced man, with steel gray eyes and a quick, brusque manner, got out in front of a store.

He did not introduce himself. He had very little to say, but what he did sent the community into a fever of excitement. In substance, he passed word along to the neighbors of the Blackburns that it would be advisable for them to be somewhere else at 10 o'clock that night.

He did not say why. He didn't answer any questions, but it was obvious from his manner and his words that the house of mystery was going to be the scene of some lively excitement at this hour.

That tall and lean-faced man was Special Agent E. J. Connelly of the G-Men. To him there was little mystery about that rambling white house and the strange man and woman that lived there.

He had been tracking that couple and those that visited them for nearly a year. He had followed their trail with the stubborn tenacity that has made him famous in the department. Four months before, on September 6th, 1934, he had run them down in Cleveland in a questionable house.

They had slipped out of the trap, leaving three girls behind, charged with consorting with known criminals. Connelly was not going to make any mistakes this time, and as he drove into the town and warned the citizens, without saying who he was, he had fifteen men with machine-guns watching every road out of Oklawaha.

The occupants of the rambling white house were the remnants of the famous Barker-Karpis gang that had left a trail of bloody crime behind them that has never been equaled in criminal annals.

They were wanted for murder, for the Bremer and Hamm kidnapping cases, for countless bank robberies, and about every other crime known

on the calendar. For four years the gang had operated with seeming immu-



In the strange assortment of characters that made up the Barker-Karpis gang, Dr. Joseph P. Moran, right, (shown in the surgery of the Illinois State Prison) occupied a peculiar position.

of four boys—Arthur, Herman, Fred and Floyd. It has never been learned just when she started on her famous career, though it is generally believed that she was always interested in petty crime.

By 1931 she had stepped out of this class and entered the big time. She lived in Tulsa and this was the seat of her crime school. The names of the young men she taught the rudiments of bank robbing and killing are legend.

One of those that came to her in the fall of 1931 was a slim, inoffensive looking boy, hardly in his twenties, with dark hair and dark eyes and a pale face.

There was nothing prepossessing about him, nothing that would indicate that behind that shy and reserved exterior was the cunning brain of a killer that was to baffle the police in twenty states and hold at bay all the forces of the Federal government for over two years.

His name was Alvin Karpis. Even at his young age, he had a string of prison records behind him. They started in Topeka, Kansas, where, as a boy, he was arrested for stealing automobile tires. He was sentenced to the reformatory at Hutchinson.

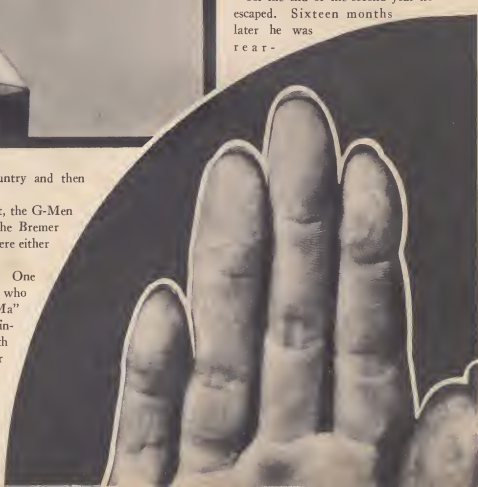
At the end of the second year he escaped. Sixteen months later he was rear-

nity, striking first in one part of the country and then in another.

When they entered the kidnapping racket, the G-Men stepped in, and already, two years after the Bremer kidnapping case, five members of the gang were either in prison or dead.

But the two leaders were alive and free. One of them was the fifty-year-old woman who posed as Mrs. Blackburn. She was "Ma" Barker, the teacher, the mother, the real instigator of the gang that had come with the depression years and had run wild over the South and Mid-West.

It would be difficult to find a more strange and interesting character in crime than "Ma" Barker. She was the mother



rested and sent to the State Penitentiary at Lansing. After serving a year of his sentence he was paroled. He drifted down into Oklahoma, taking part in bank robberies and learning his first lessons in big-time crime.

He was arrested in Tulsa, but despite the fact that he had a previous record and had broken prison, a judge only required him to remain three months in jail and then paroled him. Karpis showed his appreciation for this act of kindness two months later by murdering Sheriff C. R. Kelley, of West Plains, Missouri.

After this crime, he went back to Tulsa and joined "Ma" Barker and her crime school. Ma Barker liked the quiet, reserved, youthful bandit, and his power in her organization rose rapidly.

The other members of the gang didn't like him. They called him "Old Creepy" because he got on their nerves with his silent ways. But "Ma" Barker took him under her wing, provided girls for him and took his advice on all questions.

Two years later he was the leader, the brains, the trigger man for the gang. He was behind the Hamm kidnapping and the Bremer kidnapping. It was at the latter crime that the G-Men found his fingerprints

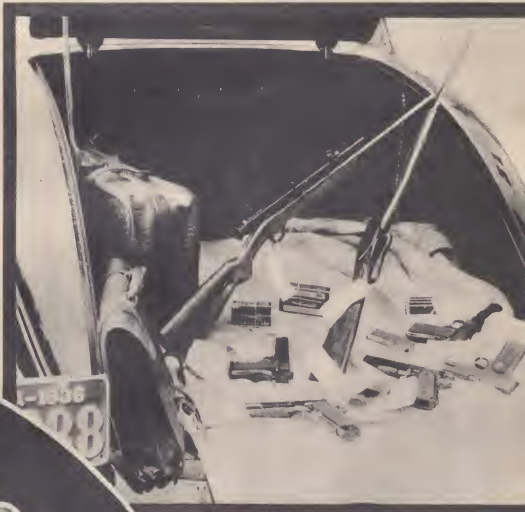
Below are the fingerprints of Alvin Karpis. Notice how they have been mutilated with acid to prevent identification. Port of the arsenal taken in the raid of the New Orleans hideout; right.

on a gasoline can and tabbed him as one of the dangerous criminals of the country.

But like a will-o'-the-wisp, Alvin Karpis, small of body and with a ghastly pallor, eluded the combined efforts of the G-Men and state police to capture him. He became, in the parlance of the police, "Magic" Karpis.

Special Agent Connelly was thinking of all this when he and his men got closer and closer to the rambling white house. No lights showed from the windows. No sounds came from the spacious grounds around it.

There was no hurry, no mad rushing forward by Connelly's men. He had worked too hard and too long to trace "Ma" Barker and Karpis to this isolated little lake town in Florida to permit a mis-step to undo all his work.



It had been a small thing that had led the G-Men to Oklawaha, the last place on earth they would suspect the Barker-Karpis gang hide-out to be. A tattoo mark of a heart had uncovered their hiding place.

It was on the right arm of Fred Barker, the son of "Ma," and the person posing as Mr. Blackburn. The G-Men had broadcast a description of the members of the gang to every part of the country, stressing this tattoo mark.

Fred Barker loved to fish. He hired a guide one day to row him far out on Lake Wier. He took his coat off. His



sleeves were rolled up. The guide saw this tattoo. Something clicked in his mind. He had read about such a tattoo mark. Then he remembered and he passed the information on to Washington.

Connelly had grabbed this remote clue and had investigated. He learned about the mysterious occupants of the white house. He checked on the visitors and knew that again he had trapped "Magic" Karpis.

And fifteen G-Men, crawling through the darkness, had surrounded the house and were ready to spring the trap. Connelly got to his feet, walked across the wide lawn and called out: "We're coming in to make an arrest—and if you resist we'll shoot to kill."

He talked to darkened windows, but his answer came quickly, in a flash of red and the rat-tat-tat of a machine-gun. Bullets whined close to his head.

He went down on one knee, and all around him came the roar of the machine-guns carried by the fifteen G-Men.

The fight lasted less than fifteen minutes. The roar of the guns shattered the peace of Oklawaha for many miles around. Fear-stricken citizens watched the battle from cars, from the store porches, and from prone positions on the ground.

Then as suddenly and as abruptly as the battle had started, it ended. From the house came no answering shots. In that brief space of time the G-Men had riddled the wooden walls with over two thousand bullets.

Connelly, followed by the G-Men, went through the shattered front door into a large living room. The room was in darkness. Connelly's hand went over the walls, searching for the light switch.

One clicked on in a flood of blinding brilliance. For a moment Connelly and his men blinked, their eyes unaccustomed to the light. But when this moment of blindness passed, they were staring at hideous death.

It lay there, in front of them, sprawled on the floor in distorted shapes. Fred Barker was near a window, on his face, arms thrown out over his head; a pool of blood had formed around him and bullet wounds stretched from his waist to his head.

Some distance from him, near the front door, lay the lifeless body of "Ma" Barker. In death that strong, dominating face was twisted strangely, as if in the last spasm of life some deep anguish had come to her.

Her lifeless hand was still gripping a machine-gun, the handle of which had been torn away by a bullet. There was only one wound in her head, a gaping hole in the right side. This wound told the pitiful story of her last seconds of life.

It had not come from the machine-guns of the attacking G-Men. Its location made that impossible. It had undoubtedly come from her own hand, and in those last seconds of life, seeing her son Fred dead, and facing certain arrest, she had turned a gun on herself and fired the bullet that killed her.

Harry Campbell, arms chained in front, last of the Karpis gang, being hustled into the St. Paul Federal court building. Special Agent Connelly can be seen on his left.



She had loved the son that lay dead near the window; she had loved him with all the passion of a mother. The anguish in her face told of the sorrow that had come to her in her last moments of life. It told the story of her death in another paradox which had made up the life of this strange woman.

But Connelly and the other G-Men paid little attention to the two bodies on the floor. They were looking for others. Karpis had been in that house a few hours before, but a search of every room failed to disclose him or any other bodies.

Somehow and in some way Karpis had waved his magic wand again and had walked out of another trap!

In a room in the Department of Justice Building in Washington two men sat at a desk. A teletype machine was near them.

One of these men was J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Department of Criminal Investigation, the leading G-Man in the country. Of the man that sat near him, little has ever been heard. It is doubtful if his name has ever been in print, yet this man, quiet and unassuming in manner, has contributed more towards running down criminals than any other man in the country, with the exception of Hoover himself.

He is Clyde Colson, first assistant to J. Edgar Hoover. In the de-

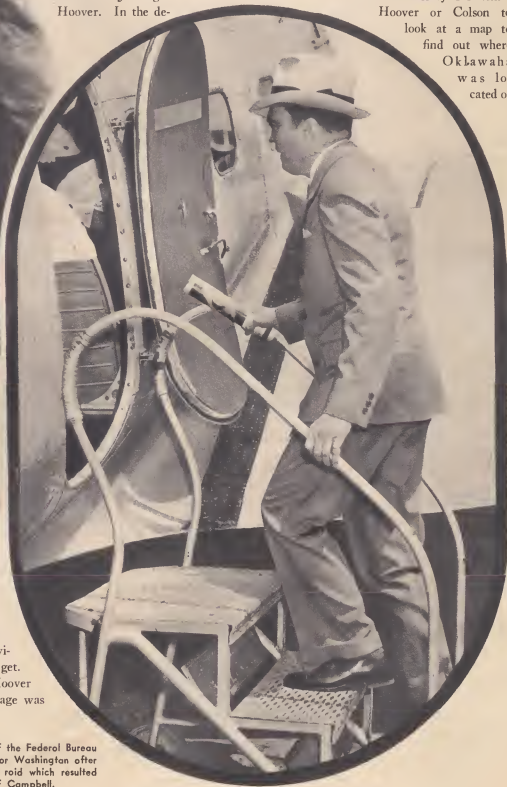
written on it. It read:

"Ma Barker and son Fred killed in fight at Oklawaha, Florida. Karpis escaped from house hour before we arrived. Another man, believed to be Campbell, and two girls left with him. Standing by for orders.

CONNELLY"

Hoover's face tightened as he looked at Colson, but neither man said anything. Speed and efficiency were the two things that had been ingrained in G-Men. No use to discuss the fact that Karpis had eluded them; seconds were precious in picking up the trail of the man that had by this time been dubbed "Public Enemy Number 1."

It wasn't necessary for either Hoover or Colson to look at a map to find out where Oklawaha was located or



partment he is called "Hoover's shadow." Generally unknown by the public and even the crooks, he can move from place to place like a shadow, gathering evidence that no one else could get.

The teletype in front of Hoover and Colson clicked. A message was

J. Edgar Hoover, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, leaving for Washington after personally conducting the raid which resulted in the capture of Campbell.

that the closest large town was Jacksonville. They knew all this long before Connelly and his men had made the raid.

They knew another thing which was important. Modern crooks, unlike the old-time outlaws, always headed for a large city when they fled. Where the old time criminal sought the seclusion of isolated country and mountains, the crooks of today seek seclusion in centers of large population.

"Karpis and Campbell," Hoover said quickly, "will head for Jacksonville. They will ditch their car there, knowing that it is marked. They will steal another and head north. Get a report from Jacksonville police on any car that might have been stolen tonight."

THE report came through at two that morning. The car of Frederick Pencl-ton, Jacksonville florist, was stolen from a garage. The license plate number was Florida 5-233.

It was the only car stolen that night. Hoover and Colson wasted no time making inquiries about it. In less than an hour after this information had been received, the license number of the car and its description was broadcast over an area that extended from Ohio to the east coast.

Three days passed and no word of Karpis or the stolen car came into headquarters, but on the fourth day, the swift action of Hoover and Colson brought results.

Late on the afternoon of January 20th, Patrolman Elias Saab of the Atlantic City police force was on his beat on Kentucky Avenue, about a half a block from the boardwalk. It was a cold wintry day and sleet and snow were falling. Saab was cold. The avenue was deserted, but a car stood near the curb.

Saab looked at it idly. It had a Florida license plate. A Florida license! Saab recalled that there had been a Florida car reported missing. Its number was 5-233. Saab glanced at the license number of the car.

It was 5-233. Saab blinked and then forgot the cold and sleet. He headed straight for police headquarters where he reported his find to Captain Harry Yates, in charge of the detective bureau.

Captain Yates went himself to investigate the car and the owners. He learned that two men and two girls had arrived in it and had registered at the Danmore Hotel, which was less than a block away, under the names of Carson and Campbell.

Inquiry at the hotel disclosed that neither Carson nor Campbell were in, and that they usually came back to the hotel sometime around five in the morning. The wife of Mr. Carson, the clerk reported, was about to have a baby and arrangements were being made to have her taken to a hospital.

Captain Yates went back to headquarters and instructed Detectives Edward Mulhern, Arch Whiteman, and George Brennan to make the arrest when the two men possessing the stolen car returned to the hotel.

At six in the morning the three detectives appeared at the hotel. Brennan was detailed to stay downstairs to watch any attempt to escape. Whiteman and Mulhern went upstairs to the fourth floor. At the rear of the hotel, watching the fire-escapes and the rear doors were Patrolmen Saab, Campbell, and Sergeant Joseph Florentino.

Arriving on the fourth floor of the hotel, Detectives Mulhern and Whiteman tiptoed toward the door of room 23. A light was shining through the bottom crack. A door down the hall closed and a man, dressed in pajamas, came toward them.

He was slim and dark-haired, with a pasty pallor to his cheeks. He was holding his hands as if in pain.

He said to the two detectives: "Looking for somebody?"

"Sure," Detective Mulhern answered, "we want the two guys in room 23."

The man dressed in pajamas smiled and said: "They're friends of mine. I'll tell them you want to see them."

AND with that he went through the door of room 23. Mulhern looked at Whiteman and Whiteman looked at Mulhern.

From the room a voice called out: "Okay. My friends are here."

The two detectives kicked the door open, drawing revolvers as they did. They saw a man sitting in a rocking chair near a window. They looked at him, a little bewildered. It was the man they had met in the hallway, but he had dressed hurriedly in the brief time he had been in the room.

Detective Mulhern jerked his gun up and said: "Stick 'em up."

The man in the chair, who was Karpis himself, smiled and in a flash a sub-machine-gun was covering the detectives.

"Stick 'em up, yourselves, coppers," he snarled.

Karpis' machine-gun started to spit fire. He was on his feet. Campbell came out of the bathroom. Detective Mulhern ducked out of the door to escape the machine-gun bullets.

Karpis and Campbell charged into the hallway, their machine-guns belching fire. Detective Mulhern opened fire at them. A bullet caught Whiteman in the face and he went down. Karpis and Campbell darted down the hall.

A door to the next room opened and two women came running out. One of them went down with a shrill scream, a bullet in her leg. Her friend grabbed her and pulled her back in the room, slamming the door shut.

By this time Detective Mulhern had emptied his automatic. He was at the side of Whiteman who lay on the floor, his face covered with blood. Detective Brennan, hearing the shooting, was coming up the steps, two at a time; but Karpis and Campbell were racing down the rear stairs.

They landed outside, in the rear of the hotel. A barrage of bullets from the patrolmen at the rear greeted them. Karpis yelled a sharp order to Campbell. The two gangsters leaped behind the stone wall of the cellar door.

The patrolmen were firing rapidly, Karpis and Campbell waited until they had emptied their guns. Then they came up, covering the policemen. They backed them away from the rear door of a garage that opened out on the hotel court.

Inside this garage was a pea green Pontiac sedan owned by the wife of an Atlantic City auctioneer. The license number was N. J. A-3073. Campbell darted for the car while Karpis held the police back.

Campbell got the engine started. Karpis turned, leaped for the car, and in the

next second it shot out of the front doors of the garage into the darkness. It headed for Longport, on the outskirts of Atlantic City.

On the fourth floor of the hotel, Detective Mulhern had assisted Detective Whiteman to his feet. The bullet had cut through Whiteman's cheek, leaving only a nasty flesh wound. Detective Brennan had gone down the rear stairway but by the time he got there, Karpis and Campbell were gone.

The two girls that had rushed into the hall and then back to their room were arrested. They were the two girl friends of the escaped bandits. Campbell's girl friend gave the name of Winona Burdette and the one with Karpis, who was wounded in the hall and who was to be sent to a maternity hospital, gave her name as Dolores Delaney.

It was not until they were questioned that Captain Yates knew that the men in the stolen car were the famous Karpis and Campbell. He notified the G-men in Philadelphia at once and they arrived at Atlantic City several hours later and took the two girls in charge.

The sensational escape of Karpis from the Atlantic City police was spread over the newspapers of the country the next day in screamer headlines. A wave of indignation swept the public.

In his office in Washington, directing the activities of the G-Men scattered over forty-eight states, J. Edgar Hoover sensed this wave of public indignation. He felt a good bit the same himself, but he didn't have time to express it.

Before the story was even on the wires, he was sending out a description of the pea green sedan Karpis and Campbell had used in their escape.

In Atlantic City, G-Men from Philadelphia were questioning the two girls, Winona Burdette and Dolores Delaney. But the girls had played the game with the police before and they knew how to keep silent.

The next day passed and no word was heard from the now famous Public Enemy, Number 1. Every highway in the eastern states was patrolled by state police with instructions to watch for the pea green sedan. G-Men were rushed to key positions.

In Washington, Hoover said to Clyde Colson:

"We'll hear from Karpis any minute. He'll have to get rid of that pea green sedan. He can't make his next move without us knowing it."

Even as Hoover said that, the next move of Karpis and his henchman, Campbell, had already been made. It was 9:30 on the night of January 21st, less than twenty-four hours after Karpis had made his daring escape from Atlantic City.

IN a lonely and deserted Grange hall, fifteen miles southwest of Akron, Ohio, a young man, bound and gagged, was struggling frantically to get to a telephone that was on the wall.

For half an hour he had been working the ropes that held his wrists and ankles. He had managed to loosen them by tearing deep into the skin and flesh. He threw himself across the room. His face hit the wall. He rubbed the cloth around his mouth loose.

Then supporting himself by the wall, he got to a standing position. It took him

some time to work over to the phone, but when he did, he called Sheriff Roy Krugge at Akron.

"This is Doctor Hunsicker of Allentown, Pennsylvania," the man gasped. "I'm tied hand and foot and am in the Grange hall somewhere to the southwest of Akron."

"Okay," the sheriff answered. "I'll find you right away."

Half an hour later Sheriff Krugge, accompanied by his deputy, Jim Corn, walked into the lonely Grange hall and saw Doctor Horace H. Hunsicker, of the staff of the Pennsylvania State Hospital at Allentown, lying on the floor, his hands and feet still tied.

The sheriff cut the ropes. The young doctor stood up. He was pale and his face was haggard, but he moved his arms and legs to get circulation back into his body.

"Thanks, Sheriff," he said. "I was dumped here an hour ago, and riding in the back of a car for three hundred and fifty miles, tied and gagged, hasn't been pleasant."

"What happened?" the sheriff demanded.

Doctor Hunsicker told his story. The night before he was driving his car along the Allentown-Philadelphia Pike at Sellersville, Pennsylvania. Two men in a green sedan pushed him up to the curb and forced him to get out of his car at the point of a gun.

He was tied and gagged and thrown back in his car. One of the men got in the driver's seat and drove away. The other man went back to the green sedan. After they had ridden about an hour, the doctor's car stopped. The other man appeared and jumped in the front seat.

Then they drove west. The doctor did not know where they were headed or what was going to happen to him or why the two men with a machine-gun wanted to take him along.

He remembered hearing them say they were passing Akron and then a little later, the car stopped and he was thrown in the lonely Grange hall and the two men drove his car away.

Sheriff Krugge rushed the doctor back to Akron. The sheriff had heard about Karpis and the pea green sedan. He wasted no time trying to get the message to Washington. He called the Ohio state police and two minutes later every radio car and station of the Ohio state police got the radio message to be on the lookout for a 1935 Chevrolet coach, carrying a Pennsylvania license plate—A-77886.

THE state police radioed the message to the Indiana State Police, who sent the message out to every part of the state. Indiana passed the message over to the Illinois State Police, and an hour after Sheriff Krugge had found Doctor Hunsicker, the state police in five states were on the lookout for the Chevrolet sedan carrying Karpis and Campbell.

Back in Quakertown, Pennsylvania, a farmer found the pea green sedan abandoned in a ditch by the side of the road. The car was punctured with bullets, but there were no blood stains in it, dispelling the theory of the Atlantic City police that either Karpis or Campbell had been wounded in the gun fight at the Danmore Hotel.

G-Men were rushed to Quakertown to take charge of the green sedan. Fingerprint

experts went over it. They made the discovery that Karpis no longer had fingerprints. An operation of special skin grafting had taken all prints off his fingers and where his prints were found were only smudges.

In the meantime the entire forces of the five states, combined with the resources at the command of Hoover, were throwing out a net to catch the fleeing desperadoes. The northern country was well-known to Karpis, having worked out of St. Paul for some time and the G-Men worked on the theory that he and Campbell were going in this direction.

They were traced to Chicago. Fearing

Nash of Cambridge got the tip that Karpis was behind the robbery, but this tip brought no results.

And then these flurries of excitement in the press ceased. Karpis was forgotten as far as news was concerned. His sensational escape from Florida and Atlantic City, and his successful running of the gauntlet of death through a maze of G-Men and state police, remained only a vivid and embarrassing memory to the public.

HOWEVER, in J. Edgar Hoover's office in Washington, Karpis was not forgotten. On Hoover's desk lay a letter, received from Karpis that day. It was



When Karpis wanted to buy the above car, he went to an agency and flashed a roll of hundred and five-hundred-dollar bills.

he might be headed for Canada, Hoover ordered extra patrols for the border points.

Dell Clarke, a rural mail carrier out of Monroe, a resort town on the Lake Erie shore line, found Doctor Hunsicker's Chevrolet coach abandoned along a lonely and deserted country road.

And here the trail of Karpis ended as abruptly as if the earth had swallowed him up.

THERE were slight flurries of excitement in the press. It was reported that Karpis had been seen in the tri-city area of Rock Island and Moline, Illinois, and Davenport, Iowa. Scores of police were thrown in this section, but no sign of Karpis was discovered.

There was a report that he had been seen in LaSalle and Peru, Illinois, but that rumor proved groundless. At Trivoli, Illinois, a bank was robbed. Sheriff George

written in a crude, scrawling hand, hardly legible.

It read:

"Mr. Hoover:

You ain't going to take me alive, and before they get me, I'm going to get you. If I die, I'll kill you first.

ALVIN KARPIS."

The letter was important. The stupid threat of death did not interest Hoover. He had received many of these before. But the letter told Hoover that Karpis had not escaped across the border and that he was still in the United States, a cunning, moronic killer who was a threat to everything that represented law and order.

The letter had been postmarked from Maywood, a Chicago suburb, having been mailed two days before. G-Men were sent to this suburb to check on any partners in

crime Karpis might have left behind.

The G-Men made a startling discovery in this Chicago suburb. They did not find any trace of Karpis, but while they were in Maywood, a body was washed ashore at Lake Erie.

The face was mutilated beyond any hope of recognition, but teeth and bridge work taken from the mouth established the identification of the dead man as Doctor Joseph P. Moran, accused of being the former doctor for the Barker-Karpis gang and an expert plastic surgeon.

IN the strange assortment of characters that made up the Barker-Karpis gang, Doctor Moran occupied a peculiar position. A highly educated young man, whose ability as a surgeon had early manifested itself, he was thrown into the underworld by a peculiar twist of fate.

He started the practice of surgery in LaSalle, Illinois, and his reputation spread rapidly. Then a close friend came to him, asking him to help him out of trouble. A girl was pregnant and Doctor Moran performed an illegal operation.

The girl died and the doctor, young and with the promise of a brilliant future as a surgeon, was sent to prison. This caused something to happen in his mind. He was paroled but he was never able to resume his work as a surgeon.

He was returned to prison as a parole violator and here he met members of the underworld, and when he was released the second time, he became associated with criminals, serving as their official face lifters.

But he was bitter and broken. He took to drink and was drunk most of the time, and when in such a condition, he talked a great deal. Several days before he disappeared, he was drunk and he told about a famous job of face lifting he had done for a man the government would give anything to find.

To the G-Men this meant that Doctor Moran had performed such an operation on Karpis and the kidnapper of Hamm and Bremer was now hiding under a new face. Doctor Moran had been killed by Karpis because he talked too much.

This report went to Washington, but the search for Karpis did not stop. It went on silently and relentlessly, the G-Men no longer being hindered by publicity in the daily press.

The letter threatening to kill Hoover lay in a drawer of the head G-Man's desk. Hoover took over complete charge of the search for "Magic" Karpis.

The long and efficient hand of the law, reaching into unknown places and covering the country like a blanket, picked up the trail of Karpis in St. Paul, but here entered into the case the element which has proved the greatest deterrent to the work of the G-Men.

Crooked officials and local police who were lured by the large sums of money that men like Karpis usually had, would work to defeat the ends of justice. The men closed in on Karpis, but he fled a few hours ahead of them.

The same thing happened in other cities, and the G-Men, forced to work alone, adopted the plan of taking no local police into their confidence.

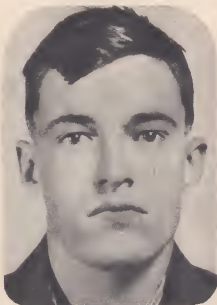
Spring came and then the hot days of the summer of 1935. The trail of Karpis remained a thin, elusive line that seemed

always just beyond the grasp of the G-Men. He moved from one city to another, taking advantage of the underworld, hiding behind his new face—a hunted creature that could move only at night and had to hole up in the daytime.

When October came, there was a meeting in Hoover's office. Special Officer Connelly, who was still on Karpis' trail, David McGee, head of the southern division of the G-Men, and Phillip Mahon, in charge of the northern division, were there.

With Hoover was Clyde Colson, who handled the daily reports that came in from twenty cities on Karpis.

"We'll have to wait until Karpis comes out in the open," Hoover said. "A yellow



The man captured with Karpis was Fred Hunter, above, a suspect in the Garretville train robbery.

rat like him can hole up in the dives of the underworld indefinitely, but before long he will have to have money. To get this, he will have to form another gang. When he does that, we can get somewhere."

The G-Men had to wait less than a month for Karpis to come out in the open. It happened late in the afternoon of November 7th, 1935, in the little town of Garretville, Ohio.

W. B. Moses, agent at the Erie station, was making preparations for the mail train that was due in a few minutes. He was in the station master's office and robbery and death were far away from his mind.

There was a sound at the open door. Moses turned quickly, every part of his body freezing. Standing in the doorway was a man and in his hands was a sub-machine-gun.

"Get outside or I'll start shooting," the man ordered Moses.

Moses was on his feet, but he did not go outside. He slammed the door shut and locked it. The man with the machine-gun did not shoot. Outside there were five other bandits, backing Mrs. W. L. Scott, who had come down to the station to mail a letter to her husband who was on a fishing trip, against the wall of the station.

Three others were there when Mrs. W. L. Scott, who had never seen a machine-

gun before, felt one shoved in her side. They were Fred Ball, cashier at the station, Orin Warkinson, a news dealer who had come down to get some Cleveland papers, and P. E. Christy, who just happened to be at the station.

In the distance the train whistled and came roaring down the track, coming to a stop alongside the station platform. What happened next came with such speed and efficiency that it was all over before anyone realized it had happened.

Mrs. Scott and those with her were treated to a perfect re-enactment of a Jesse James train robbery, done with modern trimmings. Three of the bandits swung up into the cab of the locomotive and covered Charles Skull, the engineer, and P. O. Leschner, the fireman.

Others entered the mail car. They came out with sacks of loot, and before anyone on the platform realized it, the robbers were gone, carrying with them \$36,000 in currency and over \$12,000 in negotiable securities.

C. P. Morrow, Garretville coal dealer, trailed the robbery car out to highway 88 where it disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The robbery of the mail train brought postal inspectors and G-Men to Garretville in airplanes. The G-Men got two things that were important.

The first was an excellent description of all the robbers. The second, even more important, was the discovery on a window sill of a smudged fingerprint that corresponded with the one of Karpis found on the pea green Pontiac sedan.

The discovery of this smudged print told the G-Men that their break had come. And they were not slow to take advantage of it. Special Agent Connelly was rushed to the Ohio district by Hoover. Clyde Colson arrived in Tulsa a few hours later in a government plane.

And over that part of the middle west a hundred G-Men were scattered, searching in the underworld of the small and large cities for men answering the description of the robbers. Pictures from the G-Men's rogues' gallery were rushed to Garretville. Mrs. Scott identified one picture as being that of the robber that shoved the machine-gun in her back.

Then late at night Hoover boarded a plane and was flown to New York City. This trip was caused by information sent him from Colson in Tulsa. Hoover spent only a few hours in New York and then his plane took him to Tulsa.

Clyde Colson met him at the Tulsa air field in a car. Hoover was taken to an isolated house on the outskirts of Tulsa, where two G-Men were with George Zilzer, a marine garage worker and an aviator at Port Clinton, Ohio.

"Zilzer," Colson said to Hoover, "few Karpis and two other men to Tulsa from Cleveland three days ago. Zilzer didn't know who his passengers were, but from his description I'm sure one was Karpis."

ZILZER told his story to Hoover. A man, he explained, had come to him in Cleveland and offered him \$500 to fly him to Tulsa. The man was wearing glasses, but his face had a white pallor and his hair was dark. He was slim and his jawbone protruded, as if he had had an operation on it.

Zilzer said he told the man he didn't

have a plane, but if he could get \$500, he would make a first payment on one. He didn't believe he would ever see the man again, but three days later he appeared with five hundred dollars. Zilzer went to Toledo and bought a plane, putting the five hundred down as a first payment.

He started on his flight with the three men. He was told to head for Hot Springs, Arizona. Here he stopped and one of the men got out. He went on to Tulsa where his two other passengers left the plane.

Zilzer was advised to stay with the G-Men for a week for protection. Hoover and Colson rushed extra G-Men to Tulsa and every part of the city was turned inside out, looking for Karpis. The search spread far beyond Tulsa, into the wild Cookson's foothills.

But again Karpis had disappeared as if by magic.

A month passed. Postal inspectors and G-Men were closing in on a known member of the gang that held up the Garrettsville train. The trail of Karpis led back to New York City. Hoover and Colson followed this trail, learned that he had been there and had attended the Louis-Baer prize fight—and had married an Arkansas girl while in the city.

Then on February 26th, the first arrest was made in the train robbery case. Grover (Burhead) Beady was picked up in Toledo by postal inspectors and G-Men and brought to Cleveland. Technical charges of robbery were placed against him.

BUT the trail Hoover and Colson had picked up in New York City overshadowed the arrest of Beady. Special Agent Connelly, in charge of the G-Men working in Ohio and Arkansas, received instructions from Hoover to raid a house at the outskirts of Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Connelly and his men made the raid, but again, as if it seemed to be an inevitable trick of fate, Karpis had slipped out of the house less than an hour before the G-Men arrived.

Rebuffed again, the G-Men continued their relentless search. By this time every resource of the Department of Justice was directed toward capturing the man that had defied law for so long. Rewards totaling seven thousand dollars were posted for his apprehension.

And slowly and relentlessly the government was closing in on Karpis. There was no hurry, no mis-steps. Coldly and persistently the G-Men picked up each bit of evidence that was to form the net for Public Enemy Number 1.

David McGee, special officer in charge of the New Orleans district, rushed back to that city. At Hot Springs, the G-Men were holding a woman of mystery. She was taken on a number of trips throughout the south, and the information gleaned from her was the reason for McGee going to New Orleans.

On April 26th, Special Agent Connelly, with five G-Men, got out of a car on a darkened side street of Youngstown, Ohio. They went up to the door of a house and knocked. There was no answer. They knocked again and then their shoulders went against the door, crashing it down.

They leaped into the wall of darkness that lay beyond the door. There was a scuffle of feet in front of them. Connelly

closed in on the sound, and when he backed out of the house he was holding a tall, thin-faced man.

"All right, Brock," Connelly said. "We're arresting you for the Garrettsville train robbery."

John Brock, alias Harold Johnson, shrugged and answered: "What to hell can I do about it?"

From that point on events moved with startling swiftness—and absolute silence. G-Men were rushed to New Orleans, but the local police department had no knowledge of their presence.

Then on April 29th, J. Edgar Hoover boarded a plane at Washington and flew to New Orleans. In his pocket was the letter Karpis had written him, threatening to kill him on sight. Hoover smiled grimly as he thought of that letter. He was going to give Karpis a chance to carry out that threat.

On May 1st, the 3000 block of Canal Street, a half mile from the business section of New Orleans, was peaceful and strangely quiet in the warm afternoon sun.

A few automobiles moved up and down the street. A trolley car stopped at the end of the block. Anderson Cole, a seventeen-year-old high school student, who lived in the apartment house at 3333 Canal Street, got off the car and started for his home.

Three people came out of the apartment house. Two were men, each dressed in whites, and the third was a girl, young and pretty. The three walked toward a car that was at the curb.

BUT they never got there. From behind bushes and around the corner of the apartment house men swarmed, carrying machine-guns and automatics.

And leading these men was J. Edgar Hoover. The two men with the girl swerved but they had no chance to reach for guns.

They gasped in surprise—and terror. One of them, small of body and slim, with black hair and black eyes, and an expressionless face, cringed and his knees started to buckle under him as he shook like a leaf.

"All right, Karpis," Hoover said. "You don't have to tremble like a scared rat. We don't kill men in cold blood."

And Alvin Karpis, the moronic killer that left behind him a trail of blood and crime, did what all such men do when they face death.

He whimpered and begged for his life. All the brazen courage that such men are accredited with but never have, was gone.

He finally managed to gasp: "You—you are Mr. Hoover? I know you from your pictures. I guess we finally meet."

"Yes," Hoover replied, "and if my memory serves me right, you were going to kill me when we met."

Karpis whimpered: "I didn't have a chance."

Hoover didn't tell him that he had more chance than most of his victims ever had. Handcuffs were put on him and the man with him and the two G-Men took charge of the girl.

The aftermath of the final capture of Karpis took place in St. Paul where he was taken in a plane. Faced by the G-Men, he cringed and begged for life. He admitted the Hamm and Bremer kidnapping charges. He was ready to admit

anything, do anything—if only they wouldn't give him the death sentence.

That was a matter for the courts to decide and the G-Men did not commit themselves. Back in New Orleans, the man captured with Karpis was discovered to be Fred Hunter, a suspect in the Garrettsville train robbery.

He was turned over to the postal inspectors. The girl with Hunter and Karpis was known as Ruth O'Hara. She was questioned by the G-Men but no charges were placed against her.

Hoover's announcement to the press was brief, confined only to the information that Karpis had been captured. The policy of the government is never to give out any information, but behind this brief notice of Hoover's is the story of how the G-Men finally located Karpis.

THEY knew he had gone to New Orleans sometime the first of April. They got this information in Hot Springs, Arkansas, but Karpis had had his face lifted and it was difficult to locate him in New Orleans.

But face lifting does not change the blustering braggadocio of a criminal. Karpis wanted to buy a car. He wanted to do it like a big shot. He went to an agency and gave his address and flashed a roll of hundred and five hundred dollar bills.

The salesman that talked with Karpis became suspicious. He got to thinking about Karpis. He told his wife. She told her friends.

And the gossip traveled with startling speed and within a few days, it was generally known in New Orleans that Karpis was there. This information got to the ears of Special Agent McGee. He wired Hoover and Hoover flew to New Orleans to give Karpis the chance to shoot him on sight.

Describing Karpis' face after the operation, Hoover said: "He told us it cost him \$350. It wasn't worth thirty-five cents to him. It changed his jaw a little, but we could have recognized him anywhere."

Only one aftermath remained to the story. A little before Karpis and Hunter were captured, a lone fugitive who limped and was too hot for any one of the underworld to get near him, left that apartment house.

It was Campbell, the man Karpis had escaped from Florida with and who had shot his way out of the Danmore Hotel in Atlantic City. He never came back to the apartment house. He heard of the capture of Karpis. He fled north, with the hand of every man, including criminals, against him.

He went to Toledo to hide, but the government followed close behind him. On May 7th, Hoover, personally conducting the search, made the arrest without having to fire a shot.

Campbell was taken to St. Paul in a plane. He was put in another cell close to Karpis. The two men did not speak.

The rumor got out that Karpis had tipped the G-Men off to where his pal and friend might be hiding. He did this hoping to get leniency for himself and to escape the electric chair.

The G-Men would not confirm this rumor.

But a rat, when cornered, will do anything to get free!

THE END



VIPERS

By Lieutenant Jack Killion
Los Angeles, California, County Sheriff's Department
As told to Jack De Witt

IN THE office of Inspector William Bright, Chief of the Homicide Detail in the Los Angeles sheriff's department, was a cloth-bound file which told of a woman's death, by accident.

The file was fitted into its correct alphabetical place with hundreds of similar brown-covered books which form probably the most bizarre library in the world. A library of sudden death.

A perfect filing system, the homicide detail's brown-bound books are at the same time a complete history of every murder that has occurred in two decades in Los Angeles county.

The file on a woman's accidental death by drowning in a lily pond at her attractive home in the La Crescenta neighborhood, would normally have no place in the files

of a homicide detail kept constantly busy solving the weird and fantastic crimes for which Los Angeles has long been infamous.

The fact that the file was there was plain proof that Inspector Bright and members of his highly skilled detail of homicide sleuths were suspicious of the case and awaited only a clue or a hint to reopen their investigation.

When Mrs. Mary Emma Busch James, the beautiful blonde wife of a La Crescenta barber, was found face downward in her garden pond at 1329 Verduga Road, La Crescenta, August 5th, 1935, the Los Angeles county sheriff's force, of which I am a member, lost no time examining every angle of the case for signs of murder.

On that hot August afternoon, with the California sunlight a harsh glare among the flowers in the little gar-



VENOM

Was the man mad? His story was the wildest, the most fantastic ever heard—but his narrative withstood the strain of investigation, becoming the most sensational and bitterly cruel murder ever listed in a library of death

den, I stood beside the fish pond and read the story of death as I saw it. Prone the young woman lay, her face and chest in the shallow water. She was clad in silk pajamas. A water lily, drooping under the blast of the sun, spread its wax-like petals near her hair. Like the flower, the drowned woman seemed to be shrinking from the brutal heat into the tepid water of the lily pond.

In the sitting room of the small stucco bungalow, attractive and neat in spite of the pseudo-Spanish ugliness of exterior so common in southern California houses, a man sat with his head on his hands.

Robert James, master barber, a heavily built, heavy-featured man, with the aroma of his pomades and his

soaps like an aura about him, was bowed with grief.

"She must have slipped," his voice was a husky rattle in his throat. "God, it's awful! I can't get out there and look at it. She must have slipped, got dizzy or something. She was—she was going to have a baby."

He sobbed and lifted his heavy face to stare with strangely dry eyes into mine. "I told her to keep away from that pond," he said. "It was dangerous."

The shallow pond with its blooms so attractive in the cool of dawns and dusks, but so pitifully tortured in the white glare of the California noons, was dangerous in the opinion of this grieving man. I studied him with more interest. But his sorrow was absolute.

There was a suspicion of murder in my mind because I am a murder man. There was a suspicion of murder in the mind of Inspector William Bright when I dictated to a stenographer the first pages of the report which would finally rest between its two cloth covers in the library of death.

Sweet and gloriously beautiful had been the wife of Robert James. Her fine blue eyes looked out at us from the photographs we assembled, as the homicide detail prepared its evidence for the coroner.

I talked to the neighbors who had seen the young woman walking in her garden in the brief cool of early morning, the

Lois Wright,
material witness in the
case.

air perfumed by flowers which clung bravely to the freshness of last evening's irrigation. A bride of less than two months, her husband had told us. A bride of two months who became dizzy and fell into an ornamental pond to die.

"Because she was pregnant?" A physician of whom I enquired raised his eyebrows. "It is possible, of course. But the time was very brief, you say. However, there is a possibility that she may have been sick and dizzy in the garden that morning."

Before the coroner's jury received the case two days after the enquiry into steadily strengthening evidence of accidental death, Dr. A. F. Wagner, Los Angeles county autopsy surgeon and one of the most skilled and painstaking of scientists, examined the body and made his report.

"There is an acute cellulitis," Dr. Wagner said, "probably caused by the bite of a venomous insect on her left ankle. There are small marks on the ankle. Dizziness brought on by this inflammation of cellular tissue probably was a contributory cause to her death; causing her to stumble into the pond. Death was due to drowning."

An insect bite. The doctor suggested that the cellulitis was extensive enough to have been caused probably by a "black widow" spider or a venomous reptile.

"There's been snakes in that garden once or twice. I warned her," said Robert James, his heavy face the color of wet ashes, as he sat in the jury room during the coroner's inquest.

Doctor Wagner finished his autopsy with a thorough examination of the dead woman's lungs and stomach. No poison was in the stomach. Evidence in the lungs was that she had died of drowning. The swelling of her left leg and thigh and plain proof of the bite of a poisonous insect or reptile accounted for her stumbling into the pond without the question of her pregnancy arising.

Accidental death. The evidence was complete. A jury thought it was sufficient. The first suspicions of a homicide detail detective, engendered only because of the nature of his trade, were quieted.

"But it's still queer," said Inspector William Bright. He discussed the case with Norris G. Stensland, chief of the burglary and robbery detail and a shrewd investigator.

"If I were you, I'd keep the file open," suggested the other detail chief. "Something may turn up."

Thus the bound, typewritten pages which formed the file in the case of the accidental death of beautiful Mary Emma James, found its place among the sinister records





Three of the men who claimed they sold rattlesnakes to one of the suspects. From left to right: Jack Allman, "Snokey Joe" Houtenbrink and Mike Allman. Left: Phials of poison taken from the snakes in question. Guinea pigs put with the reptiles, succumbed to bites.

of such weird and amazing homicides as only Los Angeles is able to collect.

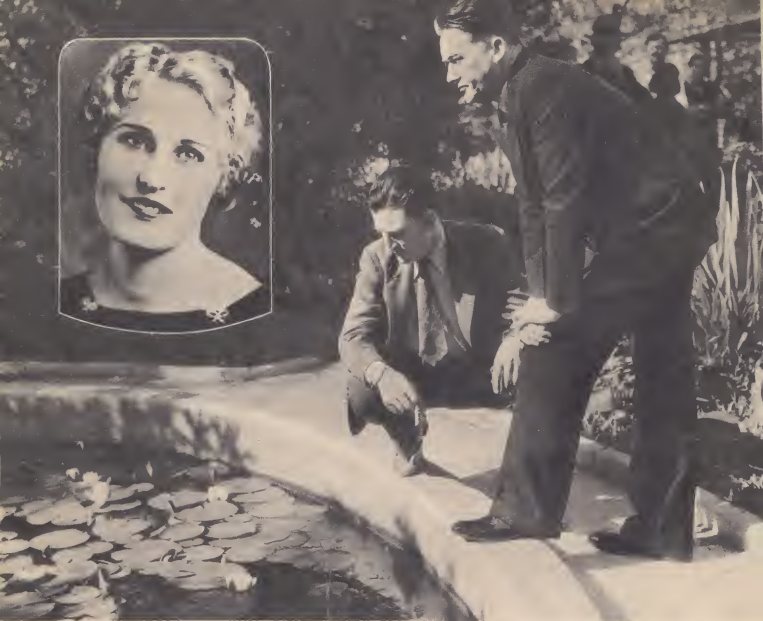
The file remained in the homicide bureau as the year 1935 drew to a close. The barber James was not forgotten either by myself or by any other member of the sheriff's department who had seen the pitiful, silk-clad figure of the beautiful blonde and who had enquired into her strange death.

From time to time we checked the barber's past. His late wife was a beautician whom he had married in Glendale. I discovered that a previous wife, Winona Wallace, had died in Manitou, Colorado, when she slipped in a bathtub and was drowned. This information went into the file of accidental death. By mail I obtained the fact that a coroner's jury had decided that Winona Wallace's death was suicidal.

I checked the saddened barber's past more closely whenever a lull in daily assignments gave me an opportunity to reopen the brown book of tragedy and study again the details of the fish pond accident as gathered by half a dozen operatives of the detail. Two of the barber's former wives had divorced him. One marriage, this one in Los Angeles, was annulled. The fifth beauty to be led to the altar by the marrying barber was Mary Emma Busch, the victim of accidental death among the ornamental lilies in a backyard pond.

James was back at his shop in La Crescenta. The desert sun lost a little of its brazen glare. November came and suddenly Robert James was being discussed by every member of the homicide detail again. The Occidental Insurance Company had filed a suit against him seeking to cancel policies totaling \$5,700 which had insured his wife Mary Emma. The policies carried a double indemnity clause in case of death by accident. The insurance company charged that Mrs. James' health was misrepresented when the policies were taken out a month before her death.

The coroner's inquest had returned that the pretty blonde died by accidental drowning. Although our investigation and enquiry had revealed nothing more alarming than a string of five wives in the barber's career of marriage and the death of one of them by suicide in a bathtub, the tightly bound file on the lily pond death was taken out of the bookcase in Inspector Bright's office. It



Robert James, right, pointing out the spot at which the body of his wife, Mary Busch James (insert) was found face downward in the lily pond.

was turned over to District Attorney Buron Fitts.

"It is an accidental death as far as anyone can make out," I told the district attorney as I sketched the case briefly. Robert P. Stewart, chief deputy district attorney, and Virgil Grey, a deputy prosecutor, were present when I took the matter up with Fitts. All three listened eagerly to what I had to say. All three pored over the inch-thick file and studied the findings of the coroner's jury.

"It'll bear further investigation," said Buron Fitts. "This insect bite business looks innocent enough, but——"

I knew what he was thinking. We were officials in a section of the United States whose residents have long been accustomed to reading accounts of fantastic and weird homicides in their daily newspapers. We were investigators in a community whose floating population is the greatest in the country. A community of such attractions that among this floating population are the world's strangest types. The suit by the life insurance company brought to light a possible motive for the murder of the pretty blonde. The harbor's long list of marriages set him aside as one of southern California's numerous freak characters.

I attended the trial of the life insurance suit by special

assignment. At its conclusion, the only testimony of importance which I could add to the file now in the office of the district attorney was the assertion of an insurance agent that James had offered to settle the case out of court for three thousand dollars. The action went off the calendar. I returned to my work on the homicide detail. The two members of District Attorney Fitts' force returned to their mountain of labors in the prosecutor's office.

Officially and probably finally, Mrs. James was still a victim of accidental death. The evidence of that insect or reptile bite still disturbed me. Buron Fitts' unspoken thoughts were mine as I frequently contemplated the case. It was incredulous, indescribably horrible to consider that a man would deliberately expose his wife to the bite of an insect or of a reptile in a murder plot. Incredible, that is, in any other community in America, probably in the world.

But this was Los Angeles. Pulsing and throbbing with its own mad fantasy and falseness, under the shadow of the ugly mountains near the city borders, is fabulous Hollywood. In this land where nothing is real, where people live in a crazy world of their own fashioning; where

a sense of values is unknown, anything could be conceived in a brain long lost to reality. And anything could be conceived in the brains of those warped hordes who flock to southern California to live and seek they know not what.

The barber James had migrated from the middle west. He had accumulated a string of five wives. He had been bent double in his last wife's pretty sitting room on the morning of her death, sobbing and shaking, but his eyes were dry when they looked into mine. Surely he could be listed as one of the semi-psychopathic types which make the task of a murder man in southern California a constant series of enquiry into bizarre types of crime.

In December the barber's place among the screwbox element of the community was strengthened when the Los Angeles city police reported that they had locked him up.

A woman unknown to him had called a passing patrolman and insisted that he had persistently insulted her on a city street. She had walked away from him, this woman said. He had followed her and finally actually struck her when she told him she would appeal to a policeman. Barber James paid a fine in police court for his odd behavior. It was a minor fined and a minor case, but it marked Robert James for further and more detailed investigation by the sheriff's department and by the office of the district attorney.

WITH the district attorney and his assistants, I discussed the case again. There was no iota of evidence that the barber had killed his beautiful bride. Suspicions, some of them of the very wildest nature, were keeping the brown-covered books from being closed definitely and finally with the words "accidental death" scrawled in ink across its cover.

"The thing has drifted along too far already," Buron Fitts stroked his thinning black hair back from his high forehead. His eyes were hard and his attitude one of cold determination. "Either this marrying barber is guilty of one of the queerest murders your bureau has ever investigated or he's perfectly innocent and the victim of circumstance and suspicion."

"We've got little or nothing but an insurance motive and that insect or reptile bite on her leg. She quite, evidently drowned," I reminded him. "And the lily pond is about eight inches deep where she lay. It's queer how a woman could fall in a faint just in the right position to drown in a little bit of a lily pond."

"If she were dazed or doped from the bite of a snake in a first attempt to murder her, then drowned elsewhere and carried to the fish pond—," began the district attorney carefully studying my own report while he had turned to in the file.

"Her pajamas were dry except at the top where she lay over the edge of the pond," I reminded him. "The lower part of her pajamas were dry."

District Attorney Buron Fitts stroked his rather prominent nose reflectively. "I'm inclined to give it the works," he said slowly. "I'll put my men on it. You do everything you can from your department. We'll work it up slowly and if it takes weeks or months we'll give this barber a clean bill or charge him with murder."

Winter came to southern California. The rains followed and as if hurrying to

spread their beauty before the summer sun could drive them back into the grey earth, the desert flowers bloomed on every vacant acreage in Los Angeles county. There was no cessation in the work of the homicide detail. I followed the drab parade of murder, accidental death and suicide, but I never forgot the case of the barber's wife and the district attorney's assertion "We'll give it the works. If a crime has been committed we'll ferret it out."

But April 1936 had come before the prosecutor was ready with facts to add to my own suspicions in the case of the

but exceedingly attractive in a finished, polished way, her affairs with the 46-year-old marrying barber were not surprising when we considered the man's odd morals.

"We can and shall bring a morals charge against him because of this affair with the niece," the district attorney said. "But first of all we intend to go deeper, investigate further and try through his affair with the niece to throw more light on the death of his wife."

And so Robert James became the subject for one of the most thorough investigations ever conducted in Los Angeles



Vera James, wife No. 2 of Robert James, lived with him for seven years, longer than any of his other wives.

drowned beauty in the lily pond. The investigators from the district attorney's office had been assigned to the James case and had used every method of criminal investigation to obtain facts concerning the intimate details of the barber's life.

By April the district attorney's office was in possession of facts that linked the marrying barber in a morals scrape with his own niece, an attractive manicurist. Dark eyed, dark-haired and extremely chic, she was living at the pseudo-Spanish bungalow in whose garden her aunt by marriage had met death so tragically. She was twenty-one years old. A product of the beauty shops and manicurists' tables,

county without more proof of murder than we had in this case. A morals charge involving the pretty manicurist could result in an indictment for incest. We checked the girl's family and learned definitely that she was his niece by direct lineage. Robert James could have been arrested at any time and the incest charge pressed to the limit, but the mystery of his wife's death and the odd circumstance of the poisonous insect bite would have gone unsolved.

It was then that the district attorney's investigators placed a dictograph in the La Crescenta bungalow and spent hours listening and hoping that at some time during his confidential talks with his pretty

niece, he would mention the death of his wife. The operators added to the thickening file strange accounts of conversations between the manicurist and her enamoured uncle. They learned of a man's moral instability which had dragged him through five marriages and a score of escapades with women and which he interpreted for the surprisingly naive manicurist as love.

The incest charge was established before the middle of April, and evidence enough had been gathered to press it when the Los Angeles police department entered the case with an amazing report.

An attorney who insisted that he remain anonymous, visited the ornate police department building on Temple Street one day and recounted a story a client had told him weeks before. The informant was quickly brought before District Attorney Fitts.

"This client of mine," the attorney said, "was in a beer parlor last August, when a man sat at a table with him and told him he had procured two rattlesnakes with which a La Crescenta resident intended to kill his wife."

ASTOUNDING and far fetched as the story sounded, it would supply the missing details in the case of Mrs. Mary Emma James. The tiny marks on her ankle; the plain evidence of poison from an insect or reptile bite would be answered if this story were true and its narrator could be traced.

Who was the client who told this wild tale?

The attorney shook his head. He thought it his duty to report it he said, but as his client was in no manner involved and chose to keep his identity and the identity of his informant secret, there the matter would have to end.

But it would not end. The district attorney urged the lawyer to press his client for every detail. He begged that the man be induced to appear and identify himself or at least name the beer parlor associate who had told the story.

"The man who told the story was half drunk," replied the lawyer. "But I will do my best. If I can get the name of the man I'll telephone it to you at once. My client I'll protect. He simply heard the tale, and it may be far fetched and as ridiculous as it sounds."

Not ridiculous, I told myself when I heard the news from the police official to whom the lawyer had first taken his story. Exceptional, uncomfortable to the ideas most of us have of civilization, probably, but not ridiculous and not too far fetched when one considers the locale.

The file on the James case was developing new homicidal interest. What had at first been an accidental death was in a fair way to become the most sensational and the most bitterly cruel murder ever listed in the brown-backed books in the library of death.

Without further ado and without waiting for the telephone call from the lawyer informant, District Attorney Fitts filed the morals charge against the barber and he was brought to the county jail.

Heavy-jowled, beady-eyed, as unlike the Casanova we were prepared to prove him as a man could be, Robert James was taciturn and sullen when he went behind the bars. No mention was made to him of

his wife's death. His niece dabbed her beautiful eyes in the district attorney's office and she, too, heard no mention of the true reason for her uncle's arrest.

The dictographs had unfolded a warm story of the love which these oddly assorted relatives had developed since the slim body of the blonde was found in the garden pool eight months before. Why she should have been selected of all the scores, hundreds, probably thousands, who find illicit love in Los Angeles county, the lovely manicurist was at a loss to understand. The laws of incest were explained to her. Her dark eyes saddened, her full red lips curved downward and she wept.

For a week or more the district attorney kept after the anonymous lawyer for further information concerning the strange beer garden conversation in August, 1935.

LOS ANGELES was gay with the spring crowds. April was drawing to a close and May was about to smile her warmest, when the information finally arrived. The lawyer, Buron Fitts was informed, had finally induced his client to divulge the name of the beer garden associate so that justice could be served. The story, he believed, was too incongruous to hold up under investigation but the name of the man who had told the tale of the snakes was C. H. Hope, a cafe manager at Hermosa Beach.

In the district attorney's office on the night of May 1st, a man sat and nervously fingered the bulging muscles on the side of his neck. He wore an open-necked polo shirt, a light coat and dark trousers. A bullet head was set on his muscular neck. At some time his nose had been broken; his eyes were steely grey and hard.

A former United States sailor, C. H. Hope, who was called "Chuck" by his friends, gazed from one to another of the group assembled in the district attorney's office. With Buron Fitts were deputies Eugene Williams, Robert Stuart and Virgil Grey, the assistant prosecutors who had remained as close to the James case as pressure of regular duties would allow.

For hours that night the former sailor twisted his heavily muscled neck and cast his baleful eyes from one to another in the district attorney's office as he answered or evaded questions.

"I must have been drunk," he said when he was told that in August, 1935, he had babbled a tale of procuring snakes with which a man intended to kill his wife.

"Who was that man?" demanded the prosecutor.

"I musta been drunk," Hope repeated. He was a difficult man to question. A hard man who had seen much of the seamy side of life.

When the name "Robert James" was mentioned to him there was a flicker of fear in his hard eyes. He began to clasp and unclasp his heavy fingers as his square hands rested limply in his lap.

With incisive, probing questions, the prosecutor persisted. At last "Chuck" Hope sprang from his chair and took three nervous paces across the floor, to return and almost fling himself into his chair again. His knuckles showed white through the tan on the back of his hands as he gripped the chair arms.

"I got 'em from Snakey Joe's over in Pasadena," he blurted suddenly. "I got

them snakes at Joe's. James asked me to get 'em. I didn't know what he wanted with 'em."

His questioners were aghast. They had piloted him through a series of evasions. They had brought the questioning around to the barber and had seen him wince. But they had not expected the slightest confirmation of this strange tale he had told to a beer garden associate nine months before.

NOWHERE on the bookshelves of a library of murder can be found a confession as astounding as that to which we listened as the erstwhile sailor unfolded his tale. Never, I firmly believe, in the history of Los Angeles has such a story been told, and, I sincerely hope, never will its equal be told again.

"I got 'em at Snakey Joe's in Pasadena. He told me to," Hope repeated, "but I didn't know what he would use them for until I seen."

"You saw?" Buron Fitts leaned forward, his slender fingers touched a pencil on his desk. His face was strained and eager. Near him a stenographer sat with pad and pencil poised. "You saw what?"

Hope's eyes blazed madly as he stared around the room once more. Then he addressed himself directly to the stenographer. He was as a man who dictates the details of his life's most dramatic moment and wants his words transcribed correctly.

"It was the Sunday before they found her dead," his voice was lower, his breathing strained. "The Sunday before they found her—dead. I went to James' house to take his car back. I'd borrowed it. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. I walked into the kitchen. James had his wife tied up and her mouth taped. She only had on a nightgown. Her feet were bare. She was tied on a breakfast nook table. Her feet were dangling near the floor. Her eyes were covered with tape, too. She was on her back."

He paused and his eyes wandered again from face to face of his inquirers. He seemed to jerk his attention back to the stenographer and began to talk again in a slightly louder voice.

"James told me to get a box that was out in the garage," Hope said. "I went and it was the box I'd brought the two snakes in from over at Snakey Joe's in Pasadena. I took it in to him. I put it down on the floor."

The ex-sailor paused and shuddered. "That guy sort of hypnotized me," he whispered. "He had the sign on me. He got a sort of spell put over me."

"The box," Buron Fitts' voice broke a full minute of strained silence. "What happened after you brought the box into the kitchen?"

"He had a spell on me, that guy did," Hope was raising his voice again. "I don't know why I even had anything to do with him. I've known him seven years. I knew something was screwy but he'd told me snake bite would cause his wife to lose a kid. He'd told her that, too. But he had her tied up. I thought he wanted her to lose a kid she was going to have."

"The box," insisted the district attorney, "what did you do with the box of snakes?" Hope glared at him wildly. "He opened it," he shouted. "He opened the box. The rattlers stirred in it. They was coiled

and rattling. God! how they was rattling. I saw one raise its head over the edge of the box then duck it back. Then the other raised its head and they rattled. The rattlers sounded like they'd gone mad inside the box."

The sailor ceased talking. He licked his dry lips and turned his hot eyes upon the stenographer. He breathed heavily and in an awed whisper as he realized the enormity of the story he was telling, he went on:

"He put the box under her bare feet. He lifted one of her feet and he pushed it into the box. He pushed down on her knee and the bare foot and leg went into the box with the snakes. The rattling was awful. I saw one strike. I saw his head go back and then forward. It struck quick as a flash and then the other hit. Mrs. James struggled and strained in the ropes. I saw her face go red and near purple with the strain. But the snakes went on rattling. They rattled and hissed down there in the box with her foot in there with them."

He spat out the last words as if he were simulating the hissing of the deadly snakes. He twisted in his seat as if he felt their poisonous fangs deep in his own quivering flesh. But his story was not finished. In a calmer voice he resumed:

"He told me to take 'em back. To take the snakes back to Joe's. I left in his car. I was wondering if that would really make her drop a kid. That night when I came back, I drove the car in the garage and he met me. He had a bottle of whiskey and we took a drink. 'You are in this with me,' he told me. 'I ain't wasting no more time. The snakes didn't kill her and I'm going to drown her.' I sat on the running board of the car and thought. I knew he had it on me if I squawked because I'd got the snakes. Then after a while he came out again. 'I've drowned her in the bathtub,' he said. 'I'm going to clean up the mess!' Then after a bit he made me help him carry her out to the lily pond. He'd wiped her all dry with blankets and put pajamas on her. He said he was afraid the police would get wise if he left her in the tub on account of one of his other wives died that way."

WE took the man to the county jail to see James. The barber sat on the edge of his cot and glared at Hope. "I've told 'em," the ex-sailor said, "just what you done with them snakes and everything. I've spilled it all."

James half rose from his cot, then sat down abruptly again. His heavy lips parted in a grin. "You're crazy," he said. "I don't know what you mean, snakes."

Was Hope crazy? His story was the wildest, the most fantastic I had ever heard. Men under questioning often offer strange tales, sometimes I think with the sole view of entertaining their interrogators. Such stories crumble quickly when subjected to the first strains of investigation.

But Hope's tale stood that strain. In Pasadena "Snakey Joe" was located with

ease. A neighborhood character, J. C. Houtenbrink was a well known dealer in reptiles in Pasadena during 1933.

Houtenbrink looked once and once only at Hope as he stepped from the Deputy District Attorney Williams' car. Asked the first important question which would strengthen or destroy the sailor's story, the snake dealer replied:

"Sure, I remember that guy. He got a couple of snakes from me last August. Next day he brought 'em back. I never knew why he brought 'em back after he bought 'em for three bucks but he did."

In the automobile again Hope announced: "You can prove-up on what I've said some more. When he changed her nightgown and wiped her dry, he put the towels and gown in a bucket. There was two blankets he'd used to dry her on, too. Well, he drives out near La Crescenta and there he dumps the bucket and the towels and gown, I can show you the ravine. He couldn't burn them because they were too wet. Anyhow the bucket might still be there. And the two blankets he gave to me. I still got 'em. I'll have my wife bring 'em down if you telephone."

"You're married?" Assistant District Attorney Williams asked when we were settled in Buron Fitts office again.

"Been married just a couple of months," replied Hope. "And I told my wife all this too because it ain't right for a man to hold anything back from his wife. I told her everything, she'll tell you."

And she did. An attractive girl with a quiet, well modulated voice, Florence Hope told us that she had heard the story from her husband but thought it a wild figment of his imagination. The blankets, however, she produced and they were added to the list of evidence.

AMONG the trash in the ravine which Hope pointed out were many buckets. Our effort to strengthen his tale failed there. Nothing he could find was distinctive enough to be recognized as the bucket, the dead woman's nightgown or the towels he said her husband had used to dry her dead body.

With one informant telling the maddest story homicide investigators had ever listened to, the case of the rattlesnake murder rested on the props which confirmation of Hope's tale had built under it. He had been identified by "Snakey Joe." He had produced the blankets which he said James had given him. To trace the blankets through a store to a purchaser was the next obvious move.

But District Attorney Fitts, his investigator Scott Middleton, the police who had aided us so far in the case and myself had other ideas. We decided to take James and Hope out to the La Crescenta bungalow. We would let Hope tell his tale and point out the places in the yard, the house and garage where the action had taken place in this wild murder drama he had unfolded. And while Hope talked and reenacted the terrible scenes he had beheld, James should look on.

The re-enactment was as dramatic as

Hope's confession had been. He showed us where the woman had been bound to the tiny table in the kitchen. He demonstrated how her naked feet had been plunged into the box with the snakes. Then he demonstrated how her body was placed in the lily pond, face downwards, her stomach resting on the concrete edge, the lower part of her body on the sun-blasted grass.

And all the time James looked on and shook his head and grinned weakly at one of the police officers, at the deputy district attorney, or at me.

"That guy Hope is crazy," he said when the gruesome act was finished. "He's plumb loco and you can't believe a thing he tells."

That was the master barber's attitude throughout the next six hours of questioning. "Hope is crazy," he repeated frequently.

AND then suddenly, late on Sunday night May 3rd, with Buron Fitts still knifing him with questions, and tripping him when he gave evasive answers about his association with Hope, Robert James, the fat and amorous barber, finally blurted out:

"I had been drinking. Drink drives me crazy." He lapsed into shuddering silence. "Then you admit the murder of your wife," Fitts flung at him. "You admit the murder of your wife, while you were under the influence of liquor."

"Yes, yes," James cried wildly. "I admit it. That's all I'll say, but I admit it."

The man who used the deadly fangs of a rattlesnake for a murder weapon has been indicted by the grand jury. He says he waits now only for his appearance in court to give full details of the crime on his own account and take his sentence.

A pudgy barber with beady eyes, Robert S. James had induced five beautiful women to marry him. To his own moral level he brought his charming niece.

But when this viper of Los Angeles used rattlesnakes as his murder tools, the very marks the reptiles left behind proved the clew to his own undoing.

The brown book in the homicide detail office is back on its shelf. Scrawled on its cover are the words "homicide—rattlesnake case." It rests in its rightful place among the files of murders committed in Los Angeles county, ninety-five per cent of which have been solved by the sheriff's department.


In my opinion the cloth-bound book should be in a file alone. It tells the story of the most wildly brutal and coldly cruel homicide ever investigated in America.

James' niece views it as such. Round-eyed and astounded, she heard all we had learned about her uncle. She seems to us to be as innocent as she is beautiful, despite her experiences with Robert James.

"I must help you," she whispers sadly. "We must find out all the harm he has done."

And until that is done the brown book in the homicide bureau will not be stamped with the words "case closed."

DEATH IN



Two men sat on the seat of the milk truck from the Art Bauman dairy as it turned off U. S. Highway No.

71 and into Longview Road, which runs through the little town of Hickman Mills, in Eastern Jackson county, Missouri.

The driver was Floyd Tony Caldwell, 32 years old, sturdily built, athletic young father of two children, and a brother-in-law of his employer. His companion in the truck was his helper, Robert W. Bowers, 37 year old, wizened cabinet maker, who worked occasionally for Bauman.

The two men were in high spirits. It was 9:40 o'clock the night of March 30th, 1936, and they were through work for the day. It was their duty to collect cans of milk from farmers in the Hickman Mills neighborhood, and to transport those cans to the Aines Farm Dairy Company in Kansas City, for whom Bauman had contracted to supply a certain quantity of milk each week.

Both Caldwell and Bowers worked eleven hours a day, from 6 to 10 A.M. and from 3 to 10 P.M. But on this particular night they had completed their work a little earlier than usual and now were hurrying to the Caldwell home with provisions for a "feast", plans for which they had made a few hours earlier.

It was when they were passing his home on the cityward trip that Caldwell had stopped his truck and spoken to his wife, Mrs. Thelma Buttner Caldwell, 31 years old.

"Honey," he told her, "Bob and I are going to do our work in a jiffy tonight. When we come back, we'll bring some brains and other stuff. If you'll cook it for us, we'll have a feast and then all of us will play pinochle

a while. What do you say?"

Mrs. Caldwell had readily consented, and, pending the return of her husband and Bowers, had lain down on the bed with her two children, Billy, 6, and Marjia Rose, 4. In a room upstairs, James Caldwell, Tony's 74-year-old father, was asleep.

The truck chugged along Longview Road, on which the Caldwell home faced at a point three blocks east of the main business district of Hickman Mills. There were no cars on the road at the time, and lights were showing in only a few houses in the village.

At the Harry Krass home, forty yards east of the Caldwell residence, Krass and his family were seated before their radio listening to the voice of a New York news commentator. They did not hear the milk truck as it turned into the Caldwell driveway.

Caldwell drove into the garage and climbed down from the truck. "Well," he remarked lightly to Bowers, "it's another day and another dollar."

Bowers grinned, nodded. Then, arms loaded with the provisions he and Caldwell had purchased for their "feast," he followed Caldwell into the house, the front door through which they passed opening into the living room of the home.

The silence-shattering roar of a shotgun sounded in the still night air, carrying with it the weirdest reason for the perpetration of a crime that Missouri has ever known

THE DARK

By Dan T. Kelliher
and Featuring Chief Deputy Sheriff John C. Kelley
Jackson County, Missouri



Once inside the house, Caldwell turned to the right and moved into his wife's bedroom.

"We're here, honey," he said, awakening her with a kiss. "Now for the feast!"

He turned and moved back into the living room. Bowers, meanwhile, had passed through a door to the west and placed his bundles on a table. Then he retraced his steps into the living room, placed his hand on the knob of the door through which he and Caldwell had entered, opened it and looked out into the night.

A motor car was standing now in front of the Caldwell home, facing east on Longview Road. Only its parking lights were burning, making its bulk a mere blob in the darkness of the night.

A man in the car called hoarsely to Bowers:

"I want to talk to that guy there in the house."

Mrs. Caldwell had not yet made her appearance in the living room, but the two children already were out of bed and had joined their father and Bowers. The wizened little man held Martha Rose's hand in his.

"Some man out there wants to talk to you, Tony," Bowers told Caldwell.

Caldwell stepped out upon his porch, walked down the three steps and crossed his front yard to a point within ten feet of the parked car in Longview Road.

There came the silence-shattering roar of a shotgun on the still night air. Tony Caldwell screamed once, piercingly, as the charge from the shotgun struck him in the breast. He turned and staggered toward the house, a trail of blood marking the uneven steps he took.

In some manner, he managed to reach the porch steps. He swayed drunkenly as he climbed them and reached the door. He turned the knob, staggered into the living room and found his way to the door leading to his wife's



Both Robert Bowers, left, and Tony Caldwell, right, were in high spirits as they finally turned into the driveway leading to the Caldwell home, above.



bedroom. There, his knees buckled under him and he slumped to the floor in the presence of Mrs. Caldwell and his two wide-eyed children.

"Honey," he gasped, "I've been shot."

Those were his last words, although Mrs. Caldwell later told deputies from the office of Thomas B. Bash, Jackson county sheriff, that "Tony tried to speak to me with his eyes. There was something he was trying awfully hard to tell me."

Mrs. Caldwell, hysterical with fright and grief, ran to the foot of the stairs calling loudly for her father-in-law. Then she turned back to her stricken husband, pillowed

his head in her lap and vainly implored him to speak to her. Bowers—who had gone out the rear door in the interim between telling Caldwell someone wanted to speak to him, and the time the shot sounded—entered the house now, gave one look at Caldwell and covered his face with his hands. Mrs. Caldwell told him to run to the home

of Krass and telephone for a physician.

"And hurry," she called after Bowers. "I'm afraid Tony's dying."

Krass called a doctor in Waldo, neighboring Jackson county community, but Tony Caldwell was dead when the physician arrived. He had died with his head in his wife's lap and with his two frightened children and his elderly father watching him as he struggled for breath.

The doctor called James Gleeson, deputy coroner, in Kansas City, informing him of the murder, and Gleeson got in touch with John C. Kelley, chief deputy sheriff, who assigned three of his men, J. W. Byrne, Frank Ride-nour and James Hendricks to the task of running down the slayer.

From Krass and his wife, it was learned they had heard the shotgun report, but had thought it was the backfire from a motor car. It developed that Mrs. Caldwell and Bowers did not know the exact time of the murder, but Krass, who had just heard the finish of the news commentator's talk on the radio when the report sounded, fixed the time at 9:45 o'clock.

Miss Clara Palmer, another neighbor, said she heard someone shouting in front of the Caldwell home, and that a few seconds later a motor car had passed her residence, running east to the Blue Ridge extension, where it turned south. There were several men in the car, she told the deputies, and all of them were shouting.

She had

thought they were intoxicated and mentioned that fact to her sister. For the moment, that was all the deputies could learn. They knew only that Tony Caldwell had wantonly been shot to death in the front yard of his home. From the direction taken by the car, it was believed the slayer had fled to Kansas City, there to lose himself among friends in the underworld.

Chief Deputy Kelley and his assistants, who devoted long hours to the investigation following, were hard put to find a motive for the slaying of the young milkman.

Caldwell, they were told, was not the type to make enemies. Big, good-natured, with a laugh playing over his lips and with a penchant for practical jokes in his make-up, he was a steady worker. For nine years, following his marriage to Thelma Buttner, he had been employed by the man who married his sister—Art Bauman, operator of a prosperous dairy near Grandview, Mo.

Caldwell's salary was small—only \$50 a month—but he and his young wife had made ends meet. When the babies came and more money was required, Thelma helped in meeting household expenses by washing for her immediate neighbors.

She and Tony spent little or no money for amusements, seldom attending a picture show, and leaving their home in Hickman Mills only infrequently to spend a day with Mrs. Caldwell's parents or with Tony's sister, Mrs. Bauman. When they made those trips, they used the Ford truck

Mrs. Thelma Caldwell and the two children, Billy and Martha Rose, innocent victims of a fiendish plot.



Bauman had furnished for the milk route, and the gasoline to operate it was paid for by the brother-in-law.

Bowers, chattering incessantly about how horrible the murder was, told the deputies that Caldwell had seemed in good spirits while they were covering the milk route. "If anything was worrying him," Bowers said, "he didn't show it."

Mrs. Caldwell, at Kelley's insistence, repeated her story of her husband's last conversation with her.

"Tony came into the house to get warm when he was on his way to Kansas City with the milk," she said. "It was about 8 o'clock. He told me that Bob was going to buy some brains and that we'd have a fry when they got back and then play pinocle before we turned in.

"He stood beside the stove there and kissed Martha Rose—he was crazy about her—and kissed me and drove on.

"I went to bed with the children while I was awaiting their return. Then I heard them come in—the front door never was locked—and Tony came to the bed and kissed me. He said, 'Honey, we're here. Now for the feast.' Then he turned away and I heard Bob tell him a man out front wanted to talk to him.

"I heard Tony say, 'All right,' and he went out the door. I heard him cross the porch and go down the steps and then, a second or two later, came the shot. Tony screamed terribly. The sound still rings in my ears. When I got to the door of the bedroom, Tony had staggered to it and fell there at my feet. There was blood all over him. It was like a nightmare."

As the woman talked, her children clung to her. Mrs. Caldwell began sobbing.

"Oh, God," she said, "I just can't understand it. I didn't know he had an enemy in the world. Everybody liked him. That's why I can't see why anybody would do that to him. They may have mistaken him for somebody else, but I don't see how that could be, either. Oh, Tony, Tony, how could they?"

The woman gave way to hysteria and Kelley and his deputies turned to questioning Bowers. They learned that he had worked for Bauman at intervals for approximately three years, then had quit to work in a cabinet shop his father, Robert M. Bowers, 90-year-old Civil War veteran, had built for him at the rear of the Bowers home in Hickman Mills.

THE Bowers home is one of the most substantial in the little village. The house in which the Caldwells lived is owned by Bauman, the prosperous brother-in-law of the murdered man.

Ten days before Caldwell was killed, Bowers had resumed work for Bauman, and had been assigned to help Caldwell on his truck. He spent much of his time in the Caldwell home, even in the period when he was not employed by Bauman, and residents of Hickman Mills looked upon him and Caldwell as the closest of friends.

Bowers told the deputies that Caldwell never had mentioned having been involved in trouble with anyone, and that, insofar as he knew, no one had threatened the slain man.

No motor car had trailed their truck the night of the murder, Bowers said, nor had he seen a car when Caldwell turned into the driveway of his home.

For a time, deputies believed that Cald-

well might have been the victim of gangsters. It was pointed out that Kansas City underworld characters frequently took their "ride victims" out into the country to dispose of their bodies. It was not illogical, the deputies reasoned, to think that Caldwell, traversing the country roads late at night, might have come across Kansas City gangsters on some of these occasions and have been marked for death by them because of something he had learned as to their identity.

Then it was learned that during a milk "strike" several years previously, Caldwell had been stopped by a group of farmers who dumped his load of milk into the road. The deputies were told, however, that Caldwell had not been beaten at that time or subjected to abuse, and Mrs. Caldwell said her husband's sympathies were with the farmers. Subsequently, he frequently had said he favored organization of a milk drivers' union, but he had not become a member of any such union.

Chief Deputy Kelley did not favor the gangster theory.

"I believe," Kelley said, "that it was some recent act in his personal life that was responsible for his murder; something that he had not mentioned to his wife or anyone."

Naturally that opinion led to the belief that Caldwell might have been the victim of an enraged husband. But, try as they would, the deputies could learn nothing to give weight to such a theory. Caldwell seemed to have been a man who was happiest in his own home. He idolized his two children and he and Mrs. Caldwell had never had any trouble. They seemed to be devoted, each to the other.

KELLEY told Byrne, Ridenour and Hendricks to question everyone they could find who had seen Caldwell the night of the murder; to learn whether the slain man had stopped anywhere in Kansas City—although that had been denied by Bowers, and seemed improbable in view of Caldwell's return home earlier than usual the night he was slain—and to endeavor to learn whether anyone in the Hickman Mills neighborhood had ever had any trouble with the murder victim.

Byrne, Ridenour and Hendricks questioned more than fifty persons, many of whom were residents along Caldwell's milk collection route, but from none of them did the deputies obtain any promising clue.

"Everybody liked Tony," was the invariable response of those whom the deputies questioned as to any enemies Caldwell might have made.

Meanwhile, Dr. C. G. Leitch, a deputy coroner, had removed from Caldwell's body a collection of shot and some of the wads from the gun which had caused his death. This evidence was turned over to Merle A. Gill, ballistics for the Kansas City police department, for examination.

Gill quickly determined that Caldwell had been killed with No. 7½ bird shot, and that the weapon used was a 12-gauge shotgun.

With that information at hand, the deputies, spurred on by Kelley, made a minute search of the Caldwell premises, but could find no trace of the gun. They followed the road along the direction which Miss Palmer had said was taken by the car speeding away from the murder scene im-

mediately after the shot was heard, but their search was futile.

Funeral services were held for Caldwell on April 2nd and his shot-torn body was laid to rest in Memorial Park Cemetery. For all the tangle clues the investigators had been unable to unearth, it seemed that the secret of Tony Caldwell's death went to his grave with him.

But Chief Deputy Kelley was not to be easily discouraged.

"Somewhere," he told his deputies, "is a man who didn't like Tony Caldwell. There has to be a motive for planned murder. It's sticking its head up for us to see in this case, if we can only focus our eyes in the right direction. Keep plugging away. Something is certain to turn up that will give us a break."

Kelley discussed the case with his chief, Sheriff Thomas B. Bash, one of the most efficient sheriffs Jackson county has ever had.

"I agree with you," Bash told him. "There's a motive somewhere waiting for us to find it. Keep the boys working."

KELLEY decided to visit the Caldwell home in Hickman Mills again. He talked to the young widow of the murdered man, but he learned nothing new. He questioned Bowers a second time.

"Wasn't there anything about that motor car that you could see to give me a line on it?" he asked.

Bowers said no. He had only glanced in the direction from which the voice came asking to "talk to that guy in the house." It had been a hoarse voice, Bowers said. One that he did not recognize.

"But was the car a Ford?" Kelley persisted.

"No," Bowers answered. "It was an Oldsmobile."

Kelley started looking for Oldsmobiles in the Hickman Mills neighborhood. He found none. He assigned his deputies to make a round of the pawnshops in Kansas City to learn whether any pawnbroker had sold a shotgun recently.

He knew of other murders that had been committed with weapons purchased by the slayers in the Kansas City, Missouri and Kansas City, Kansas, pawnshops. But, in this particular case, although the deputies learned of the sale of several shotguns, the purchasers of none of them could be linked with the slaying of Caldwell.

The day after Caldwell's funeral, Kelley talked to Hendricks, Ridenour and Byrne.

"This may not be important," he said, "but I think you should know. You'll recall that when we first talked to Bowers, he told us that all he could see of the car in which the slayer waited, was the parking lights. But he has since told me that it was an Oldsmobile. I think we should check up on Bowers. Learn all you can about him and try to find out what makes him so certain that the killer's car was an Oldsmobile."

The three deputies returned to their investigation with renewed determination. They went from house to house in Hickman Mills, from store to store. They talked to men and women who had known Robert W. Bowers from childhood.

And then they learned from a source they left unnamed that Bowers on several occasions had taken Mrs. Caldwell to pic-

ture shows. They learned, also, that Bowers was an inveterate gossip, going from one store to another to learn the news of the little town and carrying such news as he learned in one place to his cronies in another.

THEY learned that he spent considerable time at a filling station operated by Marvin (Bud) Parsons.

They gave that information to Kelley, and the chief deputy decided to question Mrs. Caldwell again.

"Did you ever go to a picture show with Bob Bowers?" Kelley asked guilelessly.

"Why, yes," Mrs. Caldwell responded promptly. "Several times, last fall."

"Tell me about it," Kelley urged.

"Why, there isn't much to tell," Mrs. Caldwell answered, apparently unaware of the suspicion prompting Kelley's questions. "It was shortly before Thanksgiving. The theaters were giving away turkeys to the patrons holding the lucky number. Tony told me to go with Bob, thinking I might win a turkey. But I wasn't lucky," she concluded naively.

"And did Tony ever go to the shows or anywhere with another woman?" Kelley asked.

"No, sir," she answered. "Tony never thought of any woman but me. He was good to me. And he idolized our children, especially our little girl."

"Did Bowers ever make improper advances toward you?" Kelley asked next.

"Why, no, sir, he didn't," the woman replied.

"Well, tell me this—did Tony ever indicate that he didn't like Bob Bowers? Did he ever say anything to you about him?"

"The woman thought deeply a moment. "Only once that I can recall," she answered. "That was last fall. He told me at that time, 'I would beat hell out of Bob if he wasn't a friend.'"

"And did he say why?" Kelley questioned.

"No sir, he didn't say anything more about it. Didn't make any explanation at all. A few minutes later he was laughing again, and I never thought anything more about it."

"Now on the night Tony was killed," Kelley said, "Bob was right here in the room when Tony staggered in, wasn't he?"

"No, sir. He had gone out in the back yard after telling Tony a man wanted to speak to him. He didn't come in for ten minutes after that shot was fired. I had straightened Tony out on the floor and had called his father downstairs before Bob came in. Bob kept his face covered with his hands when he saw Tony lying there on the floor. I guess it was an awful shock to him. He didn't come to the funeral, but he did come for a last look at the body yesterday."

There was nothing more to be learned from Mrs. Caldwell, and Kelley returned to his office.

"I wish you fellows would go out to Hickman Mills," he told his deputies when they made their next report to him. "and bring Bob Bowers in here. I've just thought of some more questions I want to ask him."

The deputies got into their car and went to Hickman Mills. They found Bowers at the general store, a sort of village gathering place, where the gossip of the day

was recited. And they took Bowers with them to Kansas City.

He was nervous on the trip, but he was of a nervous temperament. He talked about his life in Hickman Mills. He had lived there virtually all of his thirty-seven years. His father was one of the respected citizens of the town, and one of the most substantial. He spoke frequently of the death of his friend, Tony Caldwell, and speculated as to Kelley's reason for wanting to talk to him again.

"I've told him everything I know," Bowers said. "I'm certain Tony didn't have an enemy in the world. Why do you suppose he wants to see me again?"

The deputies confessed ignorance. "But he'll tell you," they assured Bowers.

Shortly afterwards Bowers was ushered into Kelley's presence.

FOR a space of minutes, the chief deputy said nothing to him; just sat there staring at him. Bowers became fidgety, shifting from one foot to the other. Then:

"Sit down!" Kelley told him, pointing to a chair.

Bowers sat down. Kelley spoke:

"I thought you told me you were a good friend of Tony Caldwell's?" he said.

"That's right," Bowers replied. "Tony was an awfully good friend of mine. I spent a lot of time at his house."

"Then why did you go to Tony's brother-in-law and tell him that Tony was visiting his wife while he was away?"

Bowers flushed, squirmed uneasily in his chair. It developed that Bowers had told Ralph Buttner, brother of Thelma Caldwell, that his brother-in-law visited the Buttner home when Ralph, a truck driver, was away with his truck. Buttner, however, had known Bowers' information was false, because Mrs. Buttner worked and was not at home on the occasions Bowers had said Caldwell was in her company.

Buttner had been thinking about that after Tony Caldwell was killed, and, like one of Shakespeare's characters, had decided that Bowers did protest too much. He had told about his suspicions, and the result was that Bowers had been called into Kelley's office for questioning.

Bowers could give no plausible explanation as to his reason for trying to mislead Caldwell's brother-in-law concerning his actions. But Kelley made a stab in the dark:

"You were trying to get Ralph Buttner to kill Tony Caldwell?" he charged. "You hated Tony and you were trying to get him killed. You even told Buttner, 'A man who would do anything like that'—visiting a man's wife while he was away from home—ought to be killed."

Bowers did not make vehement denial of Kelley's assertion. Instead, his eyes began to take on a hunted look. Then Kelley spoke again:

"You killed Tony Caldwell."

"No, I didn't," Bowers denied. "I was in the back yard. I'd gone out there just as Tony went out the front door. Some man in a car shot him."

"And you know who that man was?" Kelley told him sharply. "You know the reason Tony Caldwell was shot down there."

Bowers sat for a moment, cycling the deputy. He seemed to be trying to read Kelley's mind, to determine just what the deputy knew. When it seemed that he

would not speak, Kelley said:

"You know what I think? I believe you planned to kill Caldwell, take his wife and then kill your brother and father so you could get all the property in your family. That's—"

"No, no, no! I didn't plan anything like that!" Bowers was moved out of his slow speech. "You're wrong. I didn't kill Tony. I was too good a friend of his. But I think I know the reason he was killed."

HE paused. Kelley waited a moment, then spoke again. "All right," he urged. "Tell me why he was killed?"

"Because of the charivari."

"Charivari? What are you talking about?" Kelley questioned, bewildered. "What has a charivari to do with murder?"

"It was because he had the hives," Bowers sputtered.

"Who had the hives?" Kelley demanded. "Bud—Bud Parsons," Bowers gulped.

Kelley said that the man was in earnest. Then: "Either you're nuts, or I am," he told Bowers. "But go ahead and tell me about it."

"It was this way," Bowers said. "Marvin—that's Bud—Parsons was married four years ago and we held a charivari at his house. Bud had the hives. Tony was with us and he suggested that we throw the bridegroom into the pond. Somebody told Bud it would kill him, on account of his hives, if he was thrown in the water."

"Some of the rest of us persuaded Tony not to carry out his plan, but Bud always resented it and he held a grudge against Tony. I think that's one of the reasons Bud shot him."

"Oh, so you think Bud Parsons killed Caldwell? One of the reasons you think so is because Tony suggested it would be a good joke to throw Bud in a pond on the night of his marriage. That doesn't make sense to me. But what is the other reason you have for thinking Bud killed Tony?"

"Because I paid him \$50 to do it!" came the startling answer. "He agreed to do it for that amount and that's what I paid him."

Almost breathless with surprise, Kelley sat gazing at Bowers for several minutes. Then he went to Sheriff Bash's office and asked the sheriff to step into the room with him. A stenographer was called, and Bowers, twisting his cap nervously in his hands, made one of the most amazing confessions ever dictated to a Jackson county official.

All the weird details of the plot he said he and Marvin Parsons had conceived, were poured out into the ears of the amazed sheriff and his chief deputy.

The crime that had appeared immediately after its commission to have been without motive, developed, with its solution, into a web of weird reasoning, duplicity, bartering for the victim's wife and children, and a vengeance based partly on the case of hives suffered by a bridegroom four years earlier.

It developed that the same \$50 which Bowers now stated he had offered Tony Caldwell for his wife and little Billy and Martha Rose had been paid by Bowers to the resentful bridegroom—long since separated from his wife—to kill the young milkman.

"I was too good a friend of Tony to kill him," Bowers explained naively, "so I paid Bud to do it. I gave him \$50 for the job. He used the money for a down payment on a Hupmobile car and—"

"Just a minute," Kelley interposed. "You told me the man who shot Tony was in an Oldsmobile car. Now you say—"

"I know," Bowers admitted. "I said it was an Oldsmobile. But it wasn't. It was a Hupmobile. And Bud Parsons was the man in it who fired the shot."

Little by little the two officers obtained the full story through questioning Bowers. It developed then, that Kelley had first suspected Bowers knew more about the murder than appeared on the surface when he had so glibly told the chief deputy the car used by the killer was an Oldsmobile. He had previously said that he could only see the dim outlines of the motor car and that he could not tell what make it was. Kelley, working on the theory that if Bowers would tell untruths about the car, he would tell untruths about other things, had concentrated his investigation on learning all that was possible about Bowers.

He had learned about Bowers' visits to a show with Mrs. Caldwell. The woman had not denied that, and the very frankness of her admission of that fact, convinced the deputy that any love Bowers might have for her was not reciprocated by Tony Caldwell's widow.

Now another thought entered the deputy's mind. "You say you offered Tony \$50 for his wife and children?" he asked.

"Yes," Bowers said. "He turned me down—cold. But two weeks later when I was in his house, he said, 'You can't have my children, but if you want my wife, take her and get out.'"

That statement subsequently was denied vehemently by Mrs. Caldwell. "Tony never said any such thing!" she exclaimed. "And if Bob Bowers was the last man on earth I wouldn't have him."

But at the moment, Kelley had something else on his mind.

"When was it?" he asked Bowers, "that you made that offer to Tony?"

"Last fall," Bowers responded promptly. Kelley smiled exultantly. "That checks with something Mrs. Caldwell told me," he informed Sheriff Bash. "She said that last fall Tony told her 'If Bob wasn't my friend I'd whip hell out of him.'"

"I don't know whether I love Thelma," Bowers said, continuing his confession, "and I don't know whether she would live with me if I did. But I do love Tony's children. Last fall I took Mrs. Caldwell and the children to several shows. I knew that I wanted little Billy and Martha Rose. I wanted to make something of the boy. I was afraid if he grew up there in the Caldwell home he'd turn out to be a bad boy."

"So I offered Tony \$50 for his wife and the boy and girl. He wouldn't listen to me. Maybe he thought I was joking. But he refused to sell them to me at any price."

THEN he reverted to the charivari and the case of hives suffered by Marvin Parsons. He told, with a sly grin, of the manner in which he kept Parsons' resentment against Caldwell alive.

"Every time I met Bud," he said, "I mentioned something about the charivari and what that water would have done to



Marvin Parsons, arrested by deputies, readily admitted his part in the plot.

him if he'd been thrown into it with his hives. And then I told him that I was a friend of his and a friend of Tony's, and that I had heard Tony cursing him and making threats against him."

"What did Parsons say when you talked like that?" Kelley asked.

"Why, he said, 'It looks like flowers on the grave if that's what he's saying,'" Bowers replied.

He told then how he went to Parsons' filling station on U. S. Highway No. 71 on March 20th and urged the filling station attendant to kill Caldwell. "I told him that I would give him \$50 for the job, and he said he needed a new car and that would be an opportunity to get it."

"Then we talked about it every day for a while. Every opportunity I got I went to the filling station and told him something Tony had said about him. And I told Tony things I said Marvin was saying about him."

"On Sunday, March 29th, Bud and I made our plans. My work for Bauman, the dairyman, had made me acquainted with Tony's routine, and it was planned that I should arrange for a feast for Tony and his wife and kids. Then Bud was to drive up in front of the house, disguise his voice and ask for Tony. When Tony went out, Bud was to shoot him and drive away."

The original plan had been to kill Caldwell the night of March 30th. The plan, for no reason that Bowers could give, was not carried out. But the next day, Tuesday, March 31st, was decided upon. Tony was to be told that Bowers would buy a quantity of brains for a "feast," and that they would play pinochle after the meal. Caldwell readily had agreed and had arranged with Mrs. Caldwell to cook for them.

Then followed the details of the route Bowers and Caldwell covered on what was to be Tony's last trip. Bowers told how they drove up to the house, put the truck in the garage, and turned toward the door of the living room. He preceded Caldwell into the house, just as he later had told deputies sent by Kelley to investigate

the murder. He had returned to the front door, opened it, and saw Parsons' car parked on Longview Road. It was then that he told Tony a man wanted to see him and the unsuspecting milkman walked out to his death.

WITH that much of Bowers' confession heard, Kelley sent deputies out to arrest Parsons. While awaiting the latter's arrival, Bowers elaborated on his statement.

"I don't love Mrs. Caldwell," he said, "but I do love those children. I began visiting the Caldwell home some time ago and I went there at least twice a week and always on Sunday. I took the Sunday papers with me and I'd always read the comic strips to little Billy and Martha Rose. He would be on one side of me and she'd be on the other."

"I thought I might, eventually, get those children by adoption. I didn't care particularly for their mother. I don't know whether I would have lived with her even if she had agreed to have me. But I did want those children."

"No matter what the future has in store for me—whether I ever get out of jail—I'm willing to support the children, at least until they reach their majorities."

He said that before he began going to the Caldwell home he had been living in anticipation of the time that his sister, Mary E. Bowers, would marry and have children. But Mary Bowers died and his hope was unfulfilled. It was then he began paying attention to the little ones in the Caldwell home. And then he plotted their father's death in the hope that, eventually, he might be in a position to adopt little Billy and Martha Rose.

Parsons, arrested by the deputies and brought to Kelley's office, readily admitted his part in the plot, according to the announcement made by the sheriff.

He had disliked Caldwell, he said, ever since he had learned of Caldwell's proposal that he be thrown into a pond on his wedding night. Bowers had kept the flames of his enmity alive by carrying to him the tales of Caldwell's alleged threats against him.

He admitted Bowers had given him \$50 to kill Caldwell. He had applied the money on the purchase of the Hupmobile car he drove on the night of the murder. The shotgun he used, he said, was purchased in a Kansas City pawnshop for \$4. He volunteered to take deputy sheriffs to the place he said he had thrown the weapon from his car as he fled from the Caldwell home.

They accompanied him, but the weapon was not found. Later, he admitted he had not purchased a gun for the deed. It was one that belonged to a relative. He had borrowed it and then hidden it at his father's home. Deputies searching the home, found it in a trunk where he had placed it.

Complaints charging Bowers and Parsons with the murder were signed by Deputy Byrne, and on April 4th they were arraigned before Thomas H. Knight, justice of the peace, in Independence, Mo. He ordered that they be held without bond in the county jail in Kansas City, pending a preliminary hearing April 15th. On that date, the hearing was continued for one week, to April 22nd, 1936.



Marks the Spot

Pictures in the news of innocent victims of crime and killers who have had a rendezvous with death. Gangland has its own code and here are some of the fruits of easy money. Other pictures show victims of fiendish murderers who had nothing to do with gangdom. All illustrate the age-old truism that crime, in any of its forms, does not pay



(Top) Joe Bowers, convicted mail robber, shot to death in an attempted break from Alcatraz in broad daylight.
(Left) Indicted on charges of criminally assaulting two white girls, Lint Show, shown here, was lynched by mob.
(Right) Joseph Rinaldi, Brooklyn contractor, shot down and murdered in New York. (Bottom) Mrs. Grace E. Motice, strangled to death in her Buffalo, New York, beauty parlor, by a jealous suitor.

The HORROR of

Three years of unremitting investigation—
the running down of countless clues—
suspicion against accessories which seemed to
point the finger of guilt at them—
all revolving around the story
of a woman who loved
not wisely, but
too well

DID Ray-
mond
Henry, young
Lothario of the Texas
Hills, stab, bury, subse-
quently exhume, and then
hang the body of H. L. Mc-
Bee—husband of the woman he
subsequently married—all as the
result of an unholy love he bore
the wife of his friend?

Did lust point the weapon to a
vital spot? Or was it craven fear born
of realization that the husband had
come to suspect that his girl-wife was
unfaithful; realization that there im-
pended the only revenge the hill-folk knew
—death, quick and certain?

Did Della Henry, then Della McBee,
standing half hidden by the headboard of the
bed on which her husband lay dying, say to
Raymond Henry: *"It's you and me against
the world now, Blond Baby;"* or did wit-
nesses who repeated the supposed words per-
jure themselves?

And lastly, did Della McBee go through
with the grim travesty of divorcing a man al-
ready dead, that she might justify to her strait-
laced neighbors a marriage that otherwise would
have seemed bigamous—and which would have
brought tarring-and-feathering and possible ex-
pulsion from the district?

These are the questions Texans asked them-
selves between May 1st, 1933, and March 27th,
1936, when Raymond Henry went to trial before
a jury of his peers to answer to a charge of first
degree murder of the husband of Della McBee.

In the interim between the murder and its solution
five persons, accused principals and accessories, had been
arrested.

One of the latter, Luther Jackson Smith, severed his jugu-
lar vein in the Eastland county jail rather than face a jury
and a possible mob of his townsfolk. That set in operation a rumor
that he and not Raymond Henry might have been the slayer of
McBee and my only surprise is that the defense did not choose him
for a suspect instead of selecting another witness to accuse before a crowded
courtroom.

In addition to the parade of persons accused in the case, three others were
taken into custody by State investigators. Of these, two turned State's evidence
and gave startling testimony in what admittedly is the most bizarre murder case



the Hanging Corpse

By Margie Harris

Related by Deputy Sheriff Steele Hill

Eastland County, Texas



in the history of Texas crime.

Three years of unremitting investigation, the running down of countless whispered clues—all of them pointed eventually to Raymond Henry, the "boy friend" of the victim's widow and then her husband within four months after McBee's death.

And all of the labor, the disappointments, the new clues and the added investigation, brought Raymond Henry to trial before a crowded, curious tribunal; brought him conviction and a jury-set verdict of fifty years in the State penitentiary.

And through it all, Henry resolutely denied all of the allegations against him. He denied that he saw McBee on the death date, denied any violence toward him and indignantly declared that he had no thought of love for Mrs. McBee until she had obtained her divorce some six weeks after her husband's disappearance. Henry was silent, watchful, thoroughly composed throughout the hearing, breaking momentarily only when the verdict was rendered.

H. L. McBee was thirty-seven, years older than his girl-wife and little inclined toward social pleasures such as small hill communities offer when hostesses "present" socials and dances, and there is a strict code of old-fashioned formal courtesy.

The victim was a highway worker, a husky cement expert, who was attached to the Eastland division of the Texas Highway Department's maintenance crew.

McBee, though addicted to strong drink, was a steady worker and generally had the respect of his neighbors. There were two children, a boy and girl, yet strangely enough both testified for the man accused of their father's killing when the case finally came to trial.

The last person exclusive of the alleged murder ring to see McBee alive called at the McBee home professionally on April 30th, to attend Mrs. McBee, who was ill.

That person was Dr. J. R. Dill of Rising Star, who found the woman was not dangerously ill. So he wrote a prescription for her and was about to leave when McBee came in. In his testimony, Dr. Dill said:

"I was preparing to leave when McBee came in and demanded to know what

was the matter. From his tone and Mrs. McBee's expression it seemed to me that there had been trouble over the question before my arrival. But anyway I told him what my findings were, and he whirled about and staggered out.

"There were several others there at the time. Two were Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Tyler, with whom I exchanged greetings. There were others there whom I did not see. I heard their voices, but did not recognize any of them.

"When I left the house on my way out, McBee was in the yard with his back to me. I never saw him after that."

The next day was May Day, of 1933, a date which was to loom large in the affairs of the Eastland county sheriff's office for many months to come.

It was the following Tuesday or Wednesday when Mrs. McBee reported that "McBee's gone down the railroad track and he didn't leave any groceries."

We weren't particularly perturbed about the report. Mrs. McBee had made it plain that she felt that her husband had deserted her. For "down the railroad track" in hills parlance means exactly that and nothing more nor less.

Confirmation came when Billy Ray McBee, then the 8-year-old son of the missing man, began questioning folks in town if they had seen his Daddy. Among these were Raymond Henry, who told him, like the rest, that he didn't know anything about McBee.

But soon sly rumors began to trickle about. Some of them were "woman talk"—or at least that's what they seemed for a time. But they persisted until the whole town came to know that McBee had been eying askance the growing friendship between his wife and the nimble-footed, dancing iceman, Raymond Henry.

And the better element in the community had been casting disapproving glances their way also. McBee protested that his wife danced most of the time with Henry, a fact that the

woman who protested against what she felt was an unseemly display of affection.

"How do you like my new blond baby?" was said to be Mrs. McBee's description of her new-found heart interest.

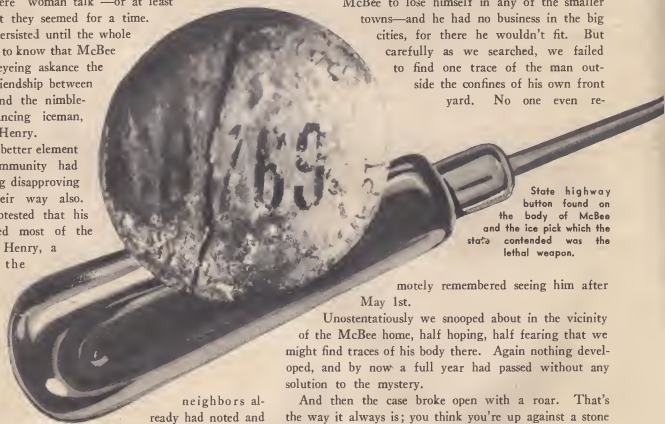
Also—and this also became a part of the testimony at the trial—a credible witness declared that he overheard McBee say to his wife: "I've got a good mind to turn you over to Ray Henry for good."

So it wasn't in the least surprising, in view of all of this adverse comment in a small community, for Mrs. McBee to file divorce proceedings six weeks later. Busybodies nodded their heads and looked wise. The divorce was granted within a few weeks, and in September of the same year, Della McBee became Della McBee-Henry in a quiet ceremony.

In the minds of many that closed the case. Henry had "come through" after he had caused the woman to become the source of gossip—and after her husband had deserted her.

But among a few, some official in character, the thought persisted that McBee wasn't the sort who would give up his home and children without a fight. He was a typical home-body and it seemed far easier to imagine him disposed of for good, than sneaking away from the children he loved because he and his wife couldn't make a "go" of it.

So we set to work quietly in an endeavor to trace the man's movements. It isn't easy for a big man like McBee to lose himself in any of the smaller towns—and he had no business in the big cities, for there he wouldn't fit. But carefully as we searched, we failed to find one trace of the man outside the confines of his own front yard. No one even re-



State highway button found on the body of McBee and the ice pick which the state contended was the lethal weapon.

motely remembered seeing him after May 1st.

Unostentatiously we snooped about in the vicinity of the McBee home, half hoping, half fearing that we might find traces of his body there. Again nothing developed, and by now a full year had passed without any solution to the mystery.

And then the case broke open with a roar. That's the way it always is; you think you're up against a stone wall and suddenly your path lies straight before you.

Young Dean Broughton, ten, a Rising Star youth, went rabbit hunting with a playmate, Herman Boyman. They wounded a "jack" and chased him into the thick brush near a shinnery thicket.

But a moment later they came tearing out, their faces

No one was perturbed about the disappearance of McBee until his little son, Billy Ray (shown here with his father), began questioning folks in town if they had seen his Daddy.

white as chalk, their knees like water.

For in the brush they had found a mouldering human skeleton hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree, supported by a length of stout wire. The trousers had fallen to the ground, together with the bones of the right foot and the left leg from the knee downward.

The boys ran home at top speed, reporting their grisly find to O. C. Broughton, father of young Dean. Broughton in turn notified City Marshal A. D. Carroll, who hurried to the scene accompanied by Justice-Coroner Will Morris. Then, when he had satisfied himself of the truth of the boys' re-

port, Marshal Carroll called Sheriff Virge Foster and myself. Believe me, we went over there at top speed, for already the thought came to me that this might be McBee. He was the only man missing from our district during the last year, so I do not claim credit for great detective ability in the hunch.

We found the skeleton hanging from a limb about eight feet high, from a length of wire clothesline. It was so badly decomposed as to be unrecognizable, but careful examination of the grisly heap gave us two clues.

"The trousers, which had fallen to the ground, were made of a blue material through which ran a white pin-stripe. *And in the pocket of the shirt was a State Highway Department identification badge.*

There was proof of the value of my suspicion. McBee was a highway worker and it would be simple to deter-

mine if the number on the disc corresponded with his number on the payroll.

Joe Blankenship, supervisor for the Highway Department's maintenance crews at Eastland, promptly identified the disc as one that had been issued to H. L. McBee.



Deputy Sheriff Steele Hill was confident that McBee had not run away from home.



Reference

to his books showed that the victim had drawn his last pay-check on April 17th, 1933.

Raymond Brookshire, foreman of the asphalt gang on which McBee worked, confirmed this and said that he had not "laid eyes on Mac since that date."

The body of the victim was in such an advanced state of decomposition that not even the most careful investigation could disclose whether there had been any stab wounds or gunshots which affected tissues only. All we could determine was that the skull was intact and that none of the other bones had been injured by bullets or blows.

Our first step was to notify Mrs. McBee—now Mrs. Henry—that her husband's body had come to light at last. We did this through Constable Huling, who reported that she had seemed quite indifferent to the news. She did not appear that day nor on the following morning, so the next afternoon we sent a car out for her.

She came in, thoroughly composed and seemingly little impressed by the fact that her husband apparently had died a suicide.

She inspected the grim remains quite coolly and unhesitatingly identified the trousers as those worn by McBee when he left. Later she backed this identification by producing the coat which matched the trousers.

And at the same time she set up a matter of evidence which was to go badly with Raymond Henry during the progress of his trial when Mrs. Sandy Tyler testified that, for a time, *Mrs. McBee had the coat, trousers and identification disc in her possession, after McBee's disappearance.*

After that, all of the old scandals came to life again, also there were clues too strong to be ignored. Among these was the declaration that Mrs. McBee, at a dance at the Hulin Erwin home two nights before McBee disappeared, had flown at him in a rage, calling him an "old dirty brute," and rushing him from the house. On the

homeward trip witnesses testified "there was some necking" between Henry and Mrs. McBee.

Again there were persistent rumors that Sandy Tyler thought he knew something "that might pin a killing onto someone," and that Pete Fenwick had admitted that "something pretty bad had been going on around Ray Henry."

I had never ceased working on the case and Sheriff Foster at last agreed that we should pick up Henry and his wife. It really was a fishing expedition, but I gravely told them it was a murder charge and that we had the goods on them.

They stood pat. Henry and the woman just snarled defiance at me. They said my job was to prove the charges; that they wouldn't help me. The grand jury met the next day and heard whatever evidence we had to show. An indictment was returned against the Henrys on the showing that there had been more than a surface friendship between the pair before McBee's death, and that the

latter had objected seriously to their familiarities.

It is true that no concrete proofs of murder were provided for the grand jury. All we had done was to show that Henry and Mrs. McBee had been over-friendly and that there was reason to believe McBee had met with foul play.

It followed that, if he had been killed, it might well have been a fight over the woman, following the unwritten rule that it is up to the husband to protect his home by whatever means are at his command. That's the Texas way.

From this point onward, in giving AMERICAN DETECTIVE MAGA-

Della McBee Henry unhesitatingly identified the trousers on the corpse as those belonging to her husband.



ZINE this story exclusively, I shall have to be guided by the sworn record in the case. Della McBee Henry remains to be tried as a principal in her husband's murder and one of the Smith brothers must be tried as an accessory. Hence I shall tell everything chronologically and within the limitations of the sworn record. In that way I will not harm the defense, nor will I be violating my duty as a peace officer.

Try as we might to find actual proofs against the suspects, the facts proved too elusive. I was positive within myself that three and possibly four persons outside the Henry home knew the whole story and I did everything in my power to make them talk.

But always I met with blank stares, surly denials—and at the last, actual hostility. Old friends avoided me for fear they might drop a hint that would point the finger at someone.

So when it became apparent that we were getting nowhere, I decided to put the whole affair in the hands of the new State Department of Public Safety, which is headed by L. G. Phares, an indomitable foe of all killers. He promptly assigned two undercover investigators to our office, instructing them to go the limit in running down the slayers of McBee.

The new Safety Department is a combination of State Police, Texas Rangers, Highway Patrolmen and, if need arises, the State Militia. Its undercover men are instructed to go through with all investigations, leaving kid-glove methods to city and county officials. I explain this, because, after a short investigation they began throwing people into widely separated jails.

Jack and Lynn Smith, first to be arrested, went respectively to the Coleman County and the Callahan County jails. Another, Charlie (Pete) Fenwick was moved from jail to jail while the investigators learned from him what he knew.

It took five days to learn his entire story and as a result, they went out after Sandy Tyler and succeeded in convincing him that he should join Fenwick as a witness for the state. Then, when their statements had been taken, signed and sworn to, we went before the grand jury and got indictments against Henry, Mrs. Henry and the Smiths.

TYLER and Fenwick confirmed our suspicion that McBee had been murdered, adding the gruesome details that Raymond Henry had done the fatal stabbing with an ice pick; that he had forced the onlookers to help bury the body, and that three weeks later, they went in a group, exhumed the corpse and hung it to the tree where it later was discovered. Also they informed us that T. R. Crosswhite of Blake, knew some confirmatory evidence, but that he had not in any sense been a participant. Crosswhite talked freely and, with the evidence now available, we asked for and were given indictments against the Henrys, the Smith brothers, and for the sake of keeping a hold on them, against two of our witnesses.

That was on February 28th. Later District Judge B. W. Patterson denied a habeas corpus motion for Henry and his wife, and then set the trial for March 27th.

The news broke the nerve of John Luther Smith, charged jointly with Mr. and Mrs. Henry in the killing. On the

night of Friday, March 20th, after mulling throughout the afternoon that he was innocent and was being "railroaded", he asked Joe Ferguson, his cellmate in the Eastland jail, to get him a drink of water. Testifying at the inquest Ferguson said:

"Jack asked me for some water; he said he was ill. I gave him some out of my cup, but he called for some more. He said he had dropped his cup. I lit a match to look for it and I saw his hand flash across his throat.

"Blood spurted from a deep cut he had made with a safety razor blade. I said; 'Jack, you should not have done that; they'll think I did it.'"

"He said he'd tell the other boys he did it himself—and he did. He said further that both he and his brother were innocent of the McBee killing, but that he was afraid of the mob. He lived for not more than five minutes after that."

THAT reduced the list of suspects by one. The state elected to try Raymond Henry first, and after a lengthy courtroom battle, a jury was impaneled and the hearing began.

Sandy Tyler and Pete Fenwick were the star witnesses, both swearing that McBee came to his death at the hands of Henry, who had stabbed him with an ice pick.

Tyler told the court and jury that he went to McBee's home on May 1st, 1933, accompanied by Pete Fenwick—who wanted to borrow a rheumatism belt—and by Lynn and Jack Smith. Henry was in the house with Mrs. McBee when they arrived, he said.

"McBee was in bed and his wife told us that he was a pretty sick man," he testified. "I sat down at the side of the bed and asked him what was the trouble and he told me that Raymond Henry had stuck an ice pick into him that morning.

"I said I was going for a doctor, but Raymond wouldn't let me. He stopped me and bolted the door, saying that he didn't want anything said about it. He told me too that if I did say anything about it, they'd swear that I did it."

Under interrogation by Prosecutor Grady Owen, Tyler said that McBee pulled up his shirt and showed him "a blue mark on his left side which he said was the place where the pick went in."

At this juncture, Tyler was excused in order that the corroborative evidence of Pete Fenwick could be obtained.

Fenwick was even more definite in his accusations, quoting Raymond Henry as admitting that he had inflicted the fatal ice pick thrust. He said:

"McBee was going on about being sick. Tyler started to get a doctor, but Raymond shut the door.

"No, don't get him any doctor; let him die." Fenwick swore these were Henry's actual words. Continuing he said:

"I asked Raymond what was the matter with old man McBee. He said that he had stabbed him with an ice pick that morning. McBee died about 10 o'clock that night. After he had gone I tried to leave the place, but Lynn Smith kicked up an awful row and they made me stay.

"After McBee was dead, Raymond said: 'Well, he's dead and we've got to do something about him.'"

"They talked it over and agreed that

we all had to have a hand in the burial; that we were all there and the only way to keep everyone from talking was to have each of us do something which might make us a party to the crime.

"We stayed there, talking it over, until about 2 A. M. when everyone should be gone off the road. Then we put the body in the turtle-back of Lynn Smith's car.

"From there we drove to a piece of woods near the Rising Star cemetery. It was on past the cemetery; Lynn stopped the car and we all helped get the body out of the rumble.

"Jack Smith and I carried the feet. Ray Henry and Lynn hooked hands under McBride's neck and carried the upper part of the body. From there we went on back to a place where there was lots of sand and we took turns digging a grave about waist deep. When it was ready we shoveled sand back in, smoothed the place, brushed it with sapling tops and went away."

SANDY TYLER, returning to the stand, added to his story of the happenings at the McBee house after his arrival. He said:

"Me and Jack and Lynn Smith and McBee went in Lynn Smith's car to get some whiskey. McBee kept asking for it, so we went over to the house of a man named John Freeman who we thought might have some.

"We left McBee and Jack Smith at a vacant house so that Freeman wouldn't suspect anything, but he didn't have any liquor and so we went back and took McBee home.

"About three weeks later, Raymond Henry, Jack and Lynn Smith and Pete Fenwick appeared suddenly at Tyler's house. When McBee's name was brought up, one of them replied: 'Oh we put him away all right.'"

"Raymond Henry then said: 'Yes, and we've got to do something about him, too.' He and Mrs. McBee went into the house and got a quilt. After that they took a wire off my clothesline and told me to get into Smith's car." (On the way to the cemetery they passed the home of the Broughton boy who later discovered the skeleton. This testimony checked with later statements by the elder Broughton).

"Boys," Tyler testified he said to the others, "I don't want to go."

"You can stay in the car," he testified they replied, "but you'd better be damn sure to be here when we get back."

"They were gone about an hour," he continued, "and when they came back they told me they'd kill me if I ever told my wife what had been happening."

Asked about his relations with McBee, Tyler said:

"I sure did like that fellow. He was a quiet, peaceful man, but he was worried about his home affairs and told me he'd just as soon kill himself as not. Once I heard him tell his wife: 'I'll just turn you over to Raymond Henry and let him have you.'"

Mrs. Tyler, who followed her husband on the stand, said:

"Mrs. McBee moved to my house three weeks after the disappearance of her husband," she said. "She brought with her the blue suit McBee used to wear and also had the highway employees' badge he used to wear. Later the disc and the

nants disappeared and were found on the skeleton when the Broughton boy discovered it. There also was a hat he used to wear. One of the men, I think it was one of the Smiths, put it on and said: "That's the way old man McBee used to wear it, hey?"

"On the same occasion when the Smith boys and the others were there, Mrs. McBee said in my presence, 'We'll all have to stick together on this or we'll get in bad trouble.'"

"When she spoke of Ray Henry, she always called him 'My blond-headed baby.'"

THIS part of her testimony irked Mrs. McBee-Henry, who stiffened in her chair and hissed: "You're a damn liar," but she subsided when her attorney warned her she was hurting her case.

The witness identified the wire clothesline which had been used in hanging the cadaver, as part of the line from her yard, and also identified parts of a quilt which had been thrown about McBee's body before it was buried.

"Why did Mrs. McBee leave your home?" the Prosecutor asked.

Mrs. Tyler shrugged.

"She got mad when I asked her not

to be too affectionate with Ray about the children. They had been lying on the bed and I didn't like to have the children see their goings on."

"On the day when the men folks went off with the clothesline, she stayed at the house. Because my husband was along I thought he might be mixed up in the trouble, so I told the grand jury only what they asked me—the first time."

Damaging testimony also was given by T. R. Crosswhite of Blake, Texas, operator of an ice route and a soft drink stand. He drew a vivid word picture of what he said was the first visit of Henry and his new wife, to McBee's grave.

"It was sagged down," Crosswhite said slowly. "Mrs. Henry knelt down and cried. She said that whatever Mr. McBee might have done, he was the father of her little boy and girl and she hoped the guilty one would be punished."

"That started Henry cursing. Finally he said to her: 'I don't see why you're crying over him. He ought to be stuck three times with an ice pick and hung under a tree for 99 years.'"

CROSSWHITE also was at the murder house on the day of McBee's death. I went there on May 1st accompanied

by Henry," he said. "I wanted to borrow an electric belt for treating rheumatism. McBee was lying on the bed, pretty sick, and Ray and Mrs. McBee went behind the head of the bed and stood there a long time, hugging and kissing."

"I got sick of looking at them and went back to the car. Two or three minutes after I heard a sound like a chair falling. Then a door slammed and Raymond came running out with an ice pick in his hands."

His eyes had an icy stare and he tried to walk down from the porch at a place where there were no steps. Finally he moved over and came down the steps, but he didn't answer when I asked him what was the matter.

"He jumped in the car and grabbed for the crank, and I said to him: 'Raymond what the hell; have you lost your mind?' He quieted down after that but didn't tell me anything about what had happened."

Pete Fenwick was recalled to add his testimony to the part of the case that had to do with the exhumation and hanging of the cadaver. He said:

"Henry, Tyler and the Smiths came along and after digging up the body, produced a wire clothesline and hung it to a tree. The limb was about eight feet above the ground. Raymond Henry climbed up and fitted the wire around the limb and made that end fast with a few turns."

"When that was all done, he said: 'Well, that's a pretty good tree. We hanged it up there so folks would think he committed suicide.' After that they buried the quilt the body had been wrapped in and smoothed things up pretty good."

"It was then that Raymond said to me: 'I want you to get this through your thick head; if you ever do any talking you'll go into that same hole.'"

SPECIAL Prosecutor Allen Dabney in his opening address to the jury, had specified as a motive for the crime Henry's desire for his friend's wife. In support of Mrs. Tyler's testimony and to further his theory as to the motive, he put a number of further witnesses on the stand to testify to the growing intimacy between the two.

Among these were G. L. Looney of Leila Lake and W. A. Williams of Rising Star, who testified to a number of meetings of Henry and Mrs. McBee at the home of John Proctor, with whom Henry had lived in 1933. The witness identified the automobile used by Mrs. McBee for these excursions as belonging to one of her close friends, Mrs. W. A. Carter of Williams also testified to observing that Mrs. McBee and Raymond Henry spent practically all of their time together at dances.

L. H. Flewellyn of Ranger, and K. E. Grantham of Cisco were the defense attorneys and throughout the trial they fought bitterly against the introduction of damaging evidence.

Flewellyn started court and spectators during his cross-examination of Tyler when he halted dramatically, then walked slowly toward the witness. Suddenly he stopped, pointed a long forefinger at him and roared:

"Isn't it a fact, Mr. Tyler, that you— and not Raymond Henry, this defendant, murdered H. L. McBee?"

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Tyler stared back at him, mouth agape. But finally he managed to shake his head and stammer: "No—no, I didn't do it."

Tyler, Fenwick and Crosswhite came in for a severe grilling at the hands of the defense attorneys, but without upsetting their testimony more than to raise the question of their possibly having violated the law at various times.

But when the state rested its case, the defense sprang a surprise that startled everyone, particularly the prosecution.

First, Raymond Henry took the witness stand to deny categorically that he was present at the McBee house on the first day of May, 1933; that he had taken any part in the stabbing of McBee, his burial, the later exhumation and hanging—or that he had been guilty of violating his friend's home.

"I never loved my present wife while she was Mrs. McBee; not until after her divorce," he said steadily. "And I want everyone to know there never was anything wrong between us."

With that as a basis, the defense lawyers started in to tear the state's case to shreds. First of all, the defense announced that H. L. McBee did not die in his home, and that Raymond Henry definitely was not his slayer.

It was at this juncture in the opening statement that there was violent commotion in the outer corridor. Sandy Tyler and Dick Brown, a defense witness, had come to blows over the case but had been separated by bystanders.

They then called to the stand Oscar White, a resident just outside of Rising Star who, over strenuous objections from the prosecution related certain incidents near his home on the night of May 1st, 1933.

"I heard a commotion and looked out," he began. "There was a car standing about 70 yards from my gate which is about the same distance from my porch. I went out to the yard and heard a baby crying and also a woman's voice. Then I heard a man say something about the baby crying and the woman answered: 'You're a hell of a daddy.'"

AFTER that three men came surging around in front of the headlights and seemed to be fighting. One of them hollered: 'You've wrecked my home.'

"After that I heard blows and moans and the car drove off. As it left I heard someone say, 'I'll never be out with you again.'"

"The man they had left behind reeled along the road, mumbling that they'd stuck a knife into him twice. Then the car came back and took the man off."

"Shut your mouth and we'll get you some whiskey before we get to town," they told the injured man. I believe one of the voices I heard was that of Sandy Tyler."

Lynn Smith followed, swearing that he was at his home in Rising Star on May 1st and 2nd, and produced his brother Roy to prove his words. This witness also testified that he took the two McBee children to their home on May 1st, and that only Mrs. McBee and the two children were there when he departed. Earlier Pete Fenwick and one Terry Clark had stopped briefly, but had gone long before he took his departure.

Roy Smith declared that Mrs. McBee told him while he was there that McBee had 'gone down the railroad track.'

Billy Ray McBee, 11-year-old son of the murder victim, proved a good witness for his step-father. The boy, who stood before the judge's bench to testify instead of occupying the witness seat, declared that

Henry and Crosswhite waited outside while Mrs. McBee dressed.

Corroborating the testimony of her brother, Geneva McBee, 12, said that the last time she saw her father was on April 30th, and that he was gone the next day when she got up.

The defense also recalled O. C. Broughton, father of the youth who discovered the hanging skeleton, who said:

"About May 17th or 18th, two or three weeks after I had heard of McBee's disappearance, I noticed six sets of tire tracks crossing my land. That made me curious and I followed them to a place almost at the identical spot where the skeleton was found nearly a year later.

"But on the same day that the skeleton was discovered, I found a soft spot in land which was about three feet wide and five feet long. Later I found a similar hole in the property of Sandy Tyler, only that one was only two feet wide and five long."

THE witness was allowed to refer to a crop report book to refresh his memory as to dates. He declared that new spade marks about the soft place in his land showed that they had been made within the last few weeks—not a year before.

There was a long legal wrangle over whether Della Henry, indicted as a principal in the murder, and Lynn Smith, an accused accessory, should be allowed to testify. The court held that they were not competent witnesses under the circumstances, but permitted their testimony to be taken so that it might be incorporated in the defense bill of exceptions.

Another surprise witness was Mrs. Bess Terrell, reporter for the Ninety-first district court. She testified that she had taken statements from Pete Fenwick for Attorney Frank Sparks who will represent Mrs. Henry when her case is called, and that Fenwick had sworn he did not know who had killed McBee!

"This," she said, "was on February 28th, the day on which the habeas corpus hearing was held for Mr. and Mrs. Henry."

Arguments in the case, which were limited to four hours for each side, were bitter contests of the evidence the opposition lawyers had adduced. These ended at 10:30 on Saturday night and the following day the jury reported with a verdict of guilty and recommendation for a 50-year sentence.

For the first time in the hearing, Raymond Henry showed a trace of emotion. His head drooped and for a moment his eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Henry was at his side in a moment, assuring him of her belief in his innocence.

Attorneys for the defense filed immediate notice of appeal for a new trial. But in the meantime Della McBee Henry will come to trial to face probably the same array of witnesses who caused the conviction of her husband. What a Texas jury will do with a woman defendant always is a problem.

And so it may come about that the woman who loved her blond-haired baby not wisely but too well, may come free of the law, to wait for some thirty years for the return of the man who looked with her down into the Valley of the Shadow.



Through it all, Raymond Henry resolutely denied all of the allegations against him.

his father was home all day on April 30th, but that he left early on the morning of May 1st, and did not return.

The boy swore and stuck to his statement that his father was not there when Raymond Henry and Crosswhite came and declared that they had arrived so early that they found the rest of the family in bed. He denied that Crosswhite left the house before Henry or that the latter ran from the house carrying an ice pick and with a maniacal gleam in his eyes. On cross-examination he said th-

The Problem of

By Former Deputy Prosecuting Attorney
William J. Wilkins
of King County, Washington
As told to H. Richard Seller

THE first light of dawn was breaking over Seattle's lofty Profanity Hill, casting eerie shadows along its narrow, deserted streets—streets once lined with the city's finest homes, now drab and abandoned, haunted by ghosts of the past.

From among the spectral-like structures, half illuminated by the weird light of a waking day, one stood out like a beacon in a gray and ghostly fog. It was a low, rambling house, freshly painted a glowing white, and surrounded by a sloping, closely trimmed lawn.

I stood for a minute before the house, half surprised that this was a house of horror and brutal murder!

That it was, I knew, since it was a telephone call from Detective Captain Ernest Yoris, then head of Seattle's famous homicide squad, whose brilliance has since advanced him to the post of chief of detectives, which earlier that morning of June 13th, 1933, had aroused me from my slumber.

"I've just had a call to hurry to the Pom Pom Club," Yoris' voice came to me through the fog of sleep which still clouded my brain. "It's a gangster shooting!"

Those last words brought me wide awake.

It had been a matter of practice for many years for the homicide squad to work directly with the staff of the prosecuting attorney. This coopera-

tion, I believe, coupled with Yoris' excellence, has been responsible for bringing the greatest number of Seattle's murderers to justice.

Yoris' call, then, was not unusual.

"The Pom Pom Club?" I asked.

"Meet me there in fifteen minutes," Yoris instructed. "It's right on top of Profanity Hill at 10th Avenue and Yesler Way."

That was why I stood now before the rambling white house with its green-terraced lawn, only half surprised that this was a murder house.

"So this is the Pom Pom Club?" I muttered to Yoris. "You know, I expected to find some basement hole-in-the-wall down a back alley."

"Huh?" Yoris grunted.

"You said gangster murder, didn't you?"

"No, Bill, I didn't." At times Yoris is precise. "I said gangster shooting. There's all the difference in the world. The fellow they shot isn't dead yet."

I only half heard him. I was reflecting that the word "gangster" had given me the picture of the back-alley

dive, smoke-filled and filth-covered, rather than this pleasant-looking home.

"Gangsters here?" was my next question.

"Just the underworld putting out a little honey to attract the bigger flies," Ernie told me as we started up the steps leading to a heavy oaken door.

It swung open and Patrolman William X. Lantz, his face grim, and his large form filling the doorway, stared out at us a minute.

"Oh, you, Captain?" and his voice showed relief. "This is the darnedest place. I'm glad you got here. All these fellows been yellin' to get out."

He stepped aside, revealing five men lined up with their backs to a luxurious-mahogany bar.

"Oh, they have, have they?" Yoris snorted as his cool eyes slowly went from face to face.

Feet shuffled uneasily on the polished hardwood floor, but the five men at the bar remained impassive. One of them smiled a leering smile.



The Pom Pom Club dance hall, deserted as it was, the morning of June 13th, when Ray fell before a lead-splattering automatic. (Extreme right is another view of the club.)

Profanity Hill

The clue of the bloody handkerchief leads Seattle detectives over a baffling trail until science directly connects it with other material evidence in the Pom Pom Club killing



"Everything's just as we found it, Captain," he said, "except the guy who was shot. He was still breathing, so they took him over to the hospital. But I marked off on the floor here with chalk where he was lying," he finished proudly.

"Good boy, Lantz," Yoris commented.

We looked down at the faint chalk lines on the dance hall floor. The lines were just through the hallway door from the barroom and surrounded a puddle of blood.

"Who's the fellow that was shot?" I asked as I stared down at the bloody mass on the floor.

"Why, Frankie Ray," replied the startled patrolman.

Whether or not Yoris had heard the name of the man before that moment I have never known. I don't think he had, but he seemed not to take the slightest interest even when he heard it.

Yoris was often like that. He could find the most startling clue in a case without showing the least emotion or eagerness at the find. "And who's Ray?"

"Hello, Ernie," he drawled.

"It's about time somebody got here to let us go."

"Hello, George," Yoris said slowly, and his eyes were searching the barroom, the hallway beyond, and the big dance floor which opened beyond that.

"Nasty mess to have in a guy's place, huh?" the fellow called George continued. "Keep business away a while, I guess. Seems a guy can't make an honest living no more."

"Save the gab, George," Yoris told him. "You'll need it."

With that, the detective walked toward the dance hall, where tables and booths lined the floor.

"That's George Moore," Yoris said quietly to me. "He's a slick one. He's manager of this layout."

Patrolman Lantz was beside us as we entered the larger room.





Left: Frankie Ray, as he lay on a slab in the county morgue—dead by gangsters' guns.

Right: Detective Captain Ernest Yoris (center) with other members of the homicide squad making a careful search of the barroom for evidence. On the table at the right are a few of the handkerchiefs which Yoris obtained from several witnesses by a clever ruse.



"Just a punk as far as the underworld is concerned," Yoris said quietly. "Not an important figure—not a fellow you'd expect to be killed by some other gangsters. He was a hanger-on, more or less."

"Strange," I commented.

"The underworld is always strange."

As he talked, Yoris' eyes were wandering about the two rooms—recording a mental picture of all he saw.

"I think," he said

William J. Wilkins, co-author, displaying the bullet hole in the lining of the coat worn by Ray when he met his end.



after a minute, "we'd better go over to the hospital."

Then he turned to Lantz. "Keep our gentlemen friends entertained while while we're gone. Don't let them touch anything. We'll be back after a bit."

Outside as we walked toward the car, I received my first of what was to be a series of shocks during the solving of the killing in the Pom Pom Club.

"Nice little weapon they used," Yoris remarked bluntly.

"Weapon?"

"Sure," and I noticed a spark of amusement in his eyes at my apparent surprise. "Luger automatic. Shot exactly twice, and both shots went completely through Ray."

"How? . . ." I started. Then I guessed. "Confound you, Yoris, sometimes you have me thinking your psychic."

The detective merely smiled.

"I suppose you saw the revolver somewhere in those rooms, although I'll swear I didn't. But about the number of shots, that's got me."

"The automatic was lying on the safe in back of the bar," Yoris explained.

"The safe was dusty and some of the dust was disturbed recently when the gun was placed there. I think that makes it a safe presumption



that the Luger was the weapon used. There were two ejected shells, too, lying just inside the door of the dancing room. And there were two slugs imbedded in the wall on the other side. There's where I may be wrong. One of the shots may have missed Ray. But from their position—close together—I judged that if one struck him, the other must have."

I whistled softly. I had seen none of these things. Only the men at the bar and the bloody pool on the floor had caught my attention.

Yoris said nothing more until we arrived at the emergency wing of the hospital.

"How's Ray?" he asked the doctor on duty.

The physician shook his head slowly.

"Not a chance," he said. "Two bullets clear through him. One at close range. The other through his right arm and right side."

"Conscious?"

"Just barely. Want to go in?"

Frankie Ray, his thin face pain-racked, lay on a white bed in a private room. His bleary eyes showed signs of recognition as the detective entered.

"You're going to die," Yoris said bluntly, but the man on the bed only bared his protruding teeth in a twisted grin. "You might as well tell us who did it."

For a minute Ray's eyes stared at the detective. He seemed to hold his breath, forming his words before he spoke. Then he began, each word coming separately and slowly from half-opened lips.

"That's your job, Ernie. I ain't a rat and you can go to——"

He didn't finish the sentence. Pink bubbles of foam appeared on his lips. He gasped shortly once. His eyes swept the room appealingly and then closed.

Frankie Ray was dead. He had died still keeping the unwritten law of the underworld—not to "squeal"!

"Give him credit," said Yoris as he turned away. Then he looked at the doctor. "Where are his clothes and the stuff you found in his pockets?"

The physician led us down a corridor to the receiving room. Frankie Ray's possessions were laid out on a white table. A bill fold, a handkerchief, a pencil and a pen, a package of cigarettes, some small change and some matches. That was all.

"Nothing much here," I said and turned away.

"Nothing but the handkerchief," Yoris replied slowly.

"The handkerchief?"

Yoris didn't answer the implied question, but I knew that somehow this dirty piece of linen taken from the pocket of Frankie Ray had some strange con-

nection with the case. His next order to the physician was as startling.

"I want a piece of bloody cloth from Ray's shirt sent down to headquarters," he told the doctor. "I suppose you can attend to that."

I knew there was no use questioning Yoris about those two seemingly unrelated statements. He'd tell me when he wanted me to know.

Back at the Pom Pom Club, Yoris ordered the five men, who were still standing at the bar, into the dance hall. He walked in with them, stooped to retrieve the two ejected shells, turned to the quintet and said tersely:

"Frankie Ray is dead. I'm sorry to detain you gentlemen, but you are all held as material witnesses to his death. I want to talk to each of you in a few minutes. Wait here, please."

With that he turned back to the barroom. Carefully, he picked up the Luger automatic from its place atop the safe, wrapped

Detective Captain Ernest Yoris, left, and City Chemist Al Jacobson, as they make tests to determine different types of blood found on exhibits.



it in a linen napkin he took from behind the bar, and set it beside him on a table in the far corner of the room.

"Have George Moore come in," he told me, and then lowering his voice, "When I ask for a handkerchief, fumble for yours, but don't find it."

Puzzled, I merely nodded assent and turned to escort Moore from the other room.

The underworld vice leader was scornful.

"Listen, George," Yoris told him, "all I want is your story of what happened here tonight. You'll tell me, of course."

"Sure, there's nothing to hide. It was a stick-up, and the stick-up man got it, that's all there is to it."

"Yes," urged Yoris and raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Sure. Ray came in pretty late. There were only a few patrons left. I think maybe two or three over at the gambling tables and about two couples in the dance hall. The orchestra was through for the evening, anyhow."

"Anybody with Ray?" Yoris asked casually.

"Naw, he was alone. Well, to get on. He went into the dance room and ordered two or three drinks. He just sat there at a booth until everyone was gone—that is everyone except the five of us. We were all in here around the bar except the negro caretaker. He was asleep, I was counting out the cash—the night's take, see.

"ALL of a sudden, Ray walked into the room and stands in the doorway there between the barroom and the dance hall. I turned and looked at him, and just then he reaches in his pocket and draws out an automatic."

Moore's eyes turned to the safe and then back to the table where he saw the revolver wrapped in the napkin.

"I guess you got the gun," he went on. "Well, Ray says that it was a stick-up, and he looked kind of wild and unsteady. I came out from behind the bar and he started for me. I thought he'd gone screwy, so I took a chance. I jumped him and we wrestled for the gun. I got a hold of it. He twisted my arm. The gun turned toward him and my finger closed on the trigger, I guess. There was a shot, see, and he stumbled back through the door and fell. I just sort of looked at him, then. I thought he was done.

"But after a minute he starts to get up. He raised his hands above his head and I thought he was coming for me again. I was scared and I let him have it again. He fell. That's all there was to it."

For a minute the detective simply stared at Moore. Then he spoke, stilly quietly.

"Would you mind acting it out for me, George? I'd like to get it a little clearer in my mind."

The underworld leader shrugged and began his story again. This time, I cut in with questions, now and then, as he stood behind the bar, then moved into the room as he told us he had done. Stepping closer to the doorway where he said he leaped upon Ray, and standing back a few paces when he said he fired the first shot, stepping back even closer to the

bar when he declared he pulled the trigger the final time, he underwent a terrific grilling. But he stuck rigidly to his story.

As he finished his re-enactment, Yoris broke into a fit of coughing. His face reddened and he continued to cough as he fumbled through his pockets. Then he looked up at me, his eyes actually watering.

"Got a handkerchief?" he managed, and I had mine half-way from my pocket before I recalled his warning. Moore had whipped out his own handkerchief at the same time, anyway.

The detective took it, placed it before his mouth, muffled a cough and walked over to the bar, pouring himself a glass of water. Later as he went over Moore's story for the third time, he absently shoved the handkerchief into his own pocket.

When we finished with Moore, one by one we called the other witnesses to the "ribbing out" of Frankie Ray. They were Sid Brunn, a bail-bond broker, a frequent visitor to the Pom Pom Club; Frank Vahle, assistant manager of the club; Archie Brown, a waiter, and Sandy Allen, negro caretaker of the place.

THEIR stories were almost identical with that told by Moore. Sandy Allen was asleep in the back room as Moore had said. He heard the shots and awakened. That was all he knew.

As each of the men told the story to Yoris, he managed to obtain from them their handkerchiefs. To watch him that morning, one would have been sure that the hail and hearty detective had suddenly developed a critical case of consumption.

As he finished the questioning, Yoris ordered the five men taken to headquarters as "material witnesses" despite Moore's bellowed protests.

"What you trying to do, Yoris?" Moore shouted at him. "What you want us for?"

"That question occurs to me, too," I told him quietly. "That story may be a lie, but if it is, it's the best lie I've ever heard."

Yoris surveyed me quizzically.

"It's not even a good lie," he told me. "But I'm hungry. It's way past breakfast time. Let's get something to eat and I'll be able to think better."

Over a platter of crisp bacon and eggs and a cup of steaming coffee, the detective began his explanation.

"In the first place," he said, "Ray isn't a stick-up man. I know. He's never carried a gun in his life. We have the records of these men filed and cross filed."

"But," I reminded him, my mind on whatever prosecution might grow from this curious case, "that isn't evidence, Ernie. That wouldn't even get to a jury."

"I know," and Yoris gave me a quick, scornful glance. "I'm merely telling you where I started to work. Remember, I picked up the two ejected shells just inside the door to the dance hall. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Well," he continued, "automatic shells fly backward when they are ejected. If Moore fired those shots from the place he said he did, the shells would have landed close to the bar—not in another room some twenty feet away."

I whistled softly.

"That's evidence, Ernie," I told him

"But you'll need more than that. . . ."

"Wait a minute, Bill," he interrupted, stuffing a bite of egg into his mouth at the same time and munching it before he continued. "That first shot might have been fired the way Moore said it was even if we disregard the ejected shells. But the second shot couldn't have been."

Yoris watched my face a minute before he continued.

"REMEMBER what the physician said. One shot was fired at close range. The other shot wasn't. But that second shot tore through Ray's arm and then into his body. If you remember, Moore said Ray's hands were raised over his head when he fired the second shot. You can't shoot a man through the arm and his body with one bullet if his arms are raised."

"I remember," I said, shaking my head. "But, Ernie, although I hate to keep discouraging you, that's not enough evidence to hold these fellows on if they fight us with a writ."

I well knew the trouble we faced in holding the five men in jail without charge. It was my job to keep them there in spite of any attack through the courts. It was a job I didn't relish. At that moment, convinced as I might have been that George Moore was a liar, I had no proof he was a killer, a murderer.

"How long before they can obtain a hearing on a writ?" Yoris asked.

"Forty-eight hours."

"That's about time enough."

"What do you mean?"

The detective munched a mouthful of bacon and eggs before he answered.

"I think George Moore lied in every detail," he said finally. "I think someone else went with Ray to that club. I think George Moore had a good reason to kill Ray. I don't know what it is yet, but we'll find out."

"Someone else with him?" I couldn't believe it.

"I wanted to finish breakfast before I showed you this," and Yoris smiled. Then he drew from his pocket a dirty and blood-stained handkerchief. He held it between his fingers, gingerly, and twirled it around once.

"Frankie Ray's handkerchief was in his pocket. It wasn't removed," Yoris continued. "All the rest of them had handkerchiefs too. They haven't now, but they did have." Yoris laid the collection of five handkerchiefs on the table beside the one which was soaked with blood.

"I wanted to make sure it wasn't one of theirs, first," he went on. "I'm sure now it wasn't. Not many men carry two handkerchiefs. This bloody one was found near the bar. I thought at first Moore or one of the others might have used it to try and stop the flow of blood from Ray's wounds. That didn't seem likely, but it was a possibility."

"Now, I'm sure this handkerchief belongs to someone else. Someone who was in that room when Ray was shot and escaped before the police arrived."

"But, Ernie," I protested, "that handkerchief might belong to anyone. A guest at the club with a bloody nose. A bartender who cut his hand. Anyone."

Even as I said it, however, I was wondering if some seventh man—the man with

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the bloody handkerchief—had murdered Frankie Ray. I wondered if it was this man George Moore's lies were shielding.

Yoris pushed back his chair.

"I think," he said casually enough, "we can find out if that handkerchief belonged to your mythical guest with a bloody nose."

A few minutes later we were at headquarters and Yoris was snapping orders at his staff.

"I want this gun examined for fingerprints, inside and out," he declared. "Don't miss a bet. If you find any prints compare them with Moore's and any others of the same type we have on record. I want the blood on this handkerchief analyzed and compared with the blood on a piece of shirt the hospital is sending down, and I want the results by two o'clock this afternoon."

Yoris turned to Detective Lieutenant Richard F. Mahoney, one of his most brilliant assistants.

"Dick," he told the officer, "there's a car standing in front of the Pom Pom Club—a big Cadillac. Here are the license numbers." He handed him a sheet of note paper with some figures scrawled on it. "There's a tire cover on the rear of the car with the name Clark Cadillac Company on it. Find out who owns that car and check with the company on it, too. And hurry."

Once more I was astounded by the powers of observation displayed by the ace of Seattle detectives. I had noticed the big car in front of the club, but I hadn't even known what make car it was, much less have noted its license numbers or its tire cover.

"We're working against time," Yoris continued. "I want quick action. Now—the rest of you—get busy on the telephone. Call every cleaning and dyeing place in town, no matter how small. Tell them to telephone headquarters the minute they find any clothes with blood spots on them." Yoris stopped and smiled. His voice was lower when he spoke again. "We'll get quite a few calls from that. There are always people with nose bleeds and cut fingers, and jam looks like blood to most cleaners, anyway."

Yoris chuckled before he continued.

"BUT, tell these cleaners to call us just the same—jam or blood. When we get a phone call, send out for the suit or dress or whatever it is right away. When they come in, I want them tested to determine how the blood compares with that on the handkerchief and the piece of shirt from the hospital."

Although his assistants showed surprise at the rather curious order, I knew what Yoris was thinking. He hoped that the man who owned the bloody handkerchief had somehow splattered tell-tale spots of blood on his own clothing. He hoped the blood spots under microscopic and chemical examination would trap the man. It was a long shot, but a brilliant one.

"You and I," Yoris turned to me, "are going to pay a visit to George Moore's home."

On the long ride to the Seward Park residential section where the dapper George Moore maintained his home in the quiet surroundings of a peaceful section, Yoris sat silently behind the wheel.

He seemed to relax as he drove. But

once inside the home he was alert, attentive to every detail. I accompanied him from room to room, wondering for what he searched as his keen eyes probed every corner, and his trained fingers rummaged through drawers of clothing without leaving a trace.

In an upstairs closet, he poked behind some books on a shelf high over head. Then he gave a low whistle. He pulled down an empty revolver holster. Slowly he turned it over in his hands, inspecting it.

"I thought it would be here someplace," he said half to himself.

"But . . ." I started.

"It's the holster for a Luger automatic." "Yes," I returned, "but he'll have an alibi for that. He'll say there are lots of Luger automatics. That he did have one but he sold it and forgot to sell the case. It's not worth a darn, Ernie, unless we can connect it directly with that gun in the club."

Yoris turned the holster over in his hand again. Then he looked at me and smiled.

"Bill, you'd make a swell defense attorney," he said finally. "But darn it, if every detective had someone like you along on a case, he wouldn't leave any loose ends dangling. You wouldn't let him. I think, however, there may be a way of connecting the gun and the little holster here."

In another few minutes we were back at headquarters, listening to the reports of the men Yoris had set to work.

"We've completed the telephoning," he was told. "They all are looking for blood with a vengeance."

"And about that car, Captain," Mahoney was saying. "It belongs to Ray."

"RAY must have been a bigger shot than you thought, Ernie," I said turning to the detective. "You can't buy cars like that with chicken feed."

"But," Mahoney interrupted, "he wasn't paying for it, a salesman at the Clark Company told me. It seems some girl named Jean Day bought it for him. But they've missed the last two payments. The company was just about to repossess it."

"Jean Day, you say?"

"Yes."

Yoris repeated the name as though he hoped it would jog some cog in his memory. Then he smiled, turning to Mahoney.

"Have the vice squad get us everything they know about Jean Day. She fits into this somehow."

Still smiling, Yoris turned toward his desk, shuffled through some papers and again looked up.

"No report from the laboratory yet?" he asked.

"We'll have the results from the examination of the handkerchief pretty soon, Chief," one of the men offered. "We turned the Luger over to Luke May."

Luke S. May, internationally known criminologist, has one of the best equipped crime laboratories in the country located in Seattle. His scientific skill has aided many police departments in solving baffling crimes.

"That's great," Yoris declared, and holding out the holster he had taken from Moore's home, added, "Have him examine this, too. Ask him to see what

it shows, if anything. And ask him to hurry. We've only a day to complete our work."

In another few minutes, a freshly typed sheet was placed on Yoris' desk. It was the report from the laboratory on the bloody handkerchief. From its precise and technical wording we learned that the blood on the handkerchief found near the bar and the blood on the piece of shirt taken from Ray was an identical type.

Slowly I reviewed the evidence we had found this far.

The position of the discharged shells and the second bullet to enter Ray's body indicated Moore was lying. But who was he protecting? A Luger automatic was used in the killing. Moore said Ray pulled the gun from his pocket. Yet Yoris had found the holster for a Luger in Moore's home. But, this was still only circumstantial evidence. Moore said that Ray had come alone into the club. A bloody handkerchief indicated that the underworld leader also lied in this respect.

Yet—an alibi and a smart attorney would free Moore. I knew he would have both.

"I hate to say this, Yoris," I spoke slowly, "but the case is still too thin."

YORIS only grunted as he sat at his desk, drawing nonsensical designs on a pad of paper.

"Wait," he said calmly, "wait."

Mahoney was back in the office a few moments later, his eyes revealing an eagerness to disclose a new discovery.

"Jean Day," he began, "is up in Harborview hospital. She was Frankie Ray's girl friend. She worked for Moore in one of his resorts. There was a raid there two months ago and she jumped from a window. She broke her leg."

Jean Day, who was working for Moore, was buying Frankie Ray his new car! When she went to the hospital, the payments stopped!

"What possible connection with this case . . . ?" I began.

"There must be a connection, though," Yoris retorted.

I must confess that when Yoris and I left for the hospital to see Jean Day, I was thinking that for once the ace detective was conjuring phantom theories from a mystical but unsound base.

But when I saw the pretty white-faced Jean Day, her body rigid in a cast, as she lay in the hospital room, I was to change my mind. Darkness had settled over Seattle when we reached the hospital and half the allotted time for solving the Pom Pom slaying had slipped by.

"Jean," Yoris looked at the woman, "they got Frankie Ray."

It was a blunt statement, and the little color which had been in the girl's cheeks faded as she heard it. She gasped once, but recovered the next instant. Her dark eyes flashed.

"I suppose you thought by popping it to me like that, you'd catch me off guard, huh?" she half snarled. "Well, copper, try those tricks on someone else. I don't know a thing about it."

That was all Jean Day would say. But it was enough to convince me that Yoris' conviction that this pretty young woman had some connection with the ill that befell Frankie Ray was no idle dream.

But that night as I lay tossing in my

bed, I felt we faced a stone wall in bringing the slayer of Ray to justice. There was but one slim chance—the discovery of the man with the bloody handkerchief.

Was he the "trigger man" who put Frankie Ray away? Or was he a frightened witness to the crime? George Moore, I knew, had lied. But would a jury believe it? Where was the motive for the crime?

Tortured by thoughts which buzzed through my mind, I finally dropped off into a troubled sleep.

It was nearly noon when I arrived at Yoris' office. The detective sat silently at his desk.

"Anything new?" I asked.

"Four cleaners found blood spots on their clothes. The laboratories have them now." And he smiled. "Probably jam though."

"Anything else?"

"Luke May's on his way down here now."

WHEN the lanky criminologist arrived, he sat facing us, a sheaf of papers and a few photographs in his hands. "I found Moore's fingerprints on the gun," he announced.

"But," I cut in, "Moore says he took the gun from Ray. Naturally his fingerprints were on it."

"Yes," continued May, apparently undisturbed, "but I found his fingerprints on the magazine inside the butt of the gun. The man who loaded that revolver left his prints there. And that man was George Moore."

Yoris, a smile flickering on his lips, glanced sideward at me.

"Well?" he asked.

"That," I answered, "is going to be tough to alibi."

May was holding up the photographs he had brought with him. They were odd appearing pictures, remotely resembling topographical maps showing mountains and rivers in a rugged country.

"These," he said quietly, "are microphotographs of the revolver and the holster."

I leaned closer as he continued.

"See these scratches on the holster. They look like gullies under the microscope, but they're only tiny scratches. Now, see these ridges on the revolver. Now here's a composite photograph of the holster and the revolver. It does what I have done by other measurements. It shows that the ridges on the revolver fit the scratches on the holster. That revolver belongs in that holster. No other gun would make the identical scratches."

Yoris' smile was broader. He had told me it might be possible to connect the revolver with the holster. I hadn't really believed him.

"Ernie," I said after a minute, "if you say so, I'll charge George Moore with murder. I don't say we can convict him, but I'll certainly try. And if you give me a motive, I promise you I'll send him to the penitentiary for a long time."

Yoris was silent for a minute.

"We've still a little of that forty-eight hours left," he told me. "Maybe I can get a motive by then."

And he did.

Within three hours we had a report from the laboratories on the bloody suit the cleaners had brought to us. One of

them, a suit from a Pike Street shop, had blood on the sleeves. That blood was the same as the blood on the crumpled handkerchief the keen eyes of the detective had discovered on the floor of the Pom Pom Club. We were on the trail of the seventh man who was in the club when Frankie Ray crumpled before the sudden gunfire.

THE cleaner was most cooperative. The suit, he said, belonged to an Albert Smith who lived at a hotel near the cleaning shop. Luckily Smith was at home.

Nervously he opened the door, cowering back into the room when he saw us standing before his door. When Yoris displayed his badge he seemed relieved.

"I was coming to see you fellows," he blurted, "but I know what happens to guys who want to tell the cops the truth."

"Yes?"

"I went to the Pom Pom Club that night with Frankie Ray."

Here was the man Yoris had known was there—the owner of the bloody handkerchief.

"I was a friend of Ray's. I didn't know him awfully well, but I did know him a little. And I knew his girl friend, Jean Day, too. She worked for Moore, you know. I think Frankie wanted her to quit. But she was paying for Ray's car, see. And I think Moore was a little sweet on her herself. Anyhow, they had that raid and she jumps from a window and gets hurt. Moore told her he'd pay her hospital bill and keep on paying her salary, too, while she was laid up. Then I guess he learned about Ray and the car."

"Well, he didn't keep his promise."

Smith told us that the night Ray was shot, he'd met the young underworlding. "Ray said Jean told him to go to Moore and collect the money that was due her."

Together, Smith and Ray had gone to the club. Ray was angered because his sweetheart had been double-crossed by Moore. Moore had snarled at him, told him he wouldn't pay Jean a cent as long as Ray remained her lover. The argument had grown in proportions. Moore had whipped out the Luger, and, still snarling, had rubbed out the helpless Ray. "That," said Yoris, "is your motive."

And that was the motive I presented a jury in September and October of 1933. It was no easy case. Four men told a story of a hold-up. Only one revealed the true story of the shooting. Yoris' battle was finished. Through scientific skill and brilliant detective work he had brought George Moore into a court to fight for his freedom. It was my job to see that he didn't obtain that freedom. I knew what a responsibility rested upon my shoulders.

I fought with every legal weapon I had. And on October 13th, the jury found Moore guilty of second degree murder. Superior Judge Robert A. Macfarlane sentenced Moore to serve from fifteen to thirty-five years in the state penitentiary at Walla Walla.

But my fight was not ended. Twice I fought the case to the Supreme Court as Moore's outstanding legal talent attempted to find some loophole to free their client. And twice I won—backed by the skillful detective work which combats crime with science.

The End



Bertillon—Portrait Parlé
Gallien—Fingerprints
Gross—Dust Analysis
Goddard—Ballistic Analysis
Locard—Pore Identification

American BULLETIN

Posted monthly by Edward A. Dieckmann

Police Homicide Squad,
San Diego, California

Eye Identification

Question: Will you explain the new method of criminal identification by means of the eye?

Answer: This method is indeed new and, according to its inventor, is as infallible as the fingerprint system. A photograph of the eye is taken with a retinal camera after a beam of light is projected through the pupil into the eyeball, illuminating the retina. The resulting record resembles a round piece of graph paper on which the network of blood-vessels criss-cross showing thousands of variations. Thousands of these photos have been taken by the surgeons who have developed the new method and no two have been found to be the same. What is more important, these conformations on any given person's eye remain the same during life. Age or disease has no effect. Science marches on in the war on crime!

Carboxyhemoglobin

Question: In the February number of AMERICAN DETECTIVE, I noticed where a mention was made of a case called "The Carboxyhemoglobin Murder." What is the meaning of that term, 'carboxyhemoglobin'?

Answer: The case to which you refer was a murder committed by means of illuminating gas. A woman inserted a hose, which she had connected to a wall plug, into the mouth of her sleeping husband. Illuminating gas contains a percentage of carbon monoxide which, when breathed into the lungs, mixes with the blood and forms carboxyhemoglobin. Carbon monoxide gas has a very marked affinity for the hemoglobin of the blood, displacing, molecule for molecule, the oxygen which is combined in the form of oxyhemoglobin, thus preventing the normal oxygen-carrying power of the blood thus checking the respiratory function. The combination of the three, carbon monoxide, oxygen, and hemoglobin, thus formed is called carboxyhemoglobin.

Broken Glass

Question: What may be deduced from a broken window pane at the scene of a crime?

Answer: It is possible to ascertain from which direction the blow came which was responsible for breaking the glass and, if the shape of the hole made by the blow is of an elongated type, there may be an indication as to the direction in which the blow was traveling at the time it struck the glass. That is to say whether it came from right angles, from below; from above, or from either side.

It is established that glass breaks first on the side opposite that which receives the blow. When glass is struck it "bends" in the direction of the blow and so causes the glass on the other side to be "stretched".



Side view of glass showing the shape of the aperture; arrow indicates the side from which the blow came, causing the funnel-shaped type of hole. This demonstrates that the hole is considerably larger on the "back" side.

This "stretching" not only causes the break but it also causes the hole in the glass to be funnel-shaped, with the largest opening on the side away from that which was struck. This hole usually has the appearance of the hub of a wheel and cracks will appear leading out in all directions from this hole like irregular wheel-spokes. Other cracks appear, extending irregularly from one "spoke-line" to another thus causing three-cornered bits of glass to be broken off. The breaking of these pieces of glass will leave visible marks on the edges. These marks, on the edge of the glass, will be observed to curve from one side of the edge to the other. The forma-

tion of the developed arcs depends upon which side the glass is struck. They are found only on the side opposite that which receives the blow.

When the break is caused by a bullet the angle of fire may be determined with reasonable accuracy because when the bullet passes through it carries with it the last layer of glass leaving a small shell-shaped splinters around the edge of the hole. The side of the glass upon which one finds these shell-shaped chips is therefore the side of exit. If the bullet be fired at right angles these chips will be found evenly distributed around the area shot out. If the shot be fired at an angle, say, from the left then there will be fewer chips on the left side of the hole, and so on. The sharper the angle the more chips will be shot away from the opposite side.

Plugging

Question: In a recent issue of THE AMERICAN DETECTIVE, I read in one of the stories where the writer said that a detective "put a plug in" at a certain place. What is the meaning of that expression?

Answer: Exactly what the words imply. For instance: the detective, in backtracking the suspected man, discovers that the suspect makes a habit of dining at a particular cafe. The officer arranges that he be informed if, and when the suspect visits the place. In other words, he has "plugged" the cafe. This "plugging" proposition has many ramifications and may be worked in hundreds of ways.

Marihuana

Question: In a news item, I read about a drug called Marihuana. The subject interested me, and I've since tried to learn just what the drug is; how it is used; where it grows; who uses the stuff, and its effects upon humans. Will you answer these questions for a student of criminology?

Answer: I dislike compound questions, and I am sorry that I cannot answer some portions of your question. The reason I must refuse will be obvious to you after reading what I have to say.

Marihuana is a most dangerous drug, and is the Mexican name for Cannabis Sativa and is from the 'hemp' plant. It is

Detective BOARD

Have you any questions on criminal detection or investigation which you would like answered? If so, send them directly to this office, attention of Edward A. Dieckmann. As many questions will be answered each month as space permits.



Hoover—Organization
Teichmann—Blood Identification
Osborn—Handwriting & Typewriting
Morsh—Toxicology
Paller—Maulage

known, in different localities, as 'Muggles', 'Mooter', 'Loco Weed', 'Bhang', and Hashish. It is very old, and is mentioned in the Odyssey of Homer as 'Nepenthe'. The drug was introduced into Mexico during the early Spanish settlement of that country, and is now to be found all over the United States where it grows wild. In some places it is cultivated, and used by criminals in the form of cigarettes.

The action of the drug is somewhat similar to that of alcohol and morphine. In large doses it produces delusions, and hallucinations of sight, hearing, and general sensibility, followed by a tendency to commit violent acts. When Malays run 'amok' they are under the influence of the drug.

Underworld leaders have been quick to realize the value of the drug in subjugating the will of human delinquents to that of a master mind. These unfortunates are informed that the drug will increase their sexual desires, and are urged to try it. Soon they crave it and will go to any length to obtain the stuff. It is a well established fact that many criminals indulge in smoking Marijuana just prior to the commission of some desperate crime in order that they will be relieved of any natural restraint, and to give them false courage. As to where it grows, and its appearance nothing will be said in these pages.

Automatic Revolvers

Question: Why do detective story writers and reporters persist in speaking of "automatic revolvers", when there is no such animal?

Answer: The writers and reporters are not altogether wrong. There is an "automatic revolver"! The name of the weapon is the Webley "Fosbery" Automatic Revolver and is a British product. It is the only automatic revolver made and fires the .455 caliber revolver cartridge and is a six-shot gun.

Modus Operandi

Question: I often see the term *modus operandi* used in connection with criminal cases? What, exactly, does it mean; where did it originate with reference to criminology, and how, and when is it used?

Answer: *Modus operandi* means, roughly, "method of operation". Its use is based on the theory that habitual criminals always operate in similar manners. For instance: there is a burglary job where the house is entered by means of a pass-key and the burglar uses safety matches in searching through the darkened house, throwing the match stubs on the floor; that he helps himself from the ice box, eating, we'll say, cheese, or drinks milk; that he throws the contents of dresser drawers about on the floor; that he only takes certain articles, or any other idiosyncrasy. In robbery cases the crim-



Modus Operandi: a "rip" job on a cabinet type safe. "Rip" burglars always carry out their operations in a similar manner. When several "rip" jobs have been pulled and a "ripper" is arrested, he can be tied to preceding jobs by the method with which he works.

inal may lay in wait in private garages, pouncing on his victim when he leaves his car, or the criminal may use adhesive tape to bind his victims on every occasion. He may use a certain type of mask, or use certain words consistently. *Modus operandi* even holds good in murder cases, taking as an example George J. Smith who drowned his several wives in a bath-tub!

The *modus operandi* system of criminal identification originated in England and is now in standard use throughout the world. On police "squawk-sheets", the detailed report made out by the investigating offi-

cer, there is considerable space given to *modus operandi*, such as "person attacked"; "property attacked"; "means of attack"; "object of attack" and other headings. Many, many criminals have the *modus operandi* system to thank for their ultimate conviction for a series of crimes.

Aiding Authorities

Question: Are civilians duty bound to assist police officers in making an arrest or in preventing arrested prisoners to escape? Is there a penalty for refusing to assist police if called upon to do so in given cases?

Answer: As long as an officer is acting within the law, he may call upon any person to assist him and that person must, unless physically disqualified, aid the officer. For failure to do so the civilian is guilty of a misdemeanor which carries the penalty of a fine or a county jail sentence or both.

Police Booking

Question: When a man is arrested, I believe that the contents of his pockets are taken from him pending his release. Can he obtain possession of these articles, or money while he remains in jail?

Could he write an order which would cause them to be delivered to an outsider?

Answer: You are right. Every article is taken from the arrested person at the time he is booked. A list of these articles is made on his booking slip and they are then placed under lock and key.

During his period of incarceration he may not obtain possession of them with the possible exception of smoking materials. He is given his toilet articles, (if any), long enough for him to perform his ablutions. Regarding money, he may order food or smoking materials sent in which is paid for from what money he has and a note made as to the amount, always providing that the money is not from the proceeds of some theft.

He may write an order causing the articles delivered to a relative under certain conditions. This answer applies to a prisoner confined in a city jail.

THE DEADLY

ON THE night of February 20th, 1936, the weather was sub-zero, and Patrolman Connelly, attached to the Miller Avenue police station of Brooklyn, was fully conscious of this fact. At about ten in the evening, he stood in a doorway stamping his feet and beating his hands and wishing it was time to go off duty.

"Policeman! Come quick! Something is wrong at Meyerson's!"

Patrolman Connelly felt his elbow seized and swung round rapidly to see an old woman in a baggy coat with a shawl over her head. A picture of hold-up men leaped through his head and automatically his hand went to the holster where his service revolver hung. "What's wrong?" he asked, looking past the woman down the frozen street.

"At Meyerson's store. He's lying on the floor, the old man, and he won't say nothing."

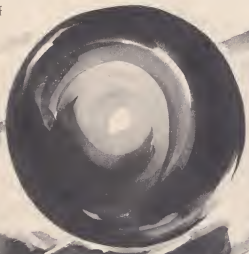
Glad of any excuse for physical exertion on such a night, Patrolman Connelly hurried down the street toward the small dry-goods store kept by Herman Meyerson at 2831 Atlantic Avenue. The door stood half ajar, just as the woman who had summoned him had left it, and though a shade that covered it on the inside had been pulled down, the place was still lighted up and apparently open for business. Patrolman Connelly flung the door open and then came to a halt.

In the center of the floor, flat on

his face, lay Herman Meyerson, his hands frozen in the position of clutching something, both his arms stretched nearly straight overhead. The odd and incongruous fact was, however, that beside him there stood a bowling pin, a bowling pin with its fat, round sides chipped down to straightness and a zigzag red mark around its neck. Patrolman Connelly bent over the man on the floor for a moment, then straightened up, and being careful to touch neither the pin nor the knob of the door, hastily closed and locked the latter before the woman who had summoned him could get in again. Moving to a phone at the rear of the store, the patrolman dialed a number and said:

"Hello, Sergeant. Connelly. Got a murder here, Meyerson's dry-goods store, 2831 Atlantic. No, don't think it's a stick-up. He's not shot—at least there's no blood. Just a bowling pin standing by him. I said a bowling pin."

The squad car brought Detectives Harry States and William King from the Miller Avenue station, two of the young men who have been promoted into the New York detective force in increasing numbers in recent years; and a moment later an ambulance clanged through the freez-

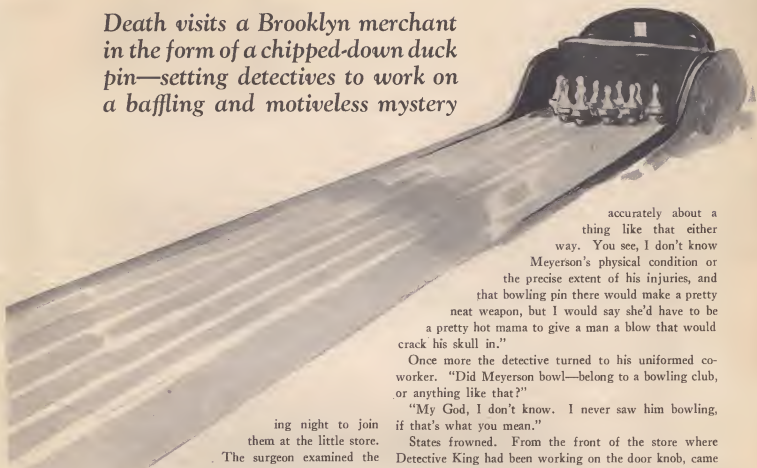


By Fletcher Pratt
and Featuring

Detectives Harry States and William King
of Brooklyn, New York

DUCK PIN

Death visits a Brooklyn merchant in the form of a chipped-down duck pin—setting detectives to work on a baffling and motiveless mystery



accurately about a thing like that either way. You see, I don't know Meyerson's physical condition or the precise extent of his injuries, and that bowling pin there would make a pretty neat weapon, but I would say she'd have to be a pretty hot mama to give a man a blow that would crack his skull in."

Once more the detective turned to his uniformed co-worker. "Did Meyerson bowl—belong to a bowling club, or anything like that?"

"My God, I don't know. I never saw him bowling, if that's what you mean."

States frowned. From the front of the store where Detective King had been working on the door knob, came his voice—"No fingerprints on this—or at least none that show up clearly. The knob's been handled by someone with gloves on."

"All right, Bill. About what we could expect on a night like this. Take a look around the store, will you, in the cash register and so on, while I run through his pockets." He bent over the fallen man, who had been installed on a stretcher, and drew forth a pocketbook with an identification card in one side of it, then the usual collection of minor articles one finds in a man's pockets—keys, a couple of letters, scraps of paper, pencils, a cigar and a clipping from a Jewish newspaper. "Take him away." He turned to his partner.

"How's it going, Bill? Find anything?"

"Nothing at all. That's the funny part."

"I don't get you."

"There's only six cents, all pennies, in the cash register. I know business wouldn't be very good in here on a day when it's as cold as it is, but just the same you'd think he'd have some change around."

"Yes, you would. There wasn't any money in his pockets, either—makes it look like a robbery."

"I don't know about that. He's got a watch hanging on a hook here on the wall. And if it was a stick-up, it was an awfully careful stick-up man or an awfully dumb one. Look, Harry, the cash register was closed. You

ing night to join them at the little store.

The surgeon examined the man on the floor briefly.

"Fractured skull and internal lesions," he said. "Had his head smashed

in. He's still alive, but won't live out the night. Very little we can do."

"What did it?"

The surgeon nodded toward the bowling pin. "Probably that thing there. I can't tell for certain without a more careful examination, but there's nothing against the theory it was done with that, if you want to work from there."

"It'll do till something better turns up," said Detective States, who had been diagramming the layout of the store's interior. "What I would like to know is why? Know anything about this man, Connelly?"

The patrolman shook his head. "Nothing against him. Ran his business on the level as far as I ever heard; had no trouble with anyone. I think he's got a wife somewhere, and I've heard of a brother, but that's all I can tell you about him."

"Who found the body?"

"Oh, that was Mrs. Antonelli. I can pick her up any time you want her, but she's all right."

"Oh, yeah?" States swung toward the surgeon. "Could a woman have put Meyerson out like that?"

The medical man hesitated. "Well, you can't pronounce

know as well as I do that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred stick-ups, when they open up the till they leave it standing that way. It isn't much of a job to push it shut, but they're nervous and just don't think of doing it. And I say he was an awfully dumb stick-up, too, to hold up a little store like this on the coldest day in the year. The street is full of restaurants and cigar stores where they'd have a good take—why didn't he pick on one of them?"

States nodded. "For that matter," he added, "why the bowling pin? If this guy was an Italian, I'd think it was a Black Hand case or something like that. But he isn't. Well, let's get along and see the family. They may have something to tell us. Wrap up that bowling pin, will you?"

"I wrapped it up already. It may have latent fingerprints on it and I thought it would be a good idea to take the thing along and see what the laboratory could do about bringing them out."

"Maybe so. Come on, I'm freezing to death. Say, you don't think whoever did this job will be coming back, do you? We might leave a man to watch the place."

"Not a chance. Whoever did this has finished his job. If he was a stick-up, he's got everything the store had in it, and if he was here to get Meyerson, he's done that, too, or he wouldn't have left the bowling pin behind as a kind of ad."

The Meyerson home was a walk-up apartment three stories above the street, a small place at the back of the building with a woman who burst into hysterical tears when she heard the news; and therefore it was an hour or more before the two detectives could get her quieted down enough to answer the questions they wished to put to her.

"Did your husband have any trouble with his business?" King wanted to know. "That is, was anyone after him about anything?"

The woman shook her head with a puzzled expression. "Nothing at all, mister; not a thing. Why should anyone want to kill him?" Her face wrinkled as though at the beginning of another outburst of tears.

"What I mean is, did any of these protective associations or anything try to get him as a member?"

"Only the insurance—" began the woman, but before she could say more States nudged his companion. "Lay off, Bill. This isn't a racket job. They'd break his

windows maybe, or throw acid on his stock or something like that. This was too neat a job for the rackets and they wouldn't pull the bump-off till everything else flopped."

"All right," answered King. "Now, Mrs. Meyerson, did your husband have any enemies you know of? Did he quarrel with anyone?"

"No, not with nobody that would hold it against him. He was a good man, my man, he wouldn't fight with nobody."

"Did you ever go down to the store with him?"

"Sure, I used to take care of it sometimes when he went over to the city to buy something. I was there lots of times."

"Ever see anyone that came in and asked for him?"

"Sure, often I did."

"Well, would there be anyone among those people who asked for him that you couldn't explain? What I mean is, did you ever have anyone come in about something mysterious?"

"No, I don't know what you mean."

King shook his head. "You try her, Harry."

Detective States took up the questioning. "Mrs. Meyerson, did your husband belong to any clubs or anything like that?"

"No. No clubs."

"You said just now that you sometimes took care of the store while your husband



The evidence which doomed the slayer of Herman Meyerson.

was away. Was he out much of the time?"

"No, not much. Only now and then."

"How often? Would it maybe be a whole day once a week, or two or three days a week?"

"No, not that much. You see he had to go over to New York to buy goods for the store. He had to buy in the best places, didn't he? Prices are so high, it's hard to get along. So he would say to me one morning, 'Lena, I'm going over to the market and get some more of those stockings,' and then he wouldn't get back till two or three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Yes, but how often would this happen, Mrs. Meyerson?" States continued patiently.

She moved her hands. "How do I know? Maybe once in two weeks."

"Was Meyerson away from home much in the evening?"

"Sure, every night. At the store."

"Yes, but do you remember taking care of the store for him in the evening while he went out anywhere?"

SHE wrinkled her brow in thought. "Maybe it would be two months ago, once, when the rush season was on, and he wanted to go over by his brother's house so he didn't want to close up the store like he usually does."

"That the only time you remember?"

"I said so, didn't I? I shouldn't tell you no lies about it, mister. I ain't got nothing to hide."

"Did your husband go to the bowling alley much?"

The woman stared at him, open-eyed. "He didn't go to the bowling alley at all. Why should he be going there? I never heard him talk about it. What's that got to do with it?"

"Skip it. Where does his brother live?"

She gave the address. "But he ain't home right now," she added. "He went up to see some folks of his up in Boston."

"All right. We'll look him up later. Who else did your husband know pretty well?"

"There was the Josephsons, they own the candy store, and the Marcuses—" Mrs. Meyerson ticked off the list on her fingers, while the detectives noted down the names and addresses as she gave the list.

"Did your husband ever have anyone working for you at the store?"

She shook her head. "No, just us two, we ran it. What could you expect? It's all we can do to make expenses."

"Where's the nearest bowling alley?" States shot out suddenly.

"I don't know, mister. Maybe Mrs. Geffen down on the floor below could tell you. Her husband is by the bowling alley all the time. Why should you always ask me that?"

The tense lines of the detective's face relaxed for a moment. "Never mind. It's all right. Mrs. Meyerson, do you want to come along with us and we'll take you to the hospital."

When the errand had been completed and the necessary paper work for the official police files done back at the Miller Avenue station, King leaned back in his chair, eyeing his partner with curiosity.

"What was the idea of all the questioning we were handing out to the dame anyway?" he asked. "I got it that you were trying to crack her on the bowling question,

and I got it that she didn't have anything to say on it, but what was the rest of it all about?"

"Look—" States lifted a pencil. "If this is one of these mysterious murders, that bowling pin must mean something, and I'm trying to find out just what it does mean. The reason I was pulling that line of questioning was to establish whether Meyerson could have been doing anything on the side besides running his home and his business. I don't know what I was looking for in that direction, but I was just trying to find something, the same as you were."

King grinned. "You didn't get much, did you?"

"Not a thing. She never turned a hair when I sprung surprise questions about that bowling business on her. If there's anything queer about the bowling pin connection, her husband must have kept it a secret from her. And from the line she gave us on him, it doesn't look very much as though he could have been doing anything but tending pretty strictly to business."

"She'd think he was all right, anyway, wouldn't she?"

"Sure, but the point in question is how Meyerson spent his time. According to her story he wasn't out of her sight except when he was at the store and for a few hours every two weeks when he went over to the city to buy. There aren't any large gaps in his time that she can't account for. If there was she'd have given the fact away without even realizing she was doing it. But I didn't get any trace of that kind from anything she said to us. Did you?"

"How about his doing some chasing around when he was supposed to be at the store, especially evenings?"

"He'd have to have somebody take care of the store for him or else close it up, wouldn't he? You can bet she checked pretty closely on the income and outgo of the business, so I don't think he could have hired anyone to take care of the store for him without her knowing about it. Of course, he might have closed the place up evenings. We can check that with the cop on the beat and with the other storekeepers on either side of him along the street. That's one line to take up tomorrow."

"I don't get what he could be up to. Chasing women or something?"

"I don't know. In fact, I can't imagine what he could be mixed up in; I just wonder. Remember that druggist out on Long Island who was always shutting his shop up without any reason and come to find out he was mixed up with a flock of counterfeiters? Oh, well, we can spend the whole night and tomorrow too, arguing about this and not getting any nearer the facts. The only thing that will really do us any good is more information. What do you say, let's duck and get to bed."

MORNING found both men busy with the labor of checking, King covering the storekeepers who kept shops near the Meyerson dry-goods establishment, while his partner was running down the friends and relatives of the dead man. In both cases the results were strictly negative, useful enough in clearing away the clouds of doubt about Meyerson's movements, but offering nothing of value in the solution of the killing. The Atlantic Avenue neighbors were unanimous in their opinion

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that Herman Meyerson could not have left his store for any extended periods of time, and that the store had not been closed much evenings. The friends and relatives were agreed that Herman Meyerson was a very quiet man, not mixed up in anything the least out of the way; that he had no enemies and few associations outside the narrow circle of his family. King's informants were also in agreement on another point: Meyerson might not have had much money in his store at any given time, but it would be surprising to find he had none at all, in spite of the coldness of the night when he had been killed.

This series of inquiries, as long as it was futile, threw the two investigators squarely back on the bowling pin, the one tangible clue they possessed. The fingerprint department had taken up the curious object during the days while States and King were making their check-up of the witnesses. They reported that there were traces of fingerprints on the pin, but that since their application, the pin had been handled with gloves and what remained of the original fingerprints were so rubbed as to be useless. This was hardly surprising in view of the night when the murder had taken place, but it did nothing to help the detectives as they sat in the Miller Avenue station with the object resting on the desk between them.

"You know," States summarized the matter, "we've been missing one thing in this case, Bill. That bowling pin is the best clue we have, but we have been as-

suming that it was left by the side of the dead man for some reason. But what if it wasn't left there for any reason at all?"

"I don't get it," answered King.

"What if the killer just dropped it there and forgot it? I wonder whether it wouldn't be possible to trace the pin itself?"

"What about the cutting that's been done on the pin?" asked King. "That might mean something?"

States frowned. "I don't know what. I grant you that the thing is made of hard wood—"

"It's maple. I asked the lieutenant. He bowls. One of the hardest woods there is. It must have been quite a job to cut it up like that."

"No, that's wasting time looking at details again. What we need to do is just go ahead along the main line and find out what kind of a pin it is, where it came from and who had it."

"I told you I asked the lieutenant about that. The thing that made me think of it is that the pin looks so small. The lieutenant says it's what they call a duck pin. They're shorter than the ordinary bowling pin and a lot farther around the middle. They play the duck pin game as a change from regular bowling sometimes."

"They do, do they? Then maybe we can trace it. Who made the pin?"

"I went to a couple of bowling alleys," answered King. "And asked about pins. One of them had a set of pins a good deal like this with these red marks around the neck—they call it a crown—and the let-

ters B-B-C—you see, there—in the plug in the base. The proprietor of the alley told me they were made by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, over in New York and that they don't sell through jobbers, but direct to bowling alleys."

"Get your hat. We're going over to the Brunswick place."

The Brunswick firm has a big showroom on 19th Street, lined with the paraphernalia of bowling alleys and billiard halls. When the two detectives explained their errand, they were conducted to Mr. Kennedy, the general manager of the place. He examined the chipped pin with interest.

"Yes, this is a duck pin of our make," he said. "See the trademark? And that red crown around the neck? We're the only company using those." He produced a small ruler from his pocket and measured the pin. "That's our XXX model," he added. "We usually supply that pin only to high-class bowling alleys. It's the most expensive of its type."

"What were you measuring on it?" States asked.

"Why, the width of the rubber band. That's what marks the difference between this type of pin and the XX. In this model the band is five-eighths wide; in the XX it's only half an inch."

"Rubber band! What rubber band?" both detectives exclaimed together.

"Sure. This type of duck pin has a wide rubber band around it. When the ball hits it square, it gives out a sharp, ringing sound, and the band also causes the pins to fall differently than they do in the regular game. Makes a change for the customers."

"HOW do you know there was a rubber band around this one?" inquired King.

"Well, you see the side of the pin is notched to about an eighth of an inch deep and the rubber band sits in that notch. Has to be that way or the bands wouldn't last any time at all. Whoever chipped down the sides of the pin didn't do a very complete job and left part of the notch—see?"

"Wouldn't it be pretty hard to chip the pin down at all?"

Kennedy pursed his lips. "I don't think so. Maple is a hard wood, but give it a few whacks with a chisel along the line of the grain and it splits all right. In bowling the strains don't come in the right direction to cause breakage, so the pins stand up."

"Maybe the pin was cut down to conceal the notch?" suggested States.

Kennedy frowned. "I don't see it," he argued. "There doesn't seem to have been any effort to conceal the origin of the pin. They haven't tried to mar the trademark or the red crown. And the size and general shape of the pin makes it certain that it was a duck pin. I think it more likely that it was cut down to fit in a pocket or something. You see, chipped off like this the pin makes a pretty good black-jack. A new pin would be too bulky. Here's one."

"Do you sell many of these rubber banded duck pins?" asked States.

"Not very many, no. They are rather a pain in the neck for us, as the duck pin with bands isn't very popular. There's only one place where the game is played

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much, and that's Pittsburgh, for some strange reason."

"Pittsburgh! Don't they play it in New York at all?"

"A little. Not much."

States' face showed his satisfaction. "Now we come to a real question. Would it be possible for you to trace the sale of this particular duck pin?"

Kennedy hesitated a moment. "I don't know that we could trace the sale of any one pin with certainty," he said, finally. "However, we haven't been making this type very long. We have records covering the sale of sets of these pins, and they aren't sold except in complete sets. The best I can do is to give you a list of sets of these pins sold in New York."

States looked at King, who returned the glance. "Make it Brooklyn," said the latter. "That will be enough to start on." He sketched the story of the crime for Kennedy's benefit. "Now do you think of anything else in this connection that might give us a lift?"

"I THINK you've got about all of it," Kennedy answered. "However, I don't think tracing this pin is going to be as much of a task as you imagine. It's only the larger alleys that have banded duck pins, and they won't have more than two or three sets. As I said before, the game isn't very popular here. What I would suggest is this—try the alleys where they have made the most recent purchases before you go to the others. If someone wanted to play duck-pins and the alley found it was one pin short, they'd put in a new set right away."

"Why not a new pin?"

"Don't sell them that way."

"Okay. Let's have the list."

Detective work in actual practice consists mostly of the long routine jobs of checking names off a list, going from place to place and asking questions. States and King embarked on a tour of Brooklyn bowling alleys, which is quite a job when you consider that Brooklyn has over three million people.

It was April 4th before they struck a lead, at the Hale Billiard Parlor at 3118 Fulton Street. When the two detectives entered the place, King noticed something lying on a shelf behind the glass cigar case with a cash register atop, that did duty as a cashier's counter. The detective flashed his badge.

"Let me see that thing for a moment, will you?" he asked the man behind the desk.

"What's the matter? Anything wrong with it?" inquired the proprietor of the place as he passed over the object King had indicated—a heavy rubber band. States pulled out a pocket ruler and measured it. It was exactly five-eighths of an inch wide.

"This is from a duck pin, isn't it?" said the detective, without answering the question. "Where's the pin it came from?"

"That's funny," said the proprietor. "It's missing. You see, we keep the duck pins in a rack back here." He led the way to the rear of the building. "There isn't much demand for duck pin bowling, so we don't pay much attention to them. Well, I noticed that one of the pins from this set was missing. I found the rubber band right here with the rest of the pins, but we were one pin short. Don't know what could have become of it."

"Looks like we found something," murmured King in his companion's ear. He fumbled in his pocket and produced the battered duck pin which had been his constant companion for so many weeks. "Would this be it?"

"It's one of the same kind, anyway. Who the hell cut it up like that?"

"Well, mister, it's this way. This duck pin was used to commit a murder with. Now, how long has that pin of yours been missing?"

The man's jaw dropped. "We're not accusing you. We just want some information. How did that pin get out of this place and who took it?"

The man calmed down a little. "I don't know who took it," he said. "That is, I don't know for certain. I might give a



James Sullivan was a melancholy figure at headquarters during questioning in the Meyerson murder.

guess, though. It's been missing since about the end of February. I remember somebody wanted a duck pin game then, and when we came to set 'em up, one pin in this set was missing. One of my pin boys quit here about the same time and never came back, and I never did find out why. He had a dollar and a half coming to him, too."

"Uh-huh," said States. "What was the pin boy's name, and where does he live?"

"I don't think he ever told me where he lived," replied the billiard parlor man. "It wouldn't make any difference to us, anyway. His name was Sullivan, Jimmy Sullivan. You see, I got these pin boys mostly through one another. They can make quite a little change, what with tips and the rest of it. Most of my boys come from the schools and I think Sullivan was brought in here by another boy from Richmond Hill High School. I never did find out where he lived."

"What are the chances that someone else around here walked out with that duck pin?"

The proprietor rubbed his head. "If you mean the customers, practically none. You can see for yourself. They never come near the pins. They're down there at the end of the alley, where they roll

the balls and to get down to the pins they would have to walk right down the alleys. Someone would be sure to see them."

"What about this Jimmy Sullivan? Know anything about him? What did he look like?"

"Smallish kid, sort of sandy-haired. About sixteen or seventeen, I should say. He wasn't a very good pin boy. The others used to always call him 'Little Dillinger.' He carried around a pocketful of newspaper clippings about Dillinger the bandit, and Alvin Karpis and all the rest of them, and he could tell you their whole histories, just like that."

Once more States and King flashed glances at each other, this time glances of triumph. "Little Dillinger, eh?" said States, "and big Dillinger started in by holding up a little store. I guess that will do for our money, all right. Come along Bill, this little Dillinger looks like he's got some explaining to do. We're going out to Richmond Hill High School."

THE principal of the school was fortunately there when the detectives arrived, and a few moment's search of the school records revealed one more curious and highly significant fact—James Sullivan had been absent from school since Thursday, February 20th, the exact date of Meyerson's murder!

"Didn't you go after him under the truancy laws?" inquired States.

"We could hardly do that. Once they're this far along in school, it's up to the children and their parents whether they want to go any more."

"Can you give us anything about him?"

The principal glanced over Sullivan's record for a moment. "Nothing special. Not a good student certainly, but not one of the worst."

"What's his home address?"

"Nine Folsom Place in Brooklyn."

"Come along, Bill. I think we've just about got our case."

"But where does the bowling pin figure in?" said King, as the two were leaving the school building.


States laughed a trifle ruefully. "It doesn't. That's just the point. Remember what that Kennedy said? It would make a pretty good black-jack cut down that way. That's just what this crazy kid did—you can see it. Cut down that pin to use for a black-jack. He probably hit Meyerson too hard with it and killed him, and got so rattled when he saw the man on the floor that he took a powder and let his pin lay."

At 9 Folsom Place the two men pressed the bell. An innocuous looking boy with sandy hair, answered it. "Is Jimmy Sullivan at home?" asked King.

"I'm Jimmy Sullivan—" and then a change came over his face as States pulled back his coat to give a glimpse of the badge beneath. "Oh, you came for me. I know it. All right, I did it. I've been expecting this. You got me. I did it. I just hit him once and it only made him sore, so I had to hit him again. I'm glad you came, I couldn't sleep nights. I just had to keep smoking all the time. I needed the money. Don't do anything to me, will you?"

And when the detectives had taken him and his mask and collection of Dillinger clippings off to the station, he repeated the confession over his signature.

THE END



MURDERS *in*

By Sam D. Melson
and Featuring Detective Inspector E. L. Acosta and
County Detective S. H. Hurlbert
of Jacksonville, Florida

MARCUS C. POWELL, 50, who looks like a preacher and now stands convicted of four murders, is facing Florida's electric chair for the last two—the hammer slayings of his wife and his mother-in-law. And these two women had spent the major portions of their substantial estates to gain his freedom from prison sentences he received for the first two killings.

Powell is from a wealthy Alabama farming and banking family. His brother is a prominent banker at Troy in that state. The “black sheep” wore convict stripes for nearly three years in Florida's state prison farm for his pistol slaying of William T. Cowles, Sr., prominent Jacksonville attorney before expenditure of \$35,000 by the two women he last slew obtained a pardon for him. Prior to that he had served a year in the Alabama penitentiary for killing a man, but was pardoned from that.

Florida is in the midst of a political campaign now to fill its gubernatorial chair and leading candidates have announced from the stump that Powell, who twice has received the clemency of pardoning boards, may expect none from them and that they will sign his black-ribboned death warrant.

The latest double slaying is similar in some respects to the Bruno Hauptmann case, inasmuch as Powell continues to maintain his innocence. And this despite the fact that the jury, after hearing more than a fortnight's testimony, required but 29 minutes to find him guilty of first-degree murder, with no recommendation for mercy. This means that he will sit in the same death chair at the state penitentiary at Raiford in which the noted Zangara was placed to receive the fatal voltage which took his life for the assassination of Mayor Cermak of Chicago at Miami.

Police suspicions that Powell might have done away with the two women were aroused immediately upon his report to authorities on Monday, March 2nd, that his wife and mother-in-law had disappeared. They knew that things hadn't been going any too smoothly in a marital way at home—due to Powell's alleged “running after” other women and officers confidentially told reporters that Powell had murdered the two women and that such would prove true in time.

But in Florida you can't convict a person of murder until the body of the slain is produced.



the NUDE

Unravelling Florida's most atrocious double slaying—bringing to justice a desperate killer, twice before convicted of murder and pardoned

Early on the morning of March 6th, two Nassau county fishermen, out with their nets in Lofton Creek in a secluded part of an adjoining swampy county, saw an object floating in the creek. They rowed closer and found it was the body of a nude woman. They didn't know about the women being missing, and when they notified authorities, a return trip revealed the second body, nude also except for stockings and a corset.

The stomachs of each had been ripped open with a knife, ostensibly to prevent them from coming to the surface.

Powell at this time was being questioned by police and attaches of the state's attorney's office. He had been peppered with questions and then underwent a 24-hour-a-day questioning for four days, but he never broke.

Taken to the funeral home where the two bodies lay, he leaned over that of his wife and said softly, "My poor wife." Police testified during his trial that Powell at the bier tried to cry, but shoved about "as much emotion as if he were looking at a dead rattlesnake."

Powell, learned in the ways of police because of his two previous encounters, relied on the rule that all old

criminals know—"Don't talk and don't admit anything and they'll have a hard time convicting you." But it didn't save him, as circumstantial evidence piled up as a corps of investigators worked on the case.

Powell first reported the "disappearance" of the women to the policewomen's bureau at Jacksonville police headquarters. The detective division didn't learn of it until they saw it in the paper. Then, a day or so later, Powell reported "details" to the detectives.

He told them that his wife Katie and mother-in-law, Mrs. Lou E. Speer, left the Powell home at 1431 Laura Street about 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, March 1st, to attend a picture show. He said that the elder woman had about \$200 in her purse and both wore valuable diamonds. His theory was that they had been robbed and murdered.

His interest in the "disappearance" was too intensified to suit the police. He went to newspaper offices and added further details. He next showed up at the police station one night along with a water-soaked woman's purse, saying a friend had found it in Hogan's Creek. He was certain now that the women had been robbed and slain.

So the police, with Powell in their company, spent a whole day draining the creek, a five-mile-long stream which meanders through the Springfield residential section here into the St. Johns River. It is controlled by locks and was pumped dry. No bodies were found.

Meanwhile, neighbors of the Powells had told police they'd heard piercing screams emanating from the home

Sunday morning, and as the case drew newspaper publicity, largely due to Powell's past criminal record, he agreed to be questioned by police and the state's attorney's staff.

For five hours he sat at ease as an official reporter took down his replies to a barrage of questions. Police found that he'd bought new mats for his automobile—which he hadn't mentioned—and, with these circumstances in mind, police, while not formally docketing Powell, kept him in custody during the night, riding him around in a moving police car and questioning him.

Then, early on March 6th, a telephone call came to Jacksonville police headquarters from Oxley's funeral home at Fernandina that they held two bodies taken from the creek and believed they might

be the missing women.

Detective Inspector E. L. Acosta and County Detective S. H. Hurlbert and deputies of Sheriff Rex V. Sweat, accompanied by the attorney for the two women, went to Fernandina and made the identification. The bodies, immersed in the water for five days, had been attacked by crabs and other water animals, but were recognizable.

Questioning of Powell then commenced in earnest. The women's attorney, Elliott Adams, told police that Powell and his wife had discussed a divorce and she wished to get one without giving her husband any of their joint property, most of which she had heired. The mother-in-law had rewritten her will, cutting Powell off without anything, and she had told friends that she feared Powell would do her bodily harm.

Powell was formally arrested and charged with the murders after blood-stains were found in the Powell home and in the tonneau of his car.

He explained that the blood-

Mrs. Lou E. Speer, whose body was discovered floating in the creek, by two fishermen. Above: the weapon with which the state contended the murders were committed.



stains in the home were probably from raw meat the dog had been fed and that his wife's nose bled a great deal due to her change of life period. The blood-stains in his car, he explained, were caused from a bullet wound he accidentally received at St. Augustine the past summer.

Chemists were called in. They told police

that blood on the carpets at the home and on a hammer found there were human blood-stains. Powell couldn't explain the blood on the hammer.

The courts moved fast and two indictments were returned by the grand jury, charging Powell with first degree murder.

Then, the prize find of the investigation was made by officers. Near the creek bank they found ashes of a fire. In it were remnants of garments and other articles.

Officers were dispatched to Washington. Expert chemists of the G-Man division there found that among the ashes were burned pieces of a man's suit of clothes, the vest to which had been found in Powell's home. They surmised that Powell had burned the bloody suit he wore when he slew the women with a hammer as they screamed. Remains of a set of false teeth, identified by her dentist, Dr. Lynwood Evans, as belonging to Mrs. Speer, also were found in the ashes.

W. P. Dineen, attorney for Powell, sought a continuance of his trial after Circuit Judge Bayard B. Shields set it for April 8th, but this was denied.

The trial was one of Jacksonville's biggest sensations in years. Women formed a line on the courthouse steps from 6 o'clock in the morning to get inside as soon as the janitor opened the doors, and then, once inside the courtroom, never budged from their seats until the day's session was over. They took their lunches along and ate during the noon recess in the courtroom.

Three days were required to select a jury. A good many prospective jurors already had their minds made up about the case.

As the trial commenced with every one of the courtroom's 100 seats occupied, Powell seemed about the most collected person in the place. His cold blue eyes intently watched each witness and he chewed gum, bending over occasionally to offer his attorney suggestions.

The state proceeded to establish identity of the bodies



The blood-stains found in the kitchen above, were said by the defendant to have been from raw meat fed the dog.

and describe how and where they were found. The lawyer and neighbors who viewed the bodies at the funeral home identified the women, and James M. Oxley, the mortician, exhibited a dirty piece of rag which he said was a gag found in the elder woman's mouth.

Oxley testified that Powell showed no emotion when he viewed the bodies. He placed his head against the battered head of his mother-in-law and mumbled something the undertaker couldn't understand. Then he ordered a wreath for the women's funeral, but never sent any money. He washed his hands and left in custody of the officers.

Deeply tanned and simple folk were the fishermen, Otis T. Harris and his 14-year-old son, Jimmie. They told how before dawn they found the bodies in the creek and tied them to a stake at Dead River Landing. Jimmie, unaccustomed to the courtroom, introduced the first humor into the trial when State's Attorney John W. Harrell asked him what was the first thing he did on the morning of March 6th.

"I ate breakfast," the lad excitedly explained.

"No, no," said Harrell, "I mean before that?"

"Oh, I washed my hands and face," Jimmie said as spectators laughed.

The state next moved to establish a motive. Lawyer Adams and Albion Knight, attorney with whom he is associated, testified that Mrs. Powell for some time had tried to get Powell to agree to a divorce without giving him half her property.

Dr. R. R. Killinger, Duval county medical examiner, who conducted the autopsies next told the gruesome details of the autopsies he performed on the bodies.

"The bodies were covered with slime due to prolonged immersion in the water," he stated. "The hair of Mrs. Powell was filled with small organisms—like tiny shrimp. The skin of her hands and feet were white and wrinkled.

"There were five wounds in the head. At no point was the skull fractured. There was no water in the lungs as would have been in case death were due to drowning. The abdomen had been slit open to a length of four inches. It was not such an incision as a surgeon would have made, but more like a novice. I should say the wound was made four to six hours after death because it caused no bleeding. The liver was ruptured and the exterior wall about it was bruised. This could have been caused by a kick or some straightly applied force at the end of some blunt instrument. Death was caused by multiple blows on the head, causing copious hemorrhages of the brain. Any of the blows would have caused unconsciousness."

THE state's theory was that Powell surprising his wife in the bathtub, first slew her with the hammer and then as Mrs. Speer returned to the house from the back yard, struck her down, quieting her shrieks with the dirty rag stuffed in her mouth.

Dr. L. Y. Dyrenforth, analyst expert, then produced the lethal weapon—an ordinary carpenter's hammer. He testified that blood on its head was human blood as was other blood found in the home by Detectives Acosta, Hurlbert and Deputy Sheriffs Griffin, Barker, Miller, Humphries and Southwell.

The jury got a jolt when City Detective J. S. Meads who with Detective R. L. Wood, took Powell to the scene where the bodies were found related that Powell first told him he'd never heard of Lofton Creek but that when they approached the site, Powell said, "Oh, yes, I've been fishing here."

Dineen, the defense attorney accused Meads and Wood of giving Powell the "third degree" by their relentless, uninterrupted questioning for four days and nights.

The prosecutor asked Wood, if Powell, when the prisoner saw the bodies, exhibited any of the feelings a man normally would upon viewing the body of a loved one, victim of a fiend.

"No more," said Wood, "than if he was looking at a dead rattlesnake."

Powell kept a poker face during the early part of the trial.

Judge DeWitt T. Gray, presiding, declined to admit into testimony photographs of the nude bodies taken at the undertaking home, but court spectators, mostly women avid to see them were permitted a glimpse during a noon recess.

The state made much of the testimony

of Lawyer Knight that on the Friday preceding the Sunday the women "disappeared" that he had advised Powell that the wife, Katie, wanted a divorce. Powell finally consented to a divorce without a property settlement, the attorney said, and left. Knight at the time, was preparing a will for Mrs. Powell to sign. She failed to appear Saturday to sign it and Sunday she was dead. The will overlooked Powell.

DINEEN'S attempt to prevent Inspector Acosta relating details of finding blood in the Powell home upon a search on grounds that the search was illegal failed. Acosta also told of how the back of the car smelled of gasoline as though attempts to clean out the bloodstains had been made. The state contended under protection of nightfall some time early Monday, that Powell placed the two bodies in his car and took them to the creek, slit the stomachs open believing that they wouldn't float and threw them into the water.

The real "dynamite" testimony of the case which it is generally conceded played a more important part than any, was that given by E. R. Donaldson, associate scientist of the United States Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, assigned to the case by J. Edgar Hoover, head "G" man.

Painstakingly, he related his chemical and microscopic tests of ashes of the fire found on the creek bank to bring out that among the ashes were remnants of the trousers and coat belonging to the vest found in Powell's room. The cloth was of the same fabric as a charred piece found at the fire scene, he testified.

He testified that the piece of rag found in Mrs. Speer's mouth was of the same material as that of a dish rag found in the Powell home. He even told that the yarn count in the manufacture of pillow cases found in the Powell home was the same as some material taken from the ashes. The federal government paid his expenses to come here and testify, in line with its recent policy to assist public authorities in their war on crime.

The state then produced four witnesses to relate that each had seen Powell on the street, Sunday, March 1st, before the 9:30 p.m. hour that he told police he first left the house to search for the woman.

And one of the witnesses added that when he passed the Powell home about 10:30 o'clock on that Sunday morning, the lights were on and the shades were pulled down tight. The state fixed this as about the time Powell was beating the women to death.

As one of these witnesses left the stand, he passed close to Powell and the defendant mumbled some remark to him. The witness halted quickly, peered at Powell sharply, and then went on, later telling officers he didn't understand just what Powell said to him.

Miss Mary Metzger, a stenographer and sister of a woman living in a garage apartment in the rear of the Powell home testified she nearly bumped into Powell on that Sunday night after she parked her car in the alley and started for the back yard and that he jumped when he saw her. Later, when they were introduced, Powell remarked, she testified, "Oh, yes, you're the

young lady who scared me so badly the other night." The state was trying to show Powell was highly nervous a few hours after committing the murders.

Filling station employees testified that Powell bought 10 gallons of gasoline on Sunday March 1st, during the afternoon, a large amount for him to buy at one time. The point of this, the state explained, was to prove Powell was getting ready for a long drive with the bodies into the adjoining county.

A former renter of the garage apartment related incidents of a previous month's separation of the Powells and how Powell had broken into the garage and with another car pushed away the Powell vehicle. The Powells were reunited following a mysterious shooting at St. Augustine when he was wounded.

This witness admitted upon questioning by the defense attorney that Powell always was extremely polite to his wife and mother-in-law but answered the prosecutor's question of: "Do you know how polite he was to them on Sunday, March 1st?" with a "No sir."

AN employee of a safety deposit vault firm testified the women had rented a box in March, a year ago, and nobody but they had a key. A policeman testified he found this key on the front porch of the home.

Mrs. B. M. Owens and Mrs. Pauline Lanham, her daughter, and both friends of Mrs. Speer testified Powell told them he was "tired, having ridden all night up to 4 o'clock in the morning looking for them," when he had told police he went to bed at midnight.

Mrs. Lanham said she took issue with Powell when he told her his wife and mother-in-law had disappeared wearing the valuable diamonds and Mrs. Speer with \$200 in her purse. "I disputed with him, telling him I knew the rings were in a vault and that I knew Mrs. Speer was careful about carrying such large sums," Mrs. Lanham testified. The state was trying to bring out that Powell, reporting the "disappearance" of the two women added the jewelry and cash details to strengthen his theory that they were victims of foot-pads.

Recalled to the stand, Detective Wood related that at one point in his questioning, Powell asked him, "Now, how could I put those stiff bodies in the car with my back as weak as it is?" but couldn't explain how he knew the bodies were stiff.

The usual love triangle slipped into testimony when Miss Alma Craig, employee of a downtown dry cleaning establishment was heard.

Miss Craig said when Powell went to her place the day before the women were slain to get a suit of clothes, he asked her, if she thought a man could love two women at the same time. She testified her reply was, "No, not when they are both alive," and that Powell responded, "Well, they're not dead yet," and left adding that he'd tell her "all about it, the next time I see you."

Dr. H. Foxworth Horne, called to attend Mrs. Speer a day or so before her murder, testified that she was lying on a blue-bordered pillow, remnants of which were found in the woods fire. Plates of another set of false teeth found in the

home were identified by Dr. Evans as belonging to Mrs. Speer, also. Her body had no teeth in it, when found, and the state contended she wouldn't have gone to the show without her plates.

A partly burned corset taken from the fire remains was identified by Mrs. Albert G. Moorehead, saleslady in a downtown department store as the same size and make as that worn by Mrs. Speer.

The fact that there were rugs in the tonneau of Powell's car when he had it washed two days before the murders and none a few days later was brought out by testimony of garage employees.

ONE of the most damaging bits of testimony then was exploded by the state. It was assertions of Dr. Dyrenforth that he found on the head of the hammer, four human eyebrows similar to hair on the body of Mrs. Speer and to particles found in her comb.

Miss Alma Mortanson, secretary in the Knight-Adams law office testified that Powell, telling her about the women disappearing, informed her that his wife wore a red crepe dress, when she left home. The state then produced it, as having been found in the Powell home and another step to discredit his veracity.

As the state neared the end of its presentation of the prosecution, a sensation was created when presiding Judge Gray ordered into testimony an anonymous letter and a package mailed to his home. The package contained a third set of false teeth, and the letter said:

"Judge Gray: I am mailing you Mrs. Speer's teeth. Powell didn't do the job. Two men did it with an ice pick and butt end of a gun. I wrote W. P. Dineen but it didn't do any good. Part of the ice pick still is in one of their heads now. Hoping this will keep Powell from paying for what someone else did."

The state objected to introduction of the letter, but Judge Gray, assailing any writer of an anonymous communication said he was helpless to do otherwise than place it into the records.

Then, the previously unannounced letter Dineen had received was read to the jurors. It said:

"I think it my duty to let this be known. I would send this to police but they seem so blood-thirsty to get Mr. Powell in clectric chair, I think it best to send it to you.

"He is innocent of that crime. Two men did it and they didn't use a hammer. I think if those women's bodies would be examined, you will find that an ice pick and a butt of a gun was what caused their deaths.

"They were not killed in that house, either. The two that did this took keys out of pocketbook and watched Powell leave his house and went in after he left it and any evidence that was there, thinking it would be laid on him because he had been in trouble before.

"God came to me this morning and told me to write this. God hears me and this is the truth so do more investigating for God's sake."

A parade of 65 state's witnesses had been heard, weaving an almost story-like chain about the defendant when the state rested and defense commenced.

In all, the state introduced as evidence 71 exhibits, largely exhibits from the Powell home and the bonfire remains. The

state failed in its efforts to have the court agree to sending the jury to the scene of finding the bodies, the fire and the Powell home, asserting that photographs introduced presented ample information for the jurors.

First attempt of the defense to excuse blood-stains in Powell's car came with testimony that Powell had been accidentally shot at St. Augustine Beach in the car and had bled profusely. But the state established he was shot in the front seat and never got into the back where the other blood-stains were found.

The first show of any emotion visited Powell shortly after he was placed on the stand to deny all connection with the crime.

HIS body shook with sobs for a matter of moments following his declaration of innocence but he quickly regained his composure.

"Where were you on Saturday night, March 7th?" Dineen asked.

"Well, I went to Fernandina about 8:30," Powell began. "I had begged them (the officers) all day to carry me over to see my wife and mother (here he sobbed). They finally agreed to let me go." (Here he broke down completely burying his face in his handkerchief, as Judge Gray ordered the questioning halted). Asked gently by his lawyer "Can you continue?" Powell got hold of himself and went on.

On cross-examination, he refused to tell the state's attorney what he did with some money he had received from payment of a mortgage. "It's none of your business," Powell told Harrell and then quickly denied he'd used part of it to buy a diamond ring for the woman who was his companion when he was wounded at St. Augustine.

Asked by Harrell if he (Powell) went to the creek a couple of days before the murders to "find a place to put your folks," Powell hesitated seconds, scowling at Harrell before he mumbled "No."

Powell told Harrell "You act like it" when the prosecutor asked Powell if he were mad at him.

"No sir, no sir, no sir," had been Powell's answers to queries of his attorney whether he murdered the women, split open their stomachs, dumped them into the creek and burned traces of the crime.

Testimony was given by Mrs. Mary Wellborn, divorcee, that she saw the two women standing on a downtown corner talking to a man Sunday afternoon--after they were supposed to have been dead--and the state attacked her credibility by bringing out the fact that she had been seen by policemen in company with a well known local dope fiend. She responded that the man sold dope to her husband and that's why she got a divorce. The state also accused her of being a "professional murder witness."

During his testimony, Powell had related that he and Katie had been married nearly 20 years and that they had seldom quarreled except just before their last summer's separation about which he said:

"I was sitting on the porch one afternoon reading the paper when they threw my clothes out on the street, and she took one of my shoes and hit me on the head with it, and I went back and took my clothes and went to a hotel." The separation lasted three weeks, he added.

Powell said that his wife spent the

Friday and Saturday nights preceding the "disappearance" of the women downstairs in her mother's bedroom, because Mrs. Speer was ill and denying it was because of the impending divorce.

Describing his Sunday's movement, he related eating breakfast, helping move some furniture around downstairs, eating dinner and declining to go to a movie with the women because he had a headache. He said he never got real worried about the women not coming home Sunday night because he thought they might have spent the night with Mrs. Owen, a friend, one of the state's witnesses.

Explaining variance in some of his statements, Powell testified that he was questioned from Thursday until Sunday night by police without sleep, handcuffed and manacled with a trace chain and that he was so sleepy he didn't know what he was saying.

Questioning Powell, the state's attorney, indicated accusations that Powell placed the gag in Mrs. Speer's mouth so she wouldn't scream as he tortured her before killing her, but the court sustained defense objections.

Mr. Harrell asked him if he had heard a scream the morning of March 1st, and he replied in the negative declaring, "No sir, I had the radio on." He also said he had heard nothing fall in the house nor a door slam, except that caused by Mrs. Speer leaving her room, which he said was not any louder than usual. (One of the state's star witnesses had told of hearing a scream originating in the house and the noise of something falling and a door being slammed). Referring to his saying that Mrs. Speer closed her door, Powell was asked, "You weren't after her when she closed that door, were you?" and he replied, "No sir."

The state offered a few rebuttal witnesses to draw tighter its steel-fibered net of circumstantial evidence and following the judge's charge, the case was given the jury at 10:25 o'clock on Saturday morning, April 25th. Just 29 minutes later, at 11:24 o'clock, the buzzer sounded notifying the court the jury was ready to report.

POWELL, who had issued a written statement to the press, while the jury was out predicting his acquittal, did not show any emotion when the verdict was read. Taken back to his cell in the "Chinatown" part of the county jail, his first query was to the turnkey "Is my dinner here yet?" He has a daily meal sent to the jail, and eats prison fare but once a day. Taken upstairs to the tier where he is incarcerated, Powell told friends, "Well, boys, they gave me the works."

In April, 1913, Powell was convicted of second degree murder by a Pike County, Alabama, jury and given 10 years. He served one and got a pardon. In May 1926, he was convicted of first degree murder here, got life with a mercy recommendation and obtained a pardon with restoration of full citizenship rights, less than three years later.

Authorities see small chance of a reprieve or further consideration in the case just ended and predict that Powell will hear the death whine of the electric chair motor before the summer ends in expiation of his alleged four recorded slayings of human beings.

THE END

+ CAVALCADE + OF + COURAGE +

Officer Harold J. Kniskern Portland, Oregon, Police Department

DURING my fifteen years of service with the Police Department at Portland, Oregon, in various departments, I have had many and varied experiences, but one that stands out most vividly in my recollections is the following:

Mrs. Ora Fleming, alleged to have escaped from some asylum, returned to a house at Gilbert Station, in which she was part owner through an estate. This house was occupied at that time by Mr. and Mrs. William Beirne. Mrs. Fleming had left some papers and personal effects there and Mrs. Beirne readily admitted her to get them.

Shortly, the visitor found a box of dynamite, which had been stored in the attic. Seizing it, she ran into the yard. In some manner she procured an iron wrench, presumably from the worried taxi driver who had driven her there. Prying open the box, she proceeded to fill the lining of her coat with the deadly dynamite, putting several in each side and carrying four or five sticks in her hands, concealed by a newspaper.

She ordered the frightened taxi driver to take her downtown, where, she said, she intended to blow up the telephone company building for failure to procure a number she had called. However, the driver had driven his car into a ditch, whether by accident or fright, and was unable to extricate it. Mrs. Fleming set out on foot after directing scathing remarks at the hapless driver.

In the meantime, frightened neighbors had been bombarding the Sheriff's office with telephone calls. Before the

deputies arrived at the scene, she had put considerable distance between herself and the panic-stricken spectators.

It so happened that a friend of mine witnessed the exciting scene. Knowing it to be my day off, he immediately called me. I rushed to the scene, which by now had switched to a street car which the determined woman had taken.

On boarding it, I found that she had refused to pay her fare and was arguing with the conductor, threatening him with the dangerous cargo she was carrying.

I accosted her, asking if the conductor had annoyed her in any way. She indignantly told me in no uncertain terms to mind my own business or she would blow me to places I didn't care to go.

After much talk, she finally left the car, with me reluctantly following.

On alighting, I began to devise some means of capture that would prove safest to all concerned. Ransacking my mind, I decided to try the moth-eaten ruse of "Look out for that fellow in back of you." It worked. As she turned, I grabbed her arms and held them in a tight grip in back of her.

As I did, she threw the sticks of dynamite that she had been carrying, but fortunately nothing happened. She then began swinging herself from side to side, her body leaving the ground several feet at each swing, presumably in an effort to jar the explosives reposing in the lining of her coat.

To Leon Shay, a hystander, much credit is due, for he finally extracted the remaining sticks of dynamite from her coat. The irate woman directed a tirade of uncomplimentary remarks at us while waiting for the wagon to arrive and convey my charge to the station.

Wearily I returned home to my downy couch, thinking just another duty done, but definitely not craving to experience a sequel to this harrowing episode.



Prying open the box, she filled her coat with dynamite.



Captain of Police L. W. Hardenbrook

Des Moines, Iowa

IT WAS on a cool spring morning on the nineteenth day of April, nineteen hundred and nineteen, about four o'clock A.M. that I experienced my first encounter with a bandit.

At that time I had been a member of the Des Moines Police Department only about nine months, and was rather a new recruit. I had often wondered just what I would do in case I would run into something "real hot," so this incident gave me the chance, as it got plenty "hot" for a while.

I was walking a beat in the heart of the city at that time, and the old police station was on my beat. As I walked by the station, Captain W. L. Kelly, my night captain, called for me to jump into a car with three other officers and go to 15th and Maple Street, as there were three burglars in a grocery store, and at that time there were about fifteen officers around this building. There had been some shooting going on, and one of our men, Sergeant Hall, had been shot. The owner of the store, Mr. Baker, also had a flesh wound through the thigh. The bandits would shoot out through the windows at anyone they saw.

When we arrived at the scene, Sergeant Frank Harty, now deceased, detailed Tom Marshall and Pete Kelly, who was a brother of Captain Kelly, who were then in charge of the Police Patrol Car in which we went out in, to go around the front of the store to the east side and pick up Sergeant Hall, who had been lying there in the street badly wounded, and take him to a hospital, and ordered Orville Mellon and I to the rear of

the store, as we expected them to make a break for liberty from the rear. Lights from one of our cars were playing on the front of the store and we supposed they would come out the rear, where it was dark. I stood at the northwest corner of a garage south and east of the store, where I could get the best view in case they tried to make their getaway, for they were like

rats in a trap and were desperate, and we anticipated a break before daylight.

So we waited, watching for them to make a break for liberty. It seemed like hours, but in reality it was only a few minutes when two of them came out the front door, shooting as they ran. One of them dropped, mortally wounded, in front of a little house just west of the store, and the other one got through and was headed right in my direction. I shot four times at the dim object that was coming my way and when he got near me he said, "You've got me, boys," and fell right into my arms and died at my feet.

I took a twenty-five automatic revolver out of his right hand, and a clip, which contained seven loads, out of his left hand, which I turned over to my captain.

After these two had been accounted for, Sergeant Kelly and the other officers went into the store and pulled out the third bandit, which made the three bandits accounted for, and the Des Moines Police registered one hundred per cent on the catch.

Now, I do not claim that it was my bullet that killed the man that fell into my arms, as there were a number of officers shooting at him, and more than that I never would want to know, for sure, that I killed anyone.



The bandits would shoot out the windows at anyone they saw.

POLICE OFFICERS

AMERICAN DETECTIVE MAGAZINE will pay \$15.00 for each short story used of the most thrilling and dangerous moment of your police career. Give names, dates, places and send along your photograph. Articles should not exceed 700 words.

VEIL OF MYSTERY



"Heliotrope Andy"

You have often associated the scent of perfume with a particular person or occurrence — follow this police reporter to the scene of a gruesome crime wherein a pungent yet evasive odor of perfume adulterated the air

Have You Seen 'HELIOTROPE ANDY?'



Behind the sign board was one of the nightmare sights of my trade; a woman lay sprawled, face downwards.

By James Warner
Newspaperman of Ogden, Utah
As told to Gerard Franklin

THE siren of the police car was a banshee wail, echoing in the streets of Ogden, Utah, urging early morning traffic to the curbs. It died down to a dismal, fading moan as the prowler car reached the outskirts of the city and stopped near a knot of people clustered about a signboard.

I scrambled from the car with the two police officers and followed them as they elbowed through the curious crowd of men, women and children.

It was a clear bright morning, May 19th, 1928. The air was mild and heavy with the odor of damp turf. Weeds near the sign board were bright with the green of spring. The sod under foot was an emerald carpet. It was good to be alive and to know that winter's chill was past; it was good to breathe the air, fresh and clear like fine wine.

I strode rapidly through the white-faced throng. I turned the corner of the sign board in the wake of the policemen.

Spring's mood was a calm and beautiful thought which had lingered with me for an instant and now was gone. I was a police reporter again. Before me on the ground behind that painted sign board was one of the nightmare sights of my trade.

A woman lay sprawled there, face downwards. Her hair was a mat of congealed blood. Near the bottom of the sign board where her feet could have been visible to passers-by on the nearby road, pieces of tin and wood had been piled up to partly hide her.

The scene was not an unfamiliar one. Evidence was

there aplenty that the woman had been murdered and a crude attempt made to hide her body. I noticed that the matted hair was blonde. The rouge on her lips was an unnatural splash of color against the pallid grey of her rigid face.

I moved closer. I was conscious of an odor, evasive and alluring, the scent of a distinctive perfume. Automatically I took pad and pencil from my pocket and stepped to the side of Detective George Theobald who was questioning a small boy. As I came closer to the corpse, the sweet odor I had noticed was heavier in the air. The woman's own perfume, no doubt. I tried to push it into the background of my thoughts as one of those small details which seem to create for themselves an unwarranted importance at such times as this.

"My name is Elmer Philpott," the small boy was saying, his eager young face turned up to the detective's. "I was running across here through the field to the road when I seen her there. I mean, saw her there." With schoolroom precision the boy corrected his grammar.

I made a note of his name and the Ogden address which he gave.

"I thought it was a clothing store dummy," he shuddered involuntarily, "until I walked up to it and then I saw—"

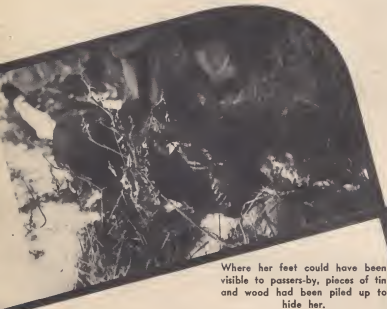
The youngster cast a sideways glance at the corpse and edged away until he was lost in the growing crowd of persons who were pressing forward to crane their necks and widen their eyes with morbid stares.

"Dumped here, hit on the head," the detective was

summing up the physical aspects of the scene in the un-hurried, coldly impersonal manner of a police officer who has long since ceased to be startled at the elements of sudden death.

"Murder sure enough," Theobald said to me. "Whoever put her there tried to hide her." He stooped down and picked up a piece of flat metal. "Part of a tire spring, probably what he hit her with."

He wrapped the end of the rusted, ten-inch length of steel in his handkerchief. He was examining the pieces of debris that had been propped against the foot of the sign board and placed over the legs of the corpse, when



Where her feet could have been visible to passer-by, pieces of tin and wood had been piled up to hide her.

I mentioned the sickly-sweet odor of perfume which was still heavy in the mild damp air.

"Yeah," the officer agreed, "something she used. Something on her clothes, I suppose. Maybe important, maybe not, why?"

"I worked my way through school as a druggist's clerk," I told him. "Before the newspaper game put the brand on me. I learned to know a lot about perfume. Standing over the body like this you can detect another one."

It was an incongruous sight, a police officer and a newspaperman standing over the battered corpse of a woman behind an advertising sign board, both sniffing like dogs on the trail. In any other circumstances it might have been humorous. But there was no room for humor in the grim and bloody tragedy upon which young Philpott had stumbled that May morning.

"The other is narcissus," I identified the familiar and costly perfume which we detected as we leaned closer to the corpse. "Here," I picked up a handbag that had been half hidden under the woman's right arm, and snapped open the clasp. "You can smell it in here plain enough, narcissus."

The officer sniffed at the open handbag and nodded his head in agreement. "Sure enough a different smell than the strong one you notice when you come around the sign board. Your idea is that another person left a trace of perfume in the air—the guy or woman who killed her, maybe?"

"Not so far fetched as it sounds," I assured him.

"There are two distinct odors, you'll agree to that."

Theobald looked puzzled. I could see that he was loath to scout any theory, no matter how far fetched, which would aid him in the investigation which loomed ahead.

"She's been dead since last night some time by the looks of everything," he demurred slowly. "Could a perfume like that linger in the air for ten hours or so just because somebody wearing it was behind this sign board long enough to dump this woman here?"

I made a negative gesture. The idea was too bizarre to be given credence. The two distinct perfume odors were there, sure enough; my drug store trained senses identified one of them. But mine was the duty of a newspaper reporter to see, interpret and record the events surrounding this latest murder in Mormondom. I dismissed the perfume from my mind and was about to ask Theobald if the woman's identity could be told from anything in her purse, when another police siren screeched in the roadway and died down to a sobbing whine nearby.

At the Ogden Drug Store, my witty pharmacist friend met me in the doorway.



Sergeant L. M. Hilton of the Ogden police homicide detail had arrived and with him the coroner's ambulance and stretcher crew.

With swift, decisive strides, the sergeant covered the ground between the road and the sign board. His dark eyes swiftly took in the scene as he came in sight of the sprawled body of the murder victim. I saw him pause and sniff, look down at the body and sniff again.

"Used pretty heavy perfume, didn't she?" his lips smiled, but his eyes were somber and cold as they looked into mine.

Theobald described the finding of the piece of steel beside the body and invited the newcomer to further test the air and corroborate our theory of the second perfume.

"True," Hilton agreed a moment later. "But the second odor is too strong to have just been wafted in here from somebody's clothing. There must be some-

thing here—" He clipped off his words and began a search of the debris near the body.

At a nod from Sergeant Hilton, the coroner's crew moved the corpse to their basket and closed the lid on a face that had been attractive before terror and a murderer's blows had frozen it into staring rigidity.

The homicide sergeant continued to grope in the debris. I was moving away, satisfied that I had gleaned every detail of news importance at the scene, when I heard Hilton's ejaculation. I looked back. The sergeant was holding in one hand the jagged fragment of a bottle.

"Here's where your scent came from," he said. I approached and smelled the glass. From it came the heavy odor of cheap perfume.

"That's what we smelled; different from the perfume in her purse

Marie Louise Malone was the name the sad-eyed woman had given when she passed through the coroner's office. I watched her face as the white rubber sheet was moved slowly back to allow her to see the features of the corpse.

"It's Ann," the girl breathed and bent forward to look closer at the face as if striving to deny her own swift identification. But she was satisfied at last and stepped back with a tired sigh. "It's Ann Haworth," said Marie Louise Malone softly, her eyes brimming with swift tears. "I roomed with her. It's Ann."

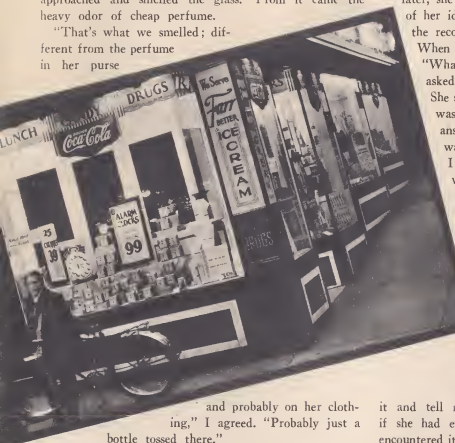
She gave me the address before choking sobs rendered her inarticulate. In the coroner's office a few minutes later, she sat rigid but silent in a chair while details of her identification of the body were transcribed to the records by a clerk.

When this was done, she arose unsteadily to leave. "What perfume did your friend usually buy?" I asked her.

She stared at me a moment as though the question was a crude absurdity at such a time. But she answered me heavily, slowly, "Narcissus," and walked towards the door.

I took from my pocket a fragment of the glass which I had picked up behind the sign board after Sergeant Hilton made his discovery of the perfume bottle. I begged her to smell

James Warner, police reporter, whose clever detection cleared up the Ann Haworth murder.



and probably on her clothing," I agreed. "Probably just a bottle tossed there."

"And yet," said Hilton slowly, "the bottle's clean. Hasn't been there long. The other pieces are under the junk—no label on them." He reflected a moment, the reeking glass held gingerly between two fingers. "Think that smell is distinctive enough to be identified?"

I told him of my drug store training. He looked at me and I knew there was a ready quip on his tongue. The seriousness of the situation stifled whatever remark he would have made.

"It could be identified and may be distinctive—if you think it worth while," I suggested. "If it just came there with the junk—"

"Which it probably did," he said, "but remember this is a time of prohibition and queer habits. There are wood-alcohol toppers, hair tonic toppers and perfume toppers in the country today. Think that over."

I thought it over. I pondered it as I hammered out the story for my newspaper. I thought of it again at the city morgue that afternoon when a young woman with large, soulful eyes moved slowly to the side of the wheeled slab bearing the body from behind the sign board.

it and tell me if she had ever encountered it before.

Again Marie Louise Malone looked at me in wonder and surprise. But she allowed the odor from the piece of glass to reach her nostrils and then nodded her head sadly: "I don't know what you're driving at," she said. "I've smelled that before, though." She wrinkled her forehead and her sad eyes stared for a moment into space. "No," she shook her head decisively, "I've smelled it somewhere, but I can't remember. I can't remember now—maybe it'll come to me. But now—" She nodded her head towards the morgue door and her eyes were filled with tears again.

The memory of that perfume haunted me throughout the day. I thought of Sergeant Hilton's words: "Men



are queer toppers nowadays—they drink toilet water, bay rum and perfumes—”

Although mine was the task of writing news when news occurred and not to make it, I resolved that I would trace down that haunting aroma until I had at least identified the type of perfume it represented. Unless the murder of Ann Haworth was solved swiftly by Sergeant Hilton and his detail, I decided that the perfume clue would be one lane of investigation which would at least supply action in the case until it was run down and finally proven to have no connection with the murder.

The police department would seek fingerprints on the length of spring steel beside the body. Sergeant Hilton would have the broken perfume bottle carefully examined, also for fingerprints. Mrs. Haworth's friends would be investigated now that identification was certain. Her last movements would be known to the homicide detail within an hour if it were humanly possible to trace them. All this police work had to be done and the result I confidently expected, would be the arrest of the slayer.

But if this murder mystery should grow deeper as such cases frequently do during the first few hours and often days of investigation, I resolved to keep my perfume clue in store and to work it out myself.

ON May 21st, I heard the coroner's jury return its verdict in the murder case of Ann Haworth. "Murder by person or persons unknown," the jury agreed. "Mrs. Haworth came to her death from blows inflicted above and behind the right ear, during the night of May 18th or early morning of May 19th, probably causing skull fractures and hemorrhage."

"Not a thing," Sergeant Hilton answered my unspoken question as we met in the door of the jury room. "Not a print on that piece of spring but there was a spot of blood and hairs from her head on the end. Sure enough the murder weapon. We've checked her friends and run down a good half dozen suspects. Alibis perfect. No prints on that perfume bottle—say did 'you do anything about that?'"

"I was waiting to see what you'd turn up—it's a slim hope, that perfume thing," I replied.

"Slim hopes we've got to rely on now," Hilton hastened to assure me. "Another Utah murder is going unsolved unless something turns up. Maybe it'd be as well to—"

"I can have it identified. I mean I can run down the perfume until I find out what make and type it is. But even then it may not be distinctive enough to be worthwhile," I told him.

"I have two others of her friends to check out," he confided. "After that, I don't know. We've struck a blind alley this time sure. If you do run down that perfume let me know. It seems hardly worth working on but I shall get on it myself if these better sounding leads fail as miserably as all the rest have done."

I began my tour of Ogden drug stores as soon as I left the grand jury room. In many of the stores I knew clerks and was given free access to the perfume shelves. Wisecracks flew thick and fast,

of course. But I gave no details of my mission. I was self-conscious in my new role as nosing sluth. As I opened bottle after bottle of perfume in one drug store after another, the whole thing took on a ludicrous aspect which was tempered only by the memory of the body behind the sign board.

It was in the Ogden Drug Company's store on one of Ogden's main streets, that I encountered the odor I had so religiously sought for the last two hours. Afternoon was waning and I had decided that this was the last time I would suffer the embarrassment of asking a clerk to allow me to sniff along his line of perfume bottles.

By glancing at the labels I was able to eliminate the perfumes whose odors had already become familiar to me during the bizarre expedition of clue seeking.

When I opened a large bottle of cheap toilet water labelled "Heliotrope", it's odor carried me swiftly to the murder scene of two days before. I saw again the woman, sprawled and bloody. The words of Sergeant Hilton were ringing in my ears: "Some men drink hair tonic—others perfume in these days of prohibition."

WILLIAM STONE, the pharmacist-clerk, was at my elbow. "Find what you wanted?" he asked with a quizzical glance from the bottle to me. "That isn't hair tonic, if you get what I mean."

I ignored the sally. Sensitiveness to my own slight baldness had disappeared long before. I asked the clerk if drug-gists found a ready sale for "Heliotrope" perfume.

"It's a new one," he explained. "Combination of violet and something else. Sure is heavy though. Sort of toilet water. Would be first class for B.O. if you get what I mean."

I assured him I "got what he meant" and begged him in all seriousness to try to think of the names of persons who had bought the stuff. In the next five minutes I had transcribed to my pad the names of ten persons who were potential suspects to the crime of murder. Of the ten names with which Stone supplied me, eight were men. Of the eight names I recognized five of persons who had been in the city's news at one time or another, chiefly for minor police court violations.

Not an impressive list as I looked at it. My task was simplified at the next half dozen drug stores. I simply asked if the druggist sold heliotrope perfume and upon receiving an affirmative reply, boldly stated my mission and received a list of names.

It was crude sleuthing, I suppose. I pictured my self turning the names of a score of "heliotrope" perfume users over to Sergeant Hilton for the police to investigate. One by one they would be eliminated, of course, and in the end we probably would be no further ahead than when the heavy odor had first reached our nostrils at that sign board crypt.

I was in a small neighborhood drug store on Ogden's east side at 8:30 that night. I had asked my usual question of the plump and pleasant girl behind the counter.

"Say, you're the guy," she said abruptly. "I got a call from the Ogden Drug store asking you to drop in before nine

o'clock if you came here looking for heliotrope perfume. They've been telephoning drug stores all over, I guess. What is this gag anyhow?"

I thanked her without relieving her curiosity and hurried back to my car.

At the Ogden Drug store my witty pharmacist friend met me in the doorway.

"Say," said Stone, "I've been thinking since you left. There's a fellow buys that perfume regularly. I didn't have his name on the list because he isn't a delivery customer. He comes in on an average of twice a week."

"His name?" I urged.

"THAT'S the point," the clerk smiled broadly. "We've been calling him 'Heliotrope Andy,' the manager and I. Don't know who he is but can tell you what he looks like."

"Heliotrope Andy," would cruel burlesque never cease to attach itself to the tragic end of Ann Haworth? Is it possible for persons to create such witticisms when brutal murder has been done? But the pharmacist had not seen that pitiful form behind the sign board. He had not heard the coroner's jury mutter the words which would tell a brutal slayer that he was still free to roam without the slightest fear.

I looked at the pharmacist. His face was serious, his eyes eager. There was no trace of the amused tolerance with which he had met my request when I came sniffing at his perfume bottles.

"He is heavy set, tall, thin hair and blue eyes," he went on. "A full round face. Thin hair in front, cut close above his ears. A round faced, fairly hard-looking gent. He comes in sometimes wearing overalls and a peaked cap. I think he's a railroad man. The store manager says he's sure he's a railroad man. We talked it over after you left."

"If he comes in again," I begged, "call Sergeant Hilton. In the meantime, I'll try to trace him out. He must live in the vicinity. He comes in sometimes with overalls on, you say, as if he were just going home from work at the yards or on a train?"

"Right," agreed Stone. "That's the way we've figured it. And if he should come in, we'll telephone you or the sergeant."

Sergeant Hilton received a report of my clue searching with an earnest smile.

"That's getting somewhere," he said. "I've run down a dozen friends of hers but can't find one without a perfect alibi. This 'Heliotrope Andy' guy of yours may be the answer."

"I'm sure it's the right track." I was excited over the possibilities that my perfume tracing had opened up. "He sounds right, a railroad man stopping for perfume on his way from work. You know what you said about people drinking toilet water—hair tonic?"

"Yes," Sergeant Hilton dashed cold water over my eagerness, "and don't forget that the bottle could have been tossed back of that sign board before the body got there. By the look of things, it was broken with perfume still in it. But a toper may have been there and dropped his bottle in that junk. After a swig of that stuff I can imagine a man dashing the bottle down, disgusted with himself and everything else."

But like every other amateur sleuth, I stuck to my first evolved theory, however far fetched and wild, and decided that the trail we were on was leading directly to the murderer of Ann Haworth.

We were still seeking "Heliotrope Andy" on May 25th. Between stories for my newspaper, I had spent three days checking my list of names from drug stores other than the Ogden company where "Heliotrope Andy" had not placed delivery orders. I was getting nowhere. Sergeant Hilton told me time and again that the best way to check out the "Andy" clue was to wait until the supposed perfume toper went back to his favorite drug store for another bottle of his favorite potion.

"If he's a railroad man, he's probably on a run somewhere. He'll be back," the sergeant assured me with the sagacity of long experience. "When a case has drifted along this far; when there's no quick run down and arrest, time is what we have most of, if you get me. Careful, painstaking investigation is the best course when quick clues fail."

It was that evening I saw a familiar face as I entered a restaurant. Marie Louise Malone was alone at a corner table. I walked over and introduced myself. Her large, somber eyes were raised to mine. "Sit down," she invited. "I remember you."

I asked her if she had thought any more about the perfume.

"At the morgue," replied the girl, "I didn't get your drift. Since then I see what you were driving at. Somebody who used that perfume you mentioned is a suspect, that it?"

"Right," I told her. "But we've got more now. Did Ann Haworth have among her friends a railroad man?"

"God," breathed Marie Louise Malone, but there was no sacrilege in the word. "Why didn't I think of that? She knew a guy, lived in an apartment in the next block. That's where I smelled it," her eyes blazed but her voice was low. Her attitude was one of controlled excitement. "He was named Kelly. I'm sure it was Kelly. John Kelly, I think."

My excitement was as great as hers and probably not so well controlled. "Do you know just where he lived?" I asked her.

"In the next block on the other side of the street," she said. "I could point it out. He was driving Ann and me home one evening. He stopped at the apartment to get something. We sat out in the car until he came down. That's where I smelled that perfume. In the car that evening. Why didn't I—"

"You only saw him once," I reminded her. "It was a minor incident and at the morgue you were disturbed, pretty badly disturbed. Would you mind—"

But she had anticipated my request and

was already out of her seat and reaching for her coat. I helped her into it hurriedly and as hurriedly left the gaping waiter to wonder what form of customer psychology he would have to study to find an answer for our exit with one meal ordered, another half eaten.

Marie Louise Malone pointed out the apartment building. It was a brick affair with a hardware store and a millinery shop in incongruous proximity on the ground floor. There were two stories above the stores. Curtained windows suggested that here were the ordinary walk-up apartment lofts which thrive in semi-respectability on the downtown fringe of any city.

The girl refused to accompany me into the building. She gave me her address and said she would like word from me if my quest was successful. I told her that she would probably be an important witness at a grand jury session if John Kelly was the man I suspected him to be.

BEFORE entering the apartment building, I walked into the next block and purchased a bottle of the perfume which had become as familiar to me in the last few days as the keyboard on my typewriter in the newspaper office. With the bottle in my pocket I climbed the stairs and knocked at a door to which had been affixed a card bearing the word "manager".

A fat woman rolled her arms beneath a clean apron and stared dourly at me. I showed her my press badge and in the murky hall she saw only a glint of metal. She looked startled for a moment, glanced furtively up and down the hallway and invited me to come in.

"If you've come to serve them papers, I don't owe that money—" she began. For answer I uncorked the bottle of heliotrope perfume, and passed the moist stopper in front of her face.

She sniffed. Her eyes blazed at me. She opened her mouth probably to utter some remark about perfume peddlers using police badges to enter homes, when I stopped her with the words:

"Know anyone who uses perfume like that? He's wanted."

"Oh!" she subsided. "I thought for a minute—. Sure that's Mr. Kelly's stuff." Then *sotto voce* she added mysteriously, "I think he drinks it. I allers did think it. When he left, the rooms fairly reeked with the blasted stuff. I had to durned near fumigate."

"He left," my dismay was apparent to her.

"Yes, he left a few days ago. Let me see it was the—" she selected a soiled notebook from a pile of papers on the table; moistening a thumb she turned the pages, "he left the morning of the twentieth, May 20th. He went in a hurry. Queer, too, he'd been here almost a year. Good pay, he was, but that perfume,

whew! The smell of it gets me."

"And he went—?" I began sadly.

"Lord, man, I wouldn't know. They come and go, come and go, but he stayed longer than most."

"No forwarding address?" The thing seemed hopeless with this woman anxious to talk and talk but able to say nothing.

"No! When I cleaned out his rooms I looked around, you know," this half apologetically, "just a little curiosity to know where he'd gone or if there was a scratch that'd give a hint to who he was. But not a scratch, mister, not a line or a scratch or a letter."

"You were suspicious then?"

Her glance was one of injured dudgeon. "Oh! no, not suspicious," she said. "Just looked around."

I thought I understood.

Sergeant Hilton received the news with the closest to a reaction of excitement I have ever seen this cool-headed sleuth indulge.

"We'll trace him," he said confidently. "He left the morning after she was murdered. There's bound to be other clues to link him, if he's really the man. It'll be a cinch to put two and two together now we have a definite person to work from and not a lot of blind clues."

HE was right. It was a "cinch" to put two and two together. It was a matter of hours only before the Ogden police department had accumulated apparently definite and disturbing evidence. "Heliotrope Andy" became a wanted man. The grand jury heard the evidence and listened to the story told by Marie Louise Malone, by the pharmacist, by a score of friends of the dead woman who had seen Ann Haworth and Kelly together on the evening of the murder. They heard my account of tracing the heliotrope perfume. The jury returned an indictment and ordered warrants issued and "wanted" circulars printed charging "Heliotrope Andy" with the murder of Ann Haworth.

John J. Kelly has not been found. He was traced to his own railroad. He was traced to Nevada, California, Oregon, Wyoming and once Sergeant Hilton learned that he had been seen in Chicago during the recent World's Fair.

Somewhere in the country he is today. But prohibition has ended. He may have lost his taste for heliotrope perfume. The police in Ogden hope that the odor that led so surely to his identity may yet prove his final undoing. Police departments everywhere have been asked to look for a man of Kelly's description who may "react" if kept away from liquor and finally offered a bottle of heliotrope perfume.

The indictment against John Kelly is still on file unanswered. No one can know whether he is or will be held responsible for any wrong doing until a court or jury renders a decision.

THE END



SOLVING SEATTLE'S

By Chief of Police
J. W. Tribble
Bremerton, Washington

As told to
Hollis B. Fultz

"**C**ALLING Car 43; calling Car 43."

Clear and loud came the message through the early morning air of November 26th, 1935, as the police broadcaster in the Seattle station sought to contact Patrolmen Trent Sickles and Ted Stevens.

"Go to the Elk Tavern, a beer parlor, at 8910 Tenth Avenue, North East. It is being burglarized. Be careful—the burglars are now in the place. Be ready to fire—remember, it may be the gang which has been operating for months in the city."

Three times the broadcaster repeated the message, then finished with the customary "That is all." In reality that last statement was very, very wrong, for, insofar as the two patrolmen who picked up the broadcast in the prowler car were concerned, it was far from all—that call for them was a date with Death!

Except for the two officers and the unsuspecting burglars inside the Elk Tavern, there was but one other man



Left: Gwen Rogers, alibi girl for one of the defendants.

TAVERN KILLINGS

in a position to see what actually was happening when, shortly after four o'clock, the police car, without lights, rolled quietly to a stop in front of a house in the vicinity of the beer parlor. That man was Frank Winkler, and it was because he had been unable to sleep, in his bedroom adjoining the tavern, that he had heard the sneakers when they broke open the door; it was he who had notified the police, and who now stood peering through the blinds of his darkened front room to see just what the harvest would be.

Frank Winkler had not long to wait; he saw Patrolmen Sickles and Stevens approach the front door, which he knew they would find open; he saw them shove gently against the door and then he heard the roar of shotguns and pistols as the surprised burglars and the patrolmen, so Winkler thought, fought it out.

It was all over in a second, then three men ran from the building, but none of them went toward the police car; instead they hurried around

An examination of the premises revealed that the thieves had used a bolt cutter to clip the lock off the front door.





Patrolman Trent A. Sickles, above, had been killed by two charges from a shotgun fired at close range. Below, his wife.



the corner of the tavern out of Winkler's sight almost immediately, and soon the sound of a car starting half a block away caught the neighbor's ears.

Winkler ran from his house to the tavern door. Patrolman Sickles was dead! Ted Stevens was severely wounded! Both still grasped their guns in their hands.

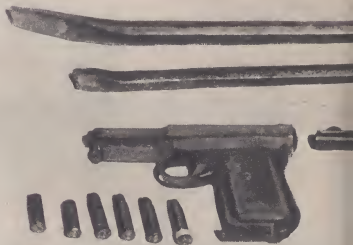
"Notify headquarters," gasped Stevens, and Winkler again called the station.

A short time later, Detectives Richard Mahoney and A. F. Keuhl of the homicide squad arrived at the Elk Tavern. The ambulance had beaten them by a few minutes and the wounded and dead officers were being removed to the hospital.

"Did you know them, Ted?" asked Mahoney.

"No," answered Stevens. "Couldn't make them out. I fired one shot." The officer lapsed into unconsciousness.

Mahoney and Keuhl now began a thorough search of



the building and the street along which they believed the killers had fled. Curiously, the killers had discarded some of their weapons as they ran for the car, and a .32 Mauser automatic pistol and a .45 caliber revolver were picked up just inside the doorway and on the sidewalk.

"I heard somebody yell, 'My God, Mac, I'm shot!'" said a neighbor who had been aroused by the first shots and had opened the door of his home to listen to what was happening.

An examination of the premises revealed that the thieves had used a heavy bolt cutter to clip the lock off the front door, and that they had been interrupted in the act of removing slot-machines filled with nickels, quarters and dimes, when the officers drove up. The lock on a case containing several of these machines had been drilled and one machine had been lifted out preparatory to removal from the building. This supplied the reason for the two

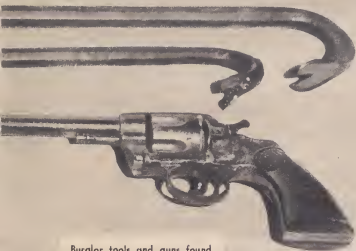
cars being parked so close to the tavern, and it supplied also certain suspicions in the minds of the two detectives as to who the killers might have been, for, since the elections of the fall previous, a slot-machine war in which many machines had been "hi-jacked" by rival factions had been going on in King County, in which Seattle is located.

However, there were also many reasons to believe that the "hi-jackings" had had nothing to do with the killings, and that the officers had been slain by a desperate band of yegg-men who had robbed more than thirty places in the city within six months previous to the tragedy in the tavern.

An examination of the men in the hospital revealed that Sickles had been killed by two charges from a shotgun fired at close quarters, and that Stevens had been twice hit by bullets from one of the revolvers. Stevens fought vainly for his life for several days, but died after



The death of Patrolman Theodore E. Stevens made the seventh casualty of the hands of bandits in as many months. His widow, below.



Burglar tools and guns found of the scene of the crime.



his brother officers had submitted to blood transfusions in the hope that he might be saved.

The death of Patrolman Stevens made the seventh officer of the law to die at the hands of bandits in the state of Washington within as many months, and Chief of Detectives William Justus gave Detectives Mahoney and Kuehl full leave to stay with the case until they had found the killers of the two patrolmen.

The killings had taken place in widely divergent parts of the state, however, the first to die being Marshal Bert Lemley of Rosalia, and then Constable George Goniff of Newport, in eastern Washington. Chief Frank Chadwick and Officer John Storem of Puyallup, a short distance from Seattle, were shot down by a stick-up man who had robbed a bank in a nearby city a few minutes previously. Then, just two weeks before the tavern killings, Deputy Thomas Meehan of the King County Sheriff's force had

been found dead beside his car, about fifteen miles from the city. Each and every one of these officers had been shot, and the aim had been deadly.

Leaving out the eastern Washington killings and adding the fact that Officer Meehan had supposedly been closing in on the safe-cracking gang which had successfully stolen nearly \$100,000 in the past few months, the Seattle officers could readily see that there might be a connection between this gang and the killing of Chadwick, Storem, Meehan, Stevens and Sickles. And it was upon this premise that Detectives Mahoney and Kuehl began the investigation to which they had been assigned.

Except for the guns which had been recovered, there were no physical clues at the scene of the crime which offered much assistance to the detectives. However, in examining the dirt at the edge of the pave-

ment where the car in which the killers escaped was supposed to have been parked, Mahoney and Kuehl came upon the deep imprint of a tire so new and little used that they were able to ascertain the make of it and to preserve the track for future reference.

Reconstructing the crime, the Seattle detectives believed that the killer with the shotgun had stood on the right side of the door and that the man with the .32 Mauser had stood on the opposite side, hoping the officers, in the dark, would pass them as they entered the building and that they would be able to escape. Then one of the killers had likely made a slight noise and the officers had turned; the shotgun roared and Sickles went down; a second charge was fired into his neck.

About this same time the killer with the pistol let loose at Stevens; one shot hit him in the neck and the other imbedded itself in a nearby table. Sickles died instantly, but Stevens followed the fleeing killers into the street and managed to fire once at them before he, too, collapsed.

The closest connecting link between the death of Stevens and Sickles and any other officer was the murder of Deputy Meehan. He had been found with a .45 bullet in his brain, near the outlying city of Renton about daybreak, just two weeks prior to the beer tavern murders; he had been killed near a spot where two small safes, taken in recent Seattle robberies, had been discovered by himself and another deputy only a few days previous, and he had gone to the vicinity, it was believed by Renton police with whom he last conversed, in answer to a mysterious telephone call. It seemed likely he had been deliberately lured to his death.

IN the belief that the answer to the Sickles-Stevens murders lay somewhere along the trail of robberies, Mahoney and Kuehl began a careful check of the reports compiled in the detective division of the spoils taken in each of these breakings. In every instance, except the robbery of the Automobile Club of the State of Washington, they discovered that only cash had been taken; here the burglars took also about \$5,000 in Travelers' Checks.

But the most interesting and seemingly connecting piece of evidence was the record of the things taken in the robbery of the Aronson Hardware Company on the night of November 10th, just a few days over two weeks before the slaying of Sickles and Stevens.

Three .12-gauge shotguns had been taken in that robbery, guns of the same gauge with which Sickles had been killed. Several pistols and revolvers had also been stolen at the same time along with large quantities of ammunition of the same calibre as the empty shells found on the floor of the tavern.

This seemed to Mahoney and Kuehl to be a hot tip for they already had in mind a certain ex-convict, named Joe O'Neal whom, with several associates, they suspected of being the gang which had been terrorizing the city for many months.

However, in spite of the fact that the Seattle detectives believed that Neal and his gang were responsible for the murders, a lead which was further borne out by the fact that men who had been seen with Neal fitted the description of the three who had fled from the Elk Tavern, there had come

to Captain James Rondeau, of my force, a clue which we thought might be of vital importance.

In order to understand just how this new lead was picked up, it is necessary to explain the situation relative to vending machines in the state at the time of the murders. These machines, commonly called slot-machines, had been running openly not only in the taverns, but even in the grocery stores for many years prior to the fall of 1935, and people had come to accept them as a general thing. They were, nevertheless, a source of great income to the owners who split upon a fifty-fifty basis with the places in which the machines were operated. Naturally, the best spots were sought, and since several different groups owned large numbers of these machines, a bitter rivalry developed between them. That rivalry in King County, in which Seattle is located, had grown to a point where one group was "hi-jacking" the machines of another group, in order to keep them out of territory which they coveted. This led to retaliation and almost open warfare, but, until the time of the Elk Tavern slayings, there had been no fatalities because of the slot-machine war.

BREMERTON, the city in which I am Chief of police, is in Kitsap County, just across Puget Sound from Seattle, and, being a navy yard city with oftentimes as many as 5,000 sailors in port, it was a fairly good spot for the vending machines, although within the city we allowed only a limited number of them to operate.

With the murder of Sickles and Stevens, the Seattle "powers-that-be" decided that the operation of slot-machines had become a dangerous racket, instead of a rather harmless sort of gambling amusement, and they tightened down to a point where the owners of machines began to spread out and search for new fields in which to operate. They looked with longing eyes toward Bremerton and, in a round-about way, certain "collectors" and employees of the men who owned the machines began to drift into Bremerton with the idea of ascertaining what chances there were of opening machines in our city. It did not take them long to find out that we meant to keep the situation under control.

But, among the methods used by these Seattle operators to find out what our attitude would be, was the usual one of having local residents, known to be friendly and of good standing in the community, to approach us in a round-about, apparently disinterested manner. One such person whom we thought had that idea in mind was a worker in a C.C.C. camp who, without mentioning his purpose, approached Captain Rondeau, who had once done the laudable favor, and began to laud the exemplary manner in which a certain slot-machine operator in Seattle, a friend of his, conducted his business. This man's machines were set so that they gave the player a chance to win, he said, and they collected only a fair profit for investment and service; he was no part of the outfit which had created so much trouble in Seattle which had resulted in the murders of the patrolmen; he would be a good man to allow to operate in Bremerton if any machines were going to run.

Sensing that the young man had something on his mind, Captain Rondeau did not immediately discourage him in what



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he believed was an effort to make a connection in our city, but frankly told him that, until the operators had cleansed their hands of the tavern killings and had helped to catch the murderers there was little chance for the machines to operate anywhere in the state.

And finally the young man spoke, or rather wrote, what was uppermost in his mind; taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he wrote on it "O'Donnell brothers—three of them" and carelessly dropped the sheet on the captain's desk and walked out.

When Captain Rondeau and I next discussed the matter, we decided that the attitude of the informant was a little dramatic and that probably he had never even been contacted by the slot-machine owner whom he had so eulogized; we thought he was just trying to curry favor and then hoped to do something for himself by telling the Seattle owner that he was friendly with us and could arrange to have his machines operate in Bremerton. Nevertheless, we thought it would be a good idea to convey what we had learned to Captain Ernie Yoris of the Seattle homicide squad.

"WELL, they are naturals for the case," said Yoris, when we told him what we had learned. "Two of them, Joe and Jack, are ex-convicts, but I can't place this other brother. I don't remember that I have ever heard of him. In fact, I don't think there is a third brother, and that makes it seem the fellow doesn't know what he is talking about. However, we'll look them over and see if we can find out where they were on the night of the murders."

It was plainly evident to Captain Rondeau and myself that while Captain Yoris was grateful for the information we had brought him, that he was of the opinion that the Joe Neal gang lead was just then the best one to follow.

For one thing, Mahoney and Kuehl had been following the tire imprint clue found in the dirt outside the tavern, where the get-away car had stood, and had found that it was regular equipment for Hudson cars. Then, checking with the Hudson dealers in the city, they had discovered that not only Joe Neal, but also Ted Hollywood, one of the toughest yeggs and bandits who ever operated on the Pacific coast, had recently bought cars of this make, and had paid cash for them. They had found that these two men were connected with "Fat" Crown, a notorious bootlegger and run-runner of the prohibition days, now very much down on his luck, and reduced to touting for a gambling joint in order to make his "cakes."

Shadowing Crown brought results and soon the detectives were certain they were on the track of the burglary gang, and likely the killers of the patrolmen. Two other members of the mob were ascertained by constant watching during the weeks that Detectives Mahoney, Kuehl and Zuari had been working on the case, these being Jack Arthur, and Carl Thomas. Arthur was identified through fingerprints taken from a beer glass in a joint where he often loafed as a well-known ex-convict from the middle west; Thomas had no known past record.

Joe Neal had been released from Walla Walla state penitentiary early in April,

1935; Jack Arthur had come west after finishing a sentence in the Kansas State pen and Ted Hollywood had been deported from Canada after finishing a bank-robbery sentence in Okalla Prison, in British Columbia. They had all arrived in Seattle about the same time and soon thereafter the long series of robberies had begun.

AND when Jack Arthur had purchased his Hudson sedan, having tires like those which left the imprint in the sand near the Elk Tavern, he had said he was a "slot-machine operator!"

So it seemed almost certain that, at the time we conveyed our information to the Seattle detectives, they were already on the right trail, and the next time Captain Rondeau met his C.C.C. friend, he so informed him, without, of course, telling him who the Seattle officers had under suspicion.

The young man smiled—and stood his ground.

"I gave you the right names," he said. "You will see some day; I know what I am talking about."

Rondeau did not press the matter, and in the meantime the robberies in Seattle had been resumed with such magnitude that the officers there were almost frantic because they could not stop them. Certain that they knew who was committing the depredations, they were nevertheless powerless to arrest them for, cleverly indeed, only cash was being taken and there was no way to identify this money, even should an arrest be made.

On the night of December 10th, the gang tied up night-watchman Hans Skott, of the Consolidated Dairy Products Company in Seattle, and robbed the place of \$1,000 in cash; they stayed in the building almost two hours, battling a stubborn safe; they were armed with .12 gauge shotguns, the watchman said. They forced the watchman to make his rounds at the proper intervals and punch the clock so that no alarm would be sounded.

By this time, Detective Mario Zuari, working with Mahoney and Kuehl, assigned to shadow Arthur, Hollywood and Thomas, had located a shack on the Duwamish waterfront inhabited by Thomas. The officers had also located the house in which Arthur lived and the apartment which Hollywood occupied with a woman. And, by constantly shadowing Neal, he found that he not only had a downtown apartment, in which he also lived with a woman, but that the gang was meeting at a large white house on a hill on the outskirts of Seattle, a place so well protected naturally that it could only be approached from one side, and in that direction cars coming could be spotted for almost a mile; Mahoney and Kuehl made an unsuccessful attempt to sneak up on the house, but two huge German police dogs sounded an alarm just as the officers thought they would be able to get into the building and they beat a hasty retreat; they never tried that stunt a second time, as they didn't want to take chances on flushing the gang until they had them dead to rights, for by now they had decided that the only way they could ever get a conviction on this smart outfit was to catch them in the act.

It was sometime during the second week of December that Detective Mario



» If you do not add...
INCHES
TO YOUR CHEST
2 INCHES TO YOUR BICEPS
...it won't cost you one cent!"

Signed: GEORGE F. JOWETT

YES SIR! Three inches of muscles added to your chest and at least two inches to your biceps, or it won't cost you a penny. I know what I am talking about... I wouldn't dare make this startling agreement if I wasn't sure I could do it.

■ All I want is a chance to prove it! Those skinny fellows who are discouraged are the men I want to work with. I'll show them how to build a strong man's body... and do it quickly... and I don't mean cream puff muscles either. Wouldn't you, too, like to have the brawny proportions of the idealized figure shown above? I will show you how to get real, genuine, invincible muscles that will make your men friends respect you and women admire you.

■ I want to tell you fellows... there's something about this "strong man business" that gets you... *thru!* You'll get a great kick out of it... you'll fairly feel your muscles grow.

I want you to try one of my test courses NOW!

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Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

Zuari saw Joe Neal and Jack Arthur carefully looking over a downtown department store, and for two weeks a squad watched the place on every-week-end, as that was the time at which practically all the burglaries had been pulled. Nothing happened, but while this watch was being maintained, a resident in the vicinity of the Wonder Bread Bakery, on 18th Avenue, reported that he had seen two men, answering the description of Thomas and Arthur, looking over the bakery late at night; this resident watched the two men further and saw them examining the doors of the Christofferson Dairy, a block down the street from the bakery.

So the week-ends of December 14th and December 21st found detectives and police squads watching three places for the appearance of the burglars, and while these places were under scrutiny, the gang entered the department store of Carew & Shaw and, blasting the safe after tying up the watchman at the point of .12 gauge shotguns, got away with \$25,000. The descriptions of the men were printed in the Seattle papers on this occasion, and they seemed to fit again Neal, Arthur, Thomas and Hollywood; Captain Rondeau mentioned this fact to the C.C.C. informant.

"Yes, and they fit the O'Donnells just as well," answered our informant. This, the Seattle officers later admitted, was true, but they clung tenaciously to the theory that it was Neal and his gang who had pulled the recent big robberies, and they felt that they must first clear up this lead before turning toward the rather meager clue we had furnished them.

"We can take a chance on picking Jack O'Donnell up," said Mahoney to Captain Ernie Yoris, who had now become Chief of Detectives in Seattle, and who had issued orders to get the burglary gang at any cost.

"Better let him go a while," replied Yoris, "for he might be a part of this gang and we don't want to let them know we are on their trail. They'll split up and lay low and we will never get them."

CHRISTMAS DAY rolled around and the telegraph wires brought us the story of a desperate battle in Butte, Montana, in a rooming house, in which a police officer and a private citizen had been killed and another officer seriously wounded by an ex-convict named Harry Knight. Two days later the desperado was shot down in a cottage on the outskirts of the city after a flight to the gates of Yellowstone National Park and back, during which he added another victim to his list when he

shot down a rancher and stole his car; Knight was killed by Chief of Police Jack Gilligan.

THE battle in the rooming house had begun as the result of a quarrel over a girl and this young woman now named Knight as the killer of Deputy Sheriff Meehan.

"He was just a cheap chicken thief," said the girl, "and when Meehan caught up with him he shot him and we beat it for Montana."

A check of the girl's story showed that she had told the truth and thus the theory that the burglary gang had killed the deputy went into the discard.

The Wonder Bread Bakery was a lucrative morsel and Detective Kuehl kept an almost constant watch on the place until he saw two men looking the exits over late at night. And this time he got a good look at the men; they were Joe Neal and Carl Thomas.

For a week the officers kept a constant watch on the place, and then, when the week-end of January 5th rolled around, it was decided to plant the place in such a way that if the gang appeared they could have no hope of escaping the net spread for them. On Friday night there was a final talk-fest in Joe Neal's big white house, and about five o'clock on the next afternoon Detectives Mahoney and Winters entered the bakery in one of the delivery wagons and remained hidden there until darkness fell. In the meantime detectives Mario Zuari and John McKone had carefully taken a position in an apartment in the rear of the bakery and Detectives Kuehl and Cleary were watching from the front windows of a school building directly across the street from the place. The only entrances to the building were from Main Street and this greatly simplified the setting of the trap.

Mahoney was in charge of the squad and he had issued orders that no one was to give chase in the event a battle began; they were to assume positions at the ends and in front of the building, where there was no danger of a crossfire and to shoot at any fleeing persons. Mahoney and Winters took stations at the top of the stairs up which the burglars would have to come to get at the safe, and there they lay on the floor far into the night. Janitor Martin Sorenson was due to arrive at one o'clock; midnight came and the hands of the clock dragged slowly around, and then the officers heard the janitor's car pull up and stop across the street.

They could hear, too, the sound of feet crossing the pavement toward the car and

a few minutes later the door of the back portion of the bakery was opened. Then came the stealthy tread of feet upon the stairs.

Mahoney arose from the floor and took a position in the doorway of the office in which he had been waiting; in the room next to him Winters did likewise; both had sawed-off shotguns, and both could command the lobby space at the top of the stairs.

Mahoney saw first the head of Carl Thomas in the lead, crouching over, grasping a shotgun, as he reached the top of the stairs; behind Thomas was desperate Ted Hollywood and it was he whom the detective now silently covered with his weapon; then came heavy-bodied, crafty Joe Neal, bringing up the rear.

It was Mahoney's intention to give the burglars a sharp order to throw up their hands, and he started to move outside the doorway of the office to do this, when his foot made a rasping noise on the linoleum. Instantly the three desperadoes turned, and the gun of Carl Thomas rose to a firing position.

"It was his life or mine," Mahoney afterwards told me. "I fired first and down he went—dead."

The two other bandits dropped their weapons and fled, but Hollywood turned and threw a bottle of nitro-glycerine at Mahoney, which luckily failed to explode. As the burglars ran from the building they faced the fire of Kuehl and Cleary; Arthur went down on his face but Neal and Hollywood, filled with shot from the guns of Kuehl, Cleary, Mahoney and Winters, got to their car and made an escape.

Early the next morning, after the taxicab in which they had fled from the city was found and the place to which they had gone to hide was uncovered on the Des Moines highway between Seattle and Tacoma, they were routed out with tear gas and taken into custody along with their women.

The Seattle detectives were jubilant; not only had they at last broken up the robbery gang, but they believed they also had in custody the killers of Suckles and Stevens. All the hideouts of the gang members were now searched and a regular arsenal was uncovered, but nowhere in that stack of guns was one found which Criminologist Luke May could say had fired the fatal shots into the bodies of the officers; in fact, his opinion was to the contrary; he had already established, through the science of ballistics, that one of the officers had been killed with the revolver found at the tavern, but none of the shotguns now recovered had fired the shells picked up near the doorway of the place; this he had determined by a comparison of the marks left on the base of the shells by the concussion.

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having wounded an officer out in the country, that the operator wouldn't have anything more to do with them. Then they started hi-jacking on their own accord. They would take the machines, just like they intended to do that night in the Elk Tavern, and, after they had robbed them of the money they contained, they would haul them to California and dispose of them. One of the brothers stayed down there most of the time and acted as an agent for the sale, but he was in Seattle on the night of the murders."

"Well, I don't mind telling you that Captain Yoris has had Jack O'Donnell in jail on a vagrancy charge for the past few days," said Captain Rondeau, "but we cannot find this third brother you talk about. There seems to be only two brothers."

"You'll find Joe O'Donnell in California," said the C.C.C. boy, "and maybe the other fellow was a brother-in-law, instead of a brother."

"Why, sure, O'Donnell has a brother-in-law," said Lieutenant Mahoney when this latest information was supplied by Captain Rondeau. "And this dope about the sale of machines in California checks out; we have had a line on that for some time. There may be something to this lad's story after all; we better try to find this brother-in-law; his name is Lester Rorick; he is just a punk and I think he can be made to talk if we can find him."

A search of the places where Rorick usually hung out revealed that he had not been seen for some weeks, and this only served to strengthen the theory that he might have been involved in the killings. In the course of this search for Lester Rorick, Detectives Mahoney and Kuehl sought the advice of former Criminal Deputy William Sears, a veteran police officer and detective, and it was he who placed them in the way of information which eventually led to the pick-up of the young man after he had returned to the city from California. It was Sears' idea that if O'Donnell was released from custody he would be contacted by Rorick, and the ruse proved successful. The two men were arrested shortly after midnight of April 3rd, 1936, in John J. O'Donnell's home, where he lived with his wife, the sister of Lester Rorick.

"**S**TIR-WISE" John O'Donnell would admit nothing, but, after four hours of grilling at the hands of Captain Yoris, one of the most skillful questioners in the west, and after his sister had implored him to tell the truth, Lester broke down and poured out a confession which substantiated in every detail the story which the C.C.C. boy had told to Rondeau and myself, and almost exactly the earlier reconstruction of the crime by the Seattle detectives.

"On November 25th," said Lester Rorick to Captain Yoris, "I mean about 3 A. M. on the 26th, I met Jack O'Donnell and another man about 10th Avenue N. E. and about 70th. I went out in my car, a Ford coupe, and met Jack and this other man in a car, a Buick coupe.

"Jack and this other man were waiting on the street for me. This had been arranged earlier in the evening.

"When I arrived there I got out of my car and talked to Jack and this other fellow and they told me to follow them in



Joe O'Donnell, in background, was picked up in Los Angeles and brought to Seattle for questioning. Captain Yoris in foreground.

my car. I then followed them to Roosevelt Way, about 90th Street. They stopped and I drove up behind them and also stopped.

"The three of us got out of our cars and they said, 'We will look the place over,' so we went to a beer parlor near where we parked the cars. We went to the front window and looked around intending to break in and get the slot-machines.

"After this we went back to where the cars were parked and went to O'Donnell's car and he gave me an electric drill and a bolt clipper; at least there were some tools.

"O'Donnell took the bolt cutter and clipped the lock off the front door and we went in the place for a minute.

"At this time I had a Mauser automatic gun that I bought from a man on the street. The other man had a .12 gauge automatic shotgun that I stole from a man, and Jack O'Donnell was armed with a .45 calibre automatic.

"**A**FTER we got in the place, this other man connected up the electric drill and drilled the lock out of the case that the slot-machines were in. After drilling the cabinets, I went out on the sidewalk as lookout. After the cabinet was open, I went into the beer parlor to carry one of the slot-machines out to the car and just then Jack O'Donnell said:

"Here comes a car driving without any lights on."

"With that we set the machines down and put the lights out.

"At this time I was in the second booth on the right as you come in the door. O'Donnell and the other fellow were towards the door that is toward the sidewalk from me. The other man at this time had a shotgun.

"I hid in the booth. One officer walked in and the other officer was coming in just a few feet behind the first one. One of the officers was up by the bar, the other was just inside the door, and then I heard either Jack O'Donnell or this other man say:

"Stick 'em up!" and then I heard some shooting. I lost my head and ran out the door and to the street, where I dropped the guns. One of the guns went off and hit me in the right leg just above the knee.

"I ran from there behind the beer parlors and Jack O'Donnell and this other man were up on the next street north where the cars were parked.

"As I was shot, I hollered: 'Oh, my God, I'm shot!'

"When we arrived at the cars, I drove my car away and O'Donnell and the other man drove their car away. I then drove to my sister's apartment and took care of my wound.

"A few days later O'Donnell and this other man came out to visit me and asked how I felt and brought me the papers to read about the killing.

"Jack O'Donnell and this other man and I, previous to this, had stolen fifteen or twenty slot-machines from different places in the North End."

The "other man" mentioned by Lester Rorick in his confession he later admitted was Joe O'Donnell, and this worthy was apprehended in Los Angeles and brought back to Seattle, where all three will have to stand trial for first-degree murder.

But, in spite of his confession, it will not go so easy with Lester Rorick as he at first imagined, for it has been discovered that he did not tell the whole truth in that original statement, since Criminologist Luke May is certain that one of the bullets taken from the body of Stevens was fired from the revolver which Rorick, in his confession, admitted that he had in his hand when the firing started.

SEATTLE breathes easier with the conviction of all the members of the robbery gang, most of them getting life as habitual criminals and the prospect that the O'Donnells and Lester Rorick will all go to the gallows for the wanton slaying of Patrolmen Sickles and Stevens in that early dawn of November 26th, 1935.

Needless to say, these men have friends in the underworld, and it is for that reason that Captain Rondeau and myself have to this day, and will always protect our informant's name from everyone. We have never told it, not even to the Seattle detectives, although we know they would guard it as carefully as have we. Such assistance as was given by this young man does not often fall to the lot of an officer, and, whatever his original motive in putting us on the right trail, he has nevertheless performed a service for which the officers in the Northwest will always be grateful.





Criminals at Large



These men are fugitive criminals wanted by authorities for major crimes against society. Readers of **AMERICAN DETECTIVE** who know the whereabouts of any of these men are requested to get in touch with the police department in their own city, then notify the authorities who are searching for the fugitive. Also notify the editor of **AMERICAN DETECTIVE**.

Henry Fell, alias Henry Singer. The Warden of the State Prison of Southern Michigan at Jackson, Mich., offers a reward of \$100 to the person or persons who cause the arrest and detention and turn the prisoner to an authorized officer of that institution. The reward is invalid should the fugitive be arrested on another charge. Fell escaped from this penitentiary where he was serving a fifteen year sentence for murder.

Description: 44 years old; height, 5 ft. 6 1/4 in.; weight, 168 lbs.; florid complexion, light brown eyes, dark brown hair, stout build, American nationality; tattoo initials "H. F." rt. forearm outer; mole left temple.



Homer Cotton. This man escaped from the Tamoto Farm of the Missouri State Penitentiary on May 2. He had been sentenced to that institution on January 14 on a charge of Burglary and Larceny. Warden J. M. Sanders of the Missouri State Penitentiary, Jefferson City, Mo., offers \$50 reward for the arrest and detention of this man. Description: 32 years old; weight, 121 lbs.; height 5 ft. 7 1/2 in.; medium brown hair, slate eyes, sallow complexion, slender build; end of left index damaged; tat: letters "H C" rt. wrist atr.; nose medium long, bends right left.

14— 5 U 10
F.P.C. 17 Ut 14



WANTED By Police

Rewards for these men total \$200 which will be paid by authorities throughout the country where these fugitives are wanted. AMERICAN DETECTIVE will co-operate in any way possible to aid the readers in bringing these criminals to justice. All photos are from official files and any reader turning in a fugitive will be doing a public service.



Harry Blee, alias Harry O'Brien, alias Harry O. Blee. Blee is under indictment by a federal grand jury for the robbery of the First National Bank, Neosho, Mo., on March 2, 1935. Any information regarding his present whereabouts or arrest should be immediately furnished the Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., and the nearest office of the Wm. J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc. Description: 32 years old; height, 5 ft. 9½ in.; weight, 138 lbs.; slender built, black hair, gray eyes, dark complexion; 3½ in. scar left wrist inside; scar right shin; pharmacist.

F.P.C. 19 27 W I 18 27
19 W OI Ref: 20

Lloyd William Kent, alias Jack Wilson. This man escaped from the Tomata Farm of the Missouri State Penitentiary on May 3. He had been sentenced to that institution on September 7, 1935, for Motor Vehicle Theft. Warden J. M. Sanders of the Missouri State Penitentiary, Jefferson City, Mo., offers \$50 for the arrest and detention of this man.

Description: 27 years old; weight, 118 lbs.; height, 5 ft. 7½ in.; dark brown hair, dark blue-gray eyes, sallow complexion, medium slender build; nose medium long, slightly humped; chin square, deeply indented; hair high on forehead.

20— 1 R aol 12
F.P.C. L— 1 R loi 11



Death in its most uncanny form made a widow of 27-year-old Pearl Shine, bride of a week.

SHERIFF L. J. PALAS wiped a sleeve across his eyes as if trying to chase away the ghastly sight in front of him.

He said hoarsely: "Well, we've found him."

The two men with the sheriff stared at the grisly sight the little attic closet disclosed. A man lay there, on two blankets that had been carefully spread over the floor of the small room.

He was dead; he had been dead for several days. The body was bloated, and what was left of the face, which was only one eye, part of the nose and the right side, had turned a gray blue.

The area where the left side of the head had been blown off was a mass of caked blood, black and pitted with cracks. Flies flew over it and some were walking on it.

"He did a good job," State Agent Frank A.

Brady remarked to make conversation.

The third man said nothing. He was old, somewhere around seventy. He wore overalls and his body was gnarled and bent with years of farm drudgery.

He was Tim Shine, who had lived and worked and struggled the seventy years of his life in the Mississippi River hill country of northeast Iowa. Most of that time had been spent in and around the farmhouse where the body in the closet had been found.

The dead man was Dan Shine, his brother. In a sense they had been more than brothers. For fifty years they had been partners and companions. During those fifty years both had remained bachelors, and rec-
luses, a little

MAY-DECEMBER

By Wilton Grey
and Featuring
Sheriff L. J. Palas
Elkader, Iowa

eccentric in
that barren and
desolate hill country.

"Dan ain't never a man to
commit suicide," the brother finally
said in a voice that the others could hardly
hear. "I tell you, he didn't do that."

The words didn't carry much conviction. On first glance the death of Dan Shine was an obvious case of suicide. He lay on his back, on the two blankets that had been spread on the closet floor. A shotgun was held in the left hand, with the stock braced against the left foot. The right hand clutched a piece of binder twine attached to the trigger and looped around the butt of the gun.

To all appearances the sixty year old farmer had crawled up in that closet, attached the binder twine to the trigger, and then had lain down and jerked the twine. The blast of buckshot had carried part of his head away.

"It's suicide," Brady said.

Sheriff Palas said nothing. He was staring down at the

It was bewildering to try to connect a mouth organ and music with a ghastly murder—but when a clever sheriff located a harmonica in an obscure corner, he knew it would lead somewhere

body on the blankets. The first shock of discovering a man he had known since childhood dead had passed. Lew Palas was sheriff again, and when he was sheriff, he was a good one.

He was short and heavy set, with much of the ruggedness of the hill country he represented. He had gray eyes that were quick and penetrating. He had a reputation that stretched far beyond his own county for an uncanny ability to ferret out the real facts of any mystery.

Knowing Dan Shine as he did, he was ready to agree with old Tim that Dan, good-natured and always in high spirits, wasn't a man who would take his own life. The whole thing was absurd—utterly without reason.

And yet . . .

Sheriff Palas' face tightened. Within the past week strange things had happened in the life of Dan and Tim Shine. The companionship that had existed for half a century had suddenly broken off.

The cause of this break was a girl. After living fifty years as a bachelor, Dan Shine had fallen in love. He had married Pearl Hines, a twenty-seven year old girl, red-haired and attractive, who had been the housekeeper for the brothers for several years.

Tim Shine, who was older than Dan and who had assumed a parental attitude toward his brother, viewed the marriage with profound disgust and loudly expressed anger. He had left the farm and refused to come back.

As the days passed, the breach widened. The brothers discussed their grievances with the neighbors, each blaming the other; but in the faces and

After studying the body of Dan Shine as it was discovered, Sheriff Palas stated definitely that it could not have been suicide.



the actions of these two old men was the mark of pain that this separation had caused.

Then late on the afternoon of May 7th, of this year, Tim Shine appeared at Sheriff Palas' office in Elkader, the county seat of Clayton county.

"Something's happened to Dan," Tim said hoarsely. "I had to go see him at that farm today and that wife of his said Dan went away last night and didn't come back."

The sheriff knew Tim and he knew Dan. He knew about the fight between them. He didn't want to do anything or say anything that would prevent a healing of this breach. The fact that Dan was gone didn't excite the sheriff because he knew Dan was easily able to take care of himself.

"I had to get Dan's signature on a mortgage note," Tim continued nervously. "I went out to his house with the banker. The wife asked us to come in and we had something to eat, but the woman got to arguing with me and she ordered me off the place."

"Dan likely went away on business," the sheriff suggested. "He'll be back."

"Dan ain't never been a man to be leaving his home," the brother said. "He ain't never been gone that long. I ain't saying that something has happened, but I'd feel better if you could find him."

The sheriff quieted the old man and sent him away with the promise that he would look into the matter.

But Dan didn't return and old Tim appeared at the sheriff's office the next day. The disappearance of Dan Shine had created excitement in his neighborhood. The young wife, frightened and not knowing what to do, had gone over to her aunt, Minnie Hines, to ask her to help find Dan.

The sheriff, accompanied by State Agent Brady, went out to the Shine farm with old Tim. The search for the missing man started and ended in that lonely little farmhouse.

Old Tim had led them up a rickety back stairs to the attic closet. The door to this was partly open and the foot of a man was sticking out. The closet was dark. A piece of oilcloth had been nailed over the small window. The sheriff had yanked the



Below: The Don Shine farmhouse where the body of the 60-year-old former was found slumped in a closet. Above: Howard Hines, one of the few relatives of Pearl Shine.





cloth away and the sunlight streamed in to expose the gruesome sight of death that lay there.

After studying the body, Sheriff Palas turned to Tim Shine. The old man was standing in the door. A change had come over him. His eyes held a peculiar look. His body had seemed to shrivel and become more gnarled. His lips were twitching. His left hand was shaking, as if palsy had suddenly come to him.

"You are right, Tim," the sheriff said. "Dan didn't commit suicide."

"Didn't commit suicide?" State Agent Brady cried. "I'd like to know what in hell you call it."

"If it isn't suicide," the sheriff retorted, "it can be only one other thing—murder."

"When a man spreads blankets out and lies down on them and pulls a string attached to the trigger of a shotgun, it isn't murder," Brady answered.

"Dan didn't do any of these things," the sheriff said. "If you look closely, you will see several reasons why he didn't. When a man lies down and kills himself, several things don't happen. Take the head for instance. If Dan had put the end of the shotgun against his head and pulled the trigger, would the head be turned toward the end of the gun? The blast of buckshot would knock it away from the gun instead of toward it."

Brady looked at the end of the gun and the position of the head. The sheriff was right. The head was thrown forward toward the gun and the heavy charge of shot had hit it squarely. Certainly it would be turned away from the muzzle of the gun.

"That is one thing," the sheriff continued. "Now take the position of the gun. If it had exploded lying there, it would have leaped high in the air. In all probability it would have come down on the body. Certainly it would not be lying with the brace against the dead man's foot and the hammers turned toward the body."

"Now look at the binder twine in the hand. The theory is that Dan pulled this string to discharge the gun. To do that he would have to grip the string pretty hard. Did he do that? The string is between the third and fourth fingers and it isn't even wrapped around either

This scene, below, greeted the eyes of officers on their search through the house for clues. Above: Jim Hines, step-father of Howard.



finger. There is another possibility. The reflex action of death, when the shot hit the head, would have been violent enough to have caused the fingers to drop the string—if they had been holding it."

Brady nodded. He noticed the way the string lay in the fingers, as if someone had placed it there.

"It looks like you're right, Sheriff," Brady said. "Dan Shine didn't put that gun there and he didn't pull that string. He was murdered!"

There was an old box lying by the side of the dead man. It was covered with the dust of years. On it lay a white piece of cloth. The sheriff picked this up.

"There was blood on it and the cloth was clean, showing that it had only recently been placed there.

"The murderer or murderess used this cloth to wipe up blood and then left it here," the sheriff explained. "We'll go downstairs and give the house the once over. Old Dan wasn't killed up here and the first thing we better do is to find out where he was killed."

The three men went downstairs. The sheriff first went into the kitchen. The table was covered with dirty dishes. Cigarette butts lay on the floor. A cupboard held a number of empty whiskey bottles.

SHERIFF PALAS looked at these and then turned his attention to the floor. He studied every inch of it, getting down on his hands and knees. A broken and much worn linoleum of faded blue covered the floor.

After going over the kitchen floor, Sheriff Palas got up and walked into the living room. There was a carpet here. The furniture was plain and old-fashioned. In one corner stood an organ, a thing seldom seen today in any house. There was a faded red plush couch, several chairs and a small combination desk and bookcase.

"Here we are," the sheriff called out to Brady, who was still in the kitchen.

Brady came into the living-room. The sheriff was looking at a spot of blood on the floor near the door where the carpet did not reach. It was small and only seen by close scrutiny.

A chair a little distance from this was overturned. Other pieces of furniture were also overturned. The sheriff examined the carpet. There were traces of mud in some places, the indistinct outlines of footprints.

"The murder started down here," the sheriff announced. "The blood and the overturned furniture indicate that Dan put up a fight here, a desperate one. We'll soon see if he was taken up those steps unconscious."

The rear stairs to the attic closet told their story clearly. In the center of them numerous footprints had crased any traces of dust, but along the edges the dust had been disturbed as if some large object had been dragged up them.

On three of them threads from overalls had been caught in the splinters, threads the same color as the overalls the dead man was wearing.

"They dragged him up these steps," the sheriff said. "He was either unconscious or out from liquor. The empty whiskey bottles in the kitchen indicate that someone used a lot of liquor."

At the top of the stairs was a small hallway. Sheriff Palas examined the walls. He didn't have to search long for what he wanted. It was there, across from the closet door, in marks that could be seen clearly.

The scattered shots from a charge from a shotgun were embedded in the wall and around them were traces of blood and small bits of flesh. Under these was an old box.

"They brought Dan up here unconscious," the sheriff said. "They sat him on that box and then blew part of his head off. After that they lay him in the closet to make it look like he had committed suicide."

"But who in the world would have reason to kill old Dan?" Brady asked.

THE sheriff shook his head slowly and looked at Tim Shine. Tim had listened to all that had taken place in a daze. He seemed only to be able to realize that his brother was dead. He kept muttering to himself, but what he said neither the sheriff nor Brady could hear.

"I don't know who would want to kill Dan," the sheriff said to Brady, "but I'm not going to sleep until I find out."

In Elkader two women entered the office of the sheriff. Deputy R. E. Fitzpatrick was there. The two women were Mrs. Pearl Shine, the week-old bride of Dan Shine, and her aunt, Minnie Hines.

The week-old bride was a pretty girl, with red hair and a slim and graceful body. The aunt was rather portly and given to excitability.

"Pearl wants the sheriff to find Dan," the aunt said to Fitzpatrick. "She came over to my house last night and we talked it over and we think something has happened to Dan."

Fitzpatrick had been in the office when Tim Shine had come that day to get the sheriff to start the search.

"The sheriff has gone out to the farm," he answered. "Tim Shine was here with the same request several hours ago."

The mention of Tim caused Mrs. Hines to flare up in anger. The young bride, however, exhibited no such anger.

"Tim came to the house day before yesterday," she said. "He was looking for Dan because he had to have Dan sign a paper. I told him then that Dan had left the night before and hadn't come home. I was gone when he left. I went over to my aunt's to spend the night and when I got home the next day, Dan was gone. The kitchen was dirty and it looked like a number of men had been there."

The phone rang, interrupting her conversation. Fitzpatrick answered it. A startled look came into his face. He hung up and swung around in the swivel chair, facing the two women.

"That," he said slowly, "was the sheriff. He has just found Dan Shine in his house and he is dead."

Dan Shine's young wife looked at Fitzpatrick as if someone had slapped her in the face. Her cheeks turned an ashen gray. Her eyes flooded with tears.

"Dead?" she gasped. "That—that—is—is impossible. I . . ."

The aunt took the news with an excited outburst that ended with: "Anyway my fingerprints won't be on the gun."

The news of the death of Dan Shine

spread like wildfire over the neighborhood, and when the information leaked out that the officers believed that he had been murdered, the community was stunned.

DAN SHINE murdered! The thought was utterly absurd. Everybody knew Dan and Tim. They had become institutions in the county, with their close friendship and their eccentric ways. Seldom had they been seen alone. Each was the shadow of the other.

When they came to town in their old Ford, they were together. When they went into a store or a bank they were together. There was something a little pathetic about the bonds of friendship that held those two strange old men together as brothers.

The neighborhood had heard all the details of the break between the two. They had heard it from Dan and from Tim. Everybody regretted it and hoped that in a week or so, the brothers would be together again.

Nobody blamed the girl that had come between them. She was known and well liked. Her marriage to Dan Shine was approved. Dan was good and kind. He was a successful farmer and was reputed to be rich, though nobody seemed to know this for a fact.

It had long been a legend in the county that Dan and Tim had kept large sums of money hidden on their farm. And this legend at once took on added importance with the announcement that Dan had been married.

It supplied what was utterly lacking in the case—a rational motive. If money was hidden there, it was possible that someone knowing about it, had waited until Dan Shine's young bride had gone to her aunt and then called on the old man, beaten him up until he told where his buried wealth was, and then killed him, trying to make it look like suicide.

Another important element in the mystery developed when Sheriff Palas rushed the shotgun found with the body to Elkader to have it examined for fingerprints. There were prints on it—but only the prints of Dan Shine.

"The murderer rubbed every print off but Dan's," Sheriff Palas said to Brady and Fitzpatrick. "Tim has handled this gun and other people and their prints should be on it."

The body of the murdered man was taken to Elkader to an undertaking establishment. Leslie Oelke, undertaker in charge and County Coroner, took charge of the body. Doctor Frederick Mayberry, local physician, performed an autopsy.

This disclosed the fact that before the death shot was fired, Dan Shine had gone through a terrific beating. Bruises covered his body and the back of his head. Death was caused by a blast of buckshot in the head.

This report gave added credence to the theory of robbery. The location of the Shine farmhouse was ideal for such a crime. It was a mile back from the isolated country road, in a hilly and heavily wooded section. Even from the country road the house could not be seen because of the woods.

Robbers could commit the crime with no danger of being seen. This theory took on added support when a neighbor rushed to Elkader to tell the sheriff that on the

day Dan Shine had disappeared, a strange man had been seen walking down the lane that led to the house.

The description of this man was as puzzling as every other element in the case. From the description, it would indicate that it wasn't a man but a tall and gangling boy, shabbily dressed and with the manner of a youthful hobo.

The fact that Dan Shine was large, and despite his years, a powerful man, made it seem impossible that a boy could have beaten him up and carried him up the stairs to the closet.

Yet in this baffling mystery, a mystery that was to contain a series of contradictory facts, this mysterious young boy that walked up that lane to the Shine farm house, was to play a strange and bewildering part.

The one person in Clayton County that did not completely subscribe to the theory of robbery in the death of Dan Shine was Sheriff Palas. To his keen mind came several important questions.

If Dan Shine was murdered for money, why did the robbers bother to make it look like suicide.

If it were robbery, why all the cigarette butts in the kitchen and the empty whiskey bottles? The robbers would not have lingered at the farm after the murder, and Dan Shine, faced with robbers, wouldn't have taken drinks with them.

But Sheriff Palas didn't cast aside the robbery theory without first checking up on every possible clue along this line. He questioned Tim Shine. Old Tim said that there was no money buried at the farm and nothing anybody could steal.

The sheriff went back to the farm. He examined every board in the floors. He went out in the rear yard to see if there were any freshly dug holes. He was looking for some evidence that robbers had been searching for hidden money.

He found none. He went back to the kitchen. By this time, he had discarded the robbery theory. Another had come to his mind, one so ghastly that he was cautious about even thinking about it.

IN the kitchen he made a minute examination of everything. He took the whiskey bottles, wrapped them up in cloth to preserve any fingerprints. He examined the food. There were moldy peeled potatoes and packets of flower seeds on a table near the sink.

In a far corner of the kitchen, under dirty clothes, he found a harmonica. He looked at it in amazement. Neither Dan nor Tim Shine had ever been known to play the instrument. He was also certain that Dan's bride would have little use for it.

The fact that it lay under a dirty cloth as if it had been thrown in the corner of the kitchen was also puzzling. He slipped the mouth instrument into his coat pocket and continued his search.

He went in the living room. There was a violin, in tune, lying on a dresser. A prayer book lay on the table, with the name Pearl Hines, Dan's bride, written on it. There were other books and papers. Sheriff Palas went through the papers and letters.

A half hour later he left the house. He went back to his office at Elkader. His two deputies, Fitzpatrick and Fred Jung-

blut, were waiting for him.

"We've questioned every person living in the Shine neighborhood," Fitzpatrick said. "We found several people who saw that young hobo along the country road."

Sheriff Palas sat down. His face looked tired. "We'll forget about that robbery theory," the sheriff said. "There are many reasons why the robbery theory doesn't fit—and the most important is something that happened in this office a half hour after the body of Dan Shine was discovered."

The sheriff didn't elaborate on what he meant by this. Fitzpatrick didn't question him on it because he knew it would be useless.

"These whiskey bottles I brought back from the house may help us," the sheriff said, laying the bottles on the desk. "The chances are we'll find what we did on the shotgun—only the fingerprints of Dan Shine."

THEN the sheriff took the harmonica from his pocket.

"This," he said, "might help more. I found it in the kitchen. Neither Dan nor Tim Shine ever used such a thing, but the murderer might have."

The two deputies looked at the mouth organ. It was a little bewildering to try to connect a harmonica and music with a ghastly murder.

"This instrument may give us the key to a mystery that is going to turn this county upside down," Sheriff Palas continued. "But before we can do anything with this, I want to know several other things. You are going to find these out for me."

The deputies walked out of the office, headed for the missions the sheriff had detailed to them. The sheriff walked to his car, jumped in it, and drove out in the neighborhood of the Shine farm. He stopped at several farms and asked some questions. Then he headed for the lonely country road that led to the Shine farm.

When he turned off this road and onto the lane that ran up to the house, he saw a man dart through the door of the barn. The sheriff brought his car to a skidding stop in front of the house. He was out of it and rushing for the barn.

He went through the open door. Only a grim, eerie silence, greeted him. A few chickens were scratching soil in the stalls. Two horses were tied to the mangers. One whinnied nervously.

The sheriff went up a ladder to a haymow. It was half filled with hay, but a search of this disclosed no hiding man. Going down the ladder, the sheriff took in every part of the small barn with his eyes. He saw only a rear door that was open.

He went to the door. Behind it was a dense forest. The man who had disappeared in the barn could easily hide in those woods and it would take a posse to find him. So the sheriff went back to the house. He went to the kitchen and sat down.

For a half hour he remained there, his face tense and his eyes staring at the floor. Outside came the sound of a car. The sheriff remained in his seat.

Someone was coming up on the porch. Still the sheriff did not move. The door to the kitchen opened and old Tim Shine

came in the room.

"Hello, Tim," the sheriff said. "I've been waiting for you."

Tim Shine's face twisted a little and he shuffled over to a chair and sat down.

"Tim," the sheriff continued, "you know more about the murder of Dan than you've told. Perhaps you don't realize that you know it. I want you to tell me everything that happened—everything. Take your time and tell me in your own words. Remember my chances of catching the murderer of Dan depends on you."

TIM looked at the sheriff with red-rimmed eyes. The look of pain that had come in them when he saw the dead body of his brother had not left.

He talked. At first slowly and calmly, but his feelings got the best of him and his talk became an angry harangue about Dan's marriage and the girl he married. The sheriff let him talk, without asking questions. At times the words of the old man didn't make sense. Still the sheriff sat in the chair, his face expressionless, without interrupting the story.

He let Tim talk for over half an hour, and then he said: "All right, Tim, that's enough for today. I may need you later."

The sheriff left the farm. Old Tim remained behind to putter around the house that had been his home for fifty years. Everything he had known of life was connected with that house. Here he and Dan had started out together. They were young then, but the same friendship that had lasted fifty years existed.

From youth to manhood and then to middle age their lives had moved along, smoothly and serenely, unmarred by any friction. Old age came on them slowly. And then the spectre of hideous death.

These memories were with the old man as he wandered around the house. After a while he walked out into the yard and drove away in his old car, a lonely, broken old man.

Sheriff Palas had gotten back to Elkader. His face no longer wore the tired look. It was late in the evening. He went to his office and got the report of the fingerprints found on the whiskey bottles.

It was as he had expected. The only prints found were those of the murdered man!

State Agent Brady entered his office. Brady had been handling the details of the inquest for the next day and checking up on fingerprints and other routine matters in the case.

"Well, Sheriff," Brady said, "get anywhere?"

"I'll produce the murderers of Dan Shine tomorrow," the sheriff said. "In fact, I'll get one of them tonight and you are going with me."

The sheriff pointed to the harmonica that lay on his desk.

"Funny thing to trace a murderer with, isn't it?" he added. "But that is going to get one of them tonight."

It was ten o'clock when Sheriff Palas accompanied by Brady, drove down a dark side street in East Dubuque, Illinois. Small and modest residences lined the street. The sheriff stopped his car in front of one.

He and Brady got out and walked up to the door and rang. A kindly middle-aged woman came to the door.

"Is Maynard home?" the sheriff asked.

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She looked at him a little startled and answered: "Why yes—he is home."

"Will you tell him that we want to take him to Elkader, Iowa," the sheriff replied. "We want to ask him some questions."

A tall, gangling boy, with tousled hair, and a not-too-intelligent face, appeared. The presence of the sheriff did not frighten him.

His mother looked at him, suddenly frightened.

"Ain't nothing to be scared of, ma," the boy, Maynard Lenox, drawled. "These men want to talk to me and I have to go with them."

No fear, no nervousness. Maynard Lenox went with the sheriff back to Elkader in apparently good spirits. His attitude did not change when he was taken to the sheriff's office and grilled.

The questioning lasted until the early hours of the morning, and when it was over, the sheriff called his two deputies into the office.

"Did you check up on that matter in the courthouse?" he asked Fitzpatrick.

"Yes, and I found just what you expected I would," Fitzpatrick answered, handing the sheriff some papers.

The sheriff did little more than glance at them.

"Did you find anything?" he asked Jungblut, the second deputy.

"I was out to Jim Hines' place," Jungblut replied. "I didn't get much information, but what I did sounds a little funny."

The sheriff got up as he said: "I talked to Tim Shine this afternoon and I think I now have enough to break the case. At nine in the morning I want you to bring the young wife of Dan Shine here. I think she can help us—if she will."

It was a few minutes after nine the next morning when Pearl Shine, the week-old bride of the murdered man, entered the office of Sheriff Palas. She was pale and her eyes were red-rimmed from crying.

STATE AGENT BRADY was in the office with the sheriff. Brady pushed a chair out for the girl and she sat down wearily.

"Pearl," the sheriff said quietly, "I brought you here to answer one question. Who killed your husband?"

The face of the bride tightened and her eyes flashed. She stared first at the sheriff and then at Brady.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered.

"We have young Lenox here," the sheriff suggested. "He has talked."

Pearl Shine smiled easily and shook her head.

"I don't know who killed Dan," she answered.

"You know," the sheriff shot back, "because you were there when he was killed. You had a part in the murder, but there was someone else behind it and I want to know who that person was."

Still Pearl Shine shook her head and her eyes flashed and she repeated that she knew nothing about the murder. She repeated this for hours, and everything the sheriff and Brady could say did not change her story.

"I wasn't at the house when he was killed," she said. "How could I know anything about it?"

Sheriff Palas smiled. Slowly he was

working around to the opening he wanted, the opening that enabled him to play his trump card.

"You say you weren't at the farmhouse on Tuesday?" he questioned.

"I wasn't there."

The sheriff reached in his pocket and pulled out a paper. He spread it out on the desk in front of the girl. He did it slowly, so she could read what was written on it before his next question.

She read it. The belligerent look left her eyes. Her face paled and she looked away from the table, to the floor.

"This note was left on the kitchen table for Tim Shine," the sheriff explained. "It was left there the day your husband was killed. Tim gave it to me yesterday afternoon. If you weren't out there, how could you have left this note?"

Pearl Shine's body stiffened a little and she looked at the note again.

It read:

"TIM:
THIS IS MY PROPERTY,
PLEASE STAY AWAY!
PEARL"

"The handwriting is yours," the sheriff said. "I have checked that. You left it for Tim on the day your husband was killed."

PEARL SHINE looked at the sheriff. All light had left her face.

"All right," she said. "I can't deny I was there."

"We know that Maynard Lenox, that young boy who you had been having an affair with, was with you," the sheriff said. "We know that he had something to do with the murder, but we know that there was someone else, someone that planned all this."

"We have checked the records in the courthouse. The day before he was killed, Dan Shine deeded you eighty acres of land. We know that you tried, on that day, to borrow money on the land. Young Lenox was with you. You couldn't borrow the money without Dan's signature."

Pearl Shine looked at the tell-tale note and then she talked.

"I hate to tell who helped out with this," she said hoarsely. "If you think I did it, why do you want me to tell on somebody else? You said you had all the evidence and I can say truthfully that I never touched the gun."

"Jim Hines is my uncle by marriage, and Jim helped carry the body upstairs. The shooting happened up there. They grabbed him and pushed him and pounded him and knocked him down."

"He was sort of sitting up when he was shot and he fell over. Jim helped Lenox with the blanket. Lenox did the shooting and Jim helped fix it up. Lenox laid the gun by him. Jim and Lenox both worked at the gun."

"Maynard Lenox went through all the drawers for money. He thought there was money because people said the Shines had money. Lenox told me not to tell. Jim said he would fix me if there was anything said if it was the last thing he ever did."

"We planned it at Jim's house. Jim and Lenox planned it and I heard what they were planning. Jim was the leader. They

expected that the place would belong to me and that I would help them out."

"Minnie wanted some money and she said to me to give her \$25 and she would give me a mortgage on six chairs and a dresser, and I said it was hard for me to get money. They hauled me around a lot and I said I would. We tried to get money at the bank but I could not borrow it. Dan had to sign first."

"The plan was made after Lenox got to Jim's house. It was on Monday. Minnie was not there when they planned it. They planned to kill Dan Tuesday. Lenox suggested how to kill him and Jim was to be there and he was to help."

"Dan was shot about 3:30 in the afternoon. A car did stop but it did not stay very long. I heard no commotion there. We all left after it was over. We went over to Jim's house. He said to Lenox, 'you better get away or there will be trouble.'"

"We all went over to Manchester Tuesday night and stayed at Cornwall's. The scheme was to get Dan out of the way so I could marry Lenox."

"Jim and Minnie put me up to marry Dan. They put me up to all of it. Minnie said it would be a good idea to marry Dan. He is old and I would have a good home. They told me to get the deed from him. My plan was not to kill him."

THIS story was substantiated by the statement made by Lenox, except that Lenox implicated another man.

He was arrested and brought to Elkader. Jim Hines, his stepson, Howard Hines, and his wife, Minnie Hines, were arrested and locked up. Slowly, piece by piece, the sheriff built up the details of the murder plan to get poor old Dan Shine out of the way so that his young bride could get his property.

Maynard Lenox, still unconcerned with his part in the crime, reenacted the murder scene for the officers, going into every detail. When he finished and was taken to the county jail, he turned to the sheriff and said: "You know I like good music. Can I have my harmonica?"

The sheriff gave him his old mouth organ, the one found in the kitchen of the Shine farm.

"I've heard of a lot of different things tracing a murder," he said, "but this is the first time I ever heard of a harmonica leading an officer to the solution of a baffling mystery."

"Tim Shine gave me the lead about Maynard Lenox, whom he said always played such an instrument and was known to be interested in Mrs. Pearl Shine. I traced him to East Dubuque, Illinois, and he was ready to talk without much questioning. It really solved the crime."

In her cell, Pearl Shine wailed mournfully. "Now I can't see my little boy again. I won't ever see him again."

Out on the Shine farm, a broken old man pattered around the house—among the shadows and memories of fifty years. He talked to himself and sometimes he talked to Dan, who would never answer him again.

The neighbors shake their heads. They say it won't be long now until the two brothers will be together again—in the country far beyond the narrow valley of life.

The Case of the

With the repeal of Prohibition, hoodlums and gangsters read the handwriting on the wall and started looking about for new fields to conquer. Descending upon legitimate industries, strong-arm protective associations were formed, forcing industrialists to pay a huge toll—Read how a fearless business man, defying this gangster domination, called upon the police to break the backbone of Chicago racketeering



IT WAS the lonely hour of 1 o'clock on the morning of May 23rd, 1933, and young Stanley Gross yawned sleepily as he paced back and forth before the Goldblatt Department Store at 1615 West Chicago Avenue.

Stanley, a University of Chicago student, had good reason to be tired, for he had spent a busy day at his classes before coming on duty as watchman for the department store. It was a busy life, this studying days and being a watchman nights, but young Gross didn't mind.

Soon he would be graduated from the university and he had prospects of a good job. Meanwhile, he must help to care for his mother and the younger children, in addition to paying for his education.

Gross was walking along the Chicago Avenue side of the building, inspecting windows to make sure that none were broken and testing doors to make sure they were locked. He didn't know exactly why he was doing the job, except that he had heard vague reports of trouble concerning the Goldblatt chain of stores.

Nor was Stanley much concerned about the why or wherefore of his job. The work was steady and the pay sufficient, and those were the big things to him.

Across the avenue from the store, a bakery wagon driver was loading his truck with bread and a sleepy newsboy watched on. Otherwise the streets were deserted.

Then down Chicago Avenue raced two automobiles. The one in front was a wire-wheeled Plymouth coupe of greenish-blue color. Half a block behind it sped a long, black LaSalle sedan.

As the smaller car approached the store, it swerved sharply toward the curb. Brakes screeched and the machine halted momentarily as it came even with the college boy watchman. Two men leaned out the left side win-



dow of the coupe with automatic pistols in their hands.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Four shots rang out. In the chest and head the bullets crashed into young Gross, halting him in the middle of a stride and sending him crashing to the pavement.

Away speeded the death coupe, and close behind it raced the sedan. And from the larger auto, the newsboy and the truck driver across the street heard distinctly the loud, jeering laugh of a woman! And crouched over the steering wheel they glimpsed the figure of what only could be a young girl.


The newsboy ran for a telephone to notify police. The truck driver hurried to the side of the stricken watchman.

By Charles Prybl

Investigator for the Cook County State's Attorney

As told to Ray Brennan

Mimicked Murder



A typical scene after some business man declined to join a questionable association and pay for protection. Left, Maurice Goldblatt who refused to be intimidated into paying tribute for the privilege of doing an honest business.

It was two hours later that I was awakened at my home by the insistent jangling of the telephone. The caller was Bert Gray, my partner in investigating for State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney.

"Hey, Charlie!" he exclaimed as I mumbled a response into the telephone. "Wake up! The watchman at Goldblatt's on Chicago Avenue has been murdered. Get into your clothes and I'll call for you in ten minutes."

That message was enough to bring me wide awake. I scrambled into my clothes, not forgetting to take a .38 caliber service revolver, and was waiting in front of my home when Gray drove up.

Together we drove to the Racine Avenue police station, in which district the killing had occurred. There we were given all available information, including the astounding fact that one of the cars, apparently a trailer for emergency use in case the gunmen's car conked or was disabled by an accident, had been driven by a woman.

Then Gray and I started for the state's attorney's office, several miles away on the west side, to confer with our chief, Captain Daniel Gilbert, a man renowned for fine work on many murder and kidnaping cases. On the way we discussed possible motives for the crime.

Despite the fact that there was a woman in one of the cars, we felt pretty sure young Gross wasn't slain because of his private life. He was too fine a young fellow for that, we had learned.

"Gross was too busy going to school and working nights to have any time for women or gambling or anything like that," Gray said, echoing my theory. "It couldn't be a case of mistaken identity, because Gross had been working on that job for three weeks."

Racketeering! That was the only answer to the murder! Racketeering that, amazing as it might seem in a great, modern city, was seeking to gain a strangle hold on legitimate business and industry that might be compared to the manner in which the robber barons preyed upon the caravans of old.

So vicious had racketeering become in Chicago that Gray and I had spent the previous two weeks investigating it, and in that experience, we believed, had been gained information that might lead to the murderers of Gross.

In order to explain the background of our work to stamp out racketeering, I shall tell of the detective work in which we had engaged for the previous fortnight.

Prosecutor Courtney and Captain Gilbert had given us the assignment after scores of Chicago business men had reported attempts of racketeers to terrorize and bleed money from them. Many of them were, paying, and others were being brought into line by use of the bomber, the window smasher and the acid thrower.

Prohibition was on the way out and the hoodlums had read in the handwriting on the wall that their lush profits from speakeasies, stills and liquor smuggling soon would be ended. In looking about for new fields of easy money, the gangsters had descended upon legitimate business.

Bakeries, groceries, building contractors, tailor shops, coal companies, clothiers, hand laundries, barber shops, department stores, florists—all of them and many other businesses were paying a fierce toll to the racketeers. It ran into millions a month.

For the gangs it was a simple business. They still had their sluggers, bombers and machine-gunners from the guerrilla warfare of prohibition. They added a few acid throwers and window smashers to their ranks—and up sprang the vicious “protection association” racket.

It was a simple enough racket. A business man would be invited to join a protective association, for which there probably would be a \$50 entry fee and a charge of \$10 a week thereafter.

If he refused, a chunk of ice—ice because it melts and leaves no fingerprints—would come crashing through the

window of his place of business that night. Or a dynamite bomb would wreck the place. Or, if it was a clothing establishment, a couple of men would walk in and toss acid on garments.

There were a few fearless, vigilant business men, that dared to defy gangster domination, but most of them supinely paid tribute to the racketeers, terrorized lest their businesses be ruined. One of the former was Maurice Goldblatt of the Goldblatt department stores in Chicago and suburbs.

Goldblatt went to Prosecutor Courtney with just what the fearless prosecutor had been awaiting—a pledge of full cooperation and promise that he would supply all available information and evidence in an effort to smash the gangs of terrorists.

“Attacks are being made on our stores because gangsters and thugs can’t force us into paying tribute for the privilege of doing an honest business,” Goldblatt declared. “Thousands of dollars worth of damage has been done to my stores because I won’t be terrorized.”

His stores were being bombed, windows were being

The Goldblatt department store at which the murder of Stanley Gross occurred.



broken and acid was being thrown on goods, Goldblatt declared, because he had refused to pay tribute to gangsters in control of a labor union.

"I've refused to pay what amounts to protection money to officials of the Cook County Distributors' Union," he said. "They're behind the violence against our stores."

"We employed only union members to peddle hand bills until a few weeks ago, and then an agent of the union came to me and announced that henceforth I would be required to pay the distributors \$3.50 a day, instead of \$3.25."

"When I asked him the reason for the extra 25 cents a day, he said that the union officials were going to get it—that they weren't collecting enough profits from the union. I objected and he sneered at me, made threats and walked out of my office."

That very night, Goldblatt recalled, the reign of terror had started against his stores. He had retaliated by hiring non-union peddlers, and a dozen of them had been slugged and beaten before they were more than a few blocks from the stores.

Then had come bombing and window smashing. The terrorism had continued in increasing volume—but still Goldblatt defied the underworld.

We set about to learn what we could of the Union and soon discovered the real boss of it was John Rooney, former bootlegger, speakeasy owner and slugger. Rooney was secretary-treasurer, with Henry ("Hogan") Berry as business agent. John Jilson was president of the union and Herbert Arnold was vice-president.

Headquarters of the union were in a combination office and saloon only a few steps from the busy intersection of Madison Street and Racine on Chicago's near west side. Gray and I went there with the idea of placing the place under surveillance.

We had taken a position on the third floor of a building across Madison Street from the union and commanding an excellent view through the large windows of the headquarters. Our job was to observe the workings of the union and attempt to detect some evidence on which the officials could be arrested for violence or sabotage against merchants.

Toward that purpose, we stationed in the

street below our windows an automobile with several plain-clothes detectives. We equipped ourselves with field glasses to obtain a better view of the offices and filled our pockets with pebbles.

All of this was part of our plan to catch Rooney or his men in acts of violence, if indeed they were guilty.

Our system worked well. Through our field glasses we could see when Rooney or his men were leaving the offices. A pebble dropped on the police car below would give the warning. And if the union men drove away in an automobile, the detectives would follow in their car.

Rooney and his aides couldn't spot the police car because the exit from which they left the headquarters was on Racine and the officers parked their machine on Madison. It was a perfect set-up for our purposes.

It was a strange place, that union headquarters. Across the rear of the wide main room into which we could look, extended a bar about forty feet long, at which Rooney spent most of his time, drinking beer and whiskey. Berry, Jilson and Arnold also were frequently present.

Behind the bar, serving drinks and polishing glasses, was a nondescript man later identified by us as Alex Davidson, the bartender and general roustabout of the establishment. At first we paid but little attention to Alex, little realizing that he was to become an important figure in the case.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock each afternoon, the headquarters became a literal beehive of activity. Into the place straggled a number of men that usually exceeded



Left: A few reasons why merchants were frightened into paying for gangster protection. Above: Sergeant Bert Gray, active in rounding up the leaders of the organization.

1,000. They passed in a long line at a table, behind which sat Rooney.

That procedure puzzled us for a time, but we soon learned that the lines of men meant Rooney was collecting the union dues. At the close of each day's work, every union member was required to report at headquarters and pay 25 cents to Rooney.

What a mind for making money Mr. Rooney had discovered! We learned that no less than 46,000 men were on the union rolls and that a large percentage of them worked steadily in the busy seasons—each paying 25 cents a day.

In addition, Rooney levied large sums

from store owners in return for allowing them to hire non-union peddlers at lower than union wages!

As for catching the union officials or their aides in violence, we had little luck. Several times a day the union men would drive away in their automobile, a black LaSalle, and the police auto would follow them at a discreet distance—but with negative results.

The detectives often saw Rooney's car circle department stores, apparently observing the number of guards on duty, but never did they see a bomb or a brick thrown. They saw Rooney's men threaten non-union distributors on the streets, but never witnessed violence. There was nothing on which to base an arrest.

One of our problems, incidentally, was to change the appearance of the police car so frequently that Rooney would not become suspicious of being followed by it. For several days we used a florist's delivery truck. We even considered dressing the detectives in women's clothing, but they objected too violently.

FOR two weeks we kept up the deadly monotonous job, peering through the field glasses, signalling the police car with a pebble, waiting for the detectives to return—and getting nowhere rapidly.

So came the day of May 22nd, the day before Gross was slain in the early morning hours. It was a day scheduled to be long remembered by us, and by the racketeering gentry of Chicago as well, for it spelled the beginning of the end of their palmy days.

It was the day that things began to happen!

There was more activity in the union offices than usual. Rooney held conferences at the bar with hard-visaged men. There was a stream of visitors up and down the stairway.

And when the union car moved away at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, followed by the usual convoy of detectives, we felt confident something would be heard from the trip. Berry and two other men were in the union car and they were carrying packages that we guessed might well contain acids or explosives.

The detectives were back in an hour to tell a puzzling story of what had happened.

They reported that the union car drove straight to suburban Oak Park and pulled up before a department store that we knew was not paying tribute to the union.

Into the store walked Berry and his companions, their packages under their arms. Behind them walked the detectives, separating to browse down the aisles and say, "Just looking around, thanks," to sales girls offering to aid them, but all the time keeping eyes on their suspects.

Through the store went Berry and his men, fingering expensive goods, glancing archly at each other, but making no move to quietly pour a little acid or drop a stench bomb. Then as swiftly as they had entered the union men walked out of the store, hopped into their car and drove away.

Chagrined, the detectives followed them back to union headquarters. Again the officers had failed to collect any evidence.

It was late that afternoon, just before dusk, when Gray drew back suddenly from the window through which he had been

watching the union. "Don't get too close to the windows or he'll see you," Gray warned me, "but look across the street at Rooney!"

I looked, and there was Mr. Rooney—standing at his own window with a spy glass trained on our hideout, a sardonic laugh on his lips! He had turned the tables on us. We had been discovered. Probably Rooney had known for days that we had been watching him and that his men were being followed!

It was enough to discourage anyone. All our work had been wasted. Rooney, knowing that we knew his every activity and all about his business, certainly would never give us another opportunity to catch him in an illegal act.

Despairing of our task, Gray and I left our hideout, carrying our field glasses and realizing we had to map out an entirely new campaign against Rooney.

In the union offices there were still lights and noise. Half a dozen men were there, including Berry, Jilson, Arnold, Rooney and the ever-present Alex Davidson, the bartender.

At this point it should be explained that the only duty of Investigator Gray and myself was to keep the union under surveillance. We were to be on the job only during the hours when stores were doing business. At night, the places of business all were guarded by private watchmen.

Also, it should be pointed out that the campaign against Rooney was in no sense a drive against union labor. Prosecutor Courtney and other leaders in the drive had no quarrel with unionization. They had only the interest of stamping out racketeers that preyed on employer and employee alike.

All of those things we considered that morning of May 23rd as we puzzled over the murder of Stanley Gross.

"I can hardly imagine that Rooney would engineer the killing," I told Gray. "He wouldn't hardly take a chance on murder if he knew we were watching him. And he must have known he was under surveillance when he looked at us in our hideout through his spy glass."

Bert nodded agreement. We were stumped.

Another thing that puzzled us was the green coupe. No automobile of that description had we seen about the union headquarters. And the girl! We had never seen a woman near the place.

Of course, the black LaSalle that the girl reportedly had driven was of the same make as Rooney's machine, but then there were hundreds of similar cars in Chicago. The witnesses—Roman Thiel, the truck driver, and Leo Blezian, the newsboy—had not obtained the license numbers of either automobile.

By the time we reached the state attorney's office, the Racine police had found a street car motorman, John Panagon, who had noticed the two cars a short distance from the store, but he hadn't noticed the licenses.

AFTER our conference with Captain Gilbert, Gray and I decided to visit the union headquarters. We went there chiefly with the idea of satisfying ourselves that our belief of Rooney's innocence was correct.

A surprise met us at the union offices. The place was empty except for the inde-

WOMEN! Delayed?



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intangible barman, Alex Davidson.

"What's this?" asked Gray. "Rooney would be here getting ready to take in his quarters if there wasn't something wrong."

With no one else present to question, we decided to concentrate on the barman. But Alex didn't know a thing. Rooney and the others had left the previous evening about 9 o'clock, Alex said. He had locked the doors and fallen asleep immediately afterward, it being his custom to sleep in the offices, Davidson declared.

Alex' story didn't sound exactly right to us. First, Rooney had been drinking heavily the previous day and on such occasions he usually caroused in the offices until late. Secondly, the barman seemed nervous.

We took Alex with us to the state's attorney's office, and on the way there I hit upon a plan to make him tell what he knew, if anything. It involved the night watchman that, we knew, tried the door knobs and inspected buildings near the union headquarters at hourly intervals.

"You're lying," I told Alex in Captain Gilbert's office. "You can't fool us. The watchman in the neighborhood told us the union office was open until late and that you and Rooney were there!"

The accusation seemed to strike terror in Alex' heart. He turned pale, gibbered and stammered. His hands shook and he slumped in his chair.

I had struck closer to home with the chance shot than I realized. For the watchman really had seen people in the office, we later learned, because he had dropped in at midnight and had been given a glass of beer by Rooney!

"I'll talk! I'll talk!" Alex suddenly squealed in terror. "I don't want to get mixed up in this business. Let Rooney look out for himself!"

Then the bartender, now so voluble that words fairly tumbled forth from his lips, embarked on as shocking a tale of cold-blooded murder as Gray and I had ever heard.

"The boss- (Rooney) got pretty drunk last night and about 8 o'clock he kicked everyone out of the office except Berry and me," Alex began. "He kept on drinking at the bar with Berry and telling me to have a drink once in a while.

"He didn't care much if I drank because he made a good profit on selling liquor to the union men.

"Well, about 11 o'clock he and Berry whispered together a while and finally the boss told me to call a phone number in Berwyn (a suburb) and tell Rosie to come down and to 'bring one.'"

Davidson said he did as he was told and that in less than an hour a pretty young girl walked into the office. He said that Rooney introduced her as "Mrs. Rooney" and addressed her as "Rosie." About that time the watchman had dropped in for his glass of beer.

WHEN the watchman left," Alex continued, "Rosie reached in her purse for a pistol and handed it to the boss."

"She asked him why he wanted the gun and Rooney told her, 'We're going over to Goldblatts and kill a rat of a watchman that has been keeping us from smashing the place to pieces.'"

Rosie had quite a laugh about the plan,

according to Alex, chided Rooney and Berry for being intoxicated and then declared:

"I'm going along to see the fun."

With that callous remark from the pretty young girl, she walked with the two men from the headquarters.

In about a half hour, Rosie and the two union officials returned, Alex said, hilarious with laughter and demanding drinks at the bar.

Rooney took a drink of whisky, the barman said, and then told him, "We got the rat! He's a dead mackerel now!"

Rosie followed that announcement, Davidson said, by staggering grotesquely, rolling back her eyes and laughing loudly as she burlesqued the tragic death of the college youth.

"For God's sake, protect me!" Alex begged after he had finished telling us his story. "They'll kill me sure if they can. Lock me up where I'll be safe!"

Alex' wishes were complied with, after he had said that Berry had a pistol, in addition to one supplied by Rosie. He declared that he could tell no more; that he knew not where Rosie could be found, that he never heard her full name and that he could not recall the telephone number that Rooney had directed him to call in summoning her before the murder.

Back to the union headquarters we went, delighted with the prospects of solving a Chicago gang killing of that gang for the first time in history to that date and determined to find Rosie's telephone number.

The first thing we did was call a man known to the police department as an expert in such work and have him drill open Rooney's safe.

Jammed with papers and records was the safe, documents that enabled us to learn that Rooney had a truly gigantic income, a total later computed at more than \$50,000 a year, exclusive of huge salaries paid to other officials of the union.

More important to us, however, was a notebook filled with telephone numbers. Investigator Gray thumbed hastily through the pages, giving an exclamation of delight when he came upon what he sought.

A Berwyn telephone number! In a moment we were at the union telephone and Gray called the number.

FOR minutes my partner stood with the receiver clamped to his ear. There was no answer, and when he was sure there would be none, Gray called the telephone company. He talked with the proper official and in a few moments we were informed that the telephone number we sought was assigned to a large apartment building in the suburb.

Arriving at the Berwyn apartment building, located at 6824 West Roseland Avenue, we were confronted with the problem of locating which one of the two score apartments housed the telephone with the number that we firmly believed to be Rosie's.

To locate the apartment without arousing suspicion by asking questions, I took a position on the second floor and Gray went outside to a telephone pay station and called Rosie's number.

Thus, when a telephone pealed long and loud on the third floor, I was able to locate it by the sound. Gray came back into the building and we entered the suspected apartment by the use of a skeleton key.

The apartment was empty. Dresses hung

in a wardrobe, indicating the occupant was a woman. Open bureau drawers and clothing scattered about gave evidence of a hasty departure.

"I wish that fellow could talk," Gray said, pointing to a canary in a cage at the window after we had finished searching the three rooms of the suite without result. The canary didn't do any talking, but the little bird did become a mighty important fowl in our case!

Both believers in the saying that patience often is a good part of crook catching, Gray and I sat down in the lonely apartment to wait for something to happen. All that night we waited and until noon the following day.

Then we heard footsteps approach the door and a key was inserted in the lock. Both of us were instantly on our feet, hands on our guns. Slowly the door opened and in walked—a little, old lady.

She gazed at us in wide-eyed surprise, tried to hack out the door, but returned at our command. "What's the matter?" she asked, speaking in rather broken English and with an Italian accent. "Are you friends of Rosie? She has gone away."

Further questioning of the elderly woman disclosed that she was the mother of Rose Rizzo, the girl we were seeking. She had come, Mrs. Rizzo said, to feed Rosie's canary.

"Did Rosie go away in her green coupe?" I asked Mrs. Rizzo. Instantly there came a change over Mrs. Rizzo. She dashed to a window, smashed the glass and shouted something in Italian.

CLOSE at her heels, we were at the window in time to see an auto—a green coupe with wire wheels—pull around the corner and disappear. There was a man at the wheel. Mrs. Rizzo had warned someone!

Mrs. Rizzo was made of stern stuff, we learned when we tried to question her about Rosie or the green auto. It was an hour before she would even tell us that she lived in Oak Park and would consent to take us to her home.

In the Rizzo home we found the elderly woman's husband, who promptly admitted it was he who had driven away from the Berwyn apartment after his wife had broken the window and shouted to him.

There was nothing to be worried about, he insisted. Rosie had brought the car home that morning and put it in the garage. She had told them it was not in running order and directed them not to drive it.

But Rizzo was of a mechanical nature. He decided to repair the car as a favor to his daughter. He tried the motor. It ran smoothly. He meshed the gears. They operated perfectly. Nothing at all the matter with the car.

"So when Mama says she must go to Berwyn to feed Rosie's bird," Rizzo continued, "I took her in the car. I know there's nothing wrong, but when Mama breaks the window and yells at me in Italian, 'Go away, quick!' I get scared and drive away."

Where had Rosie gone? That was our next question. The father and mother shook their heads. "She just say she go to the country," Rizzo replied. "She say she go with a friend in a big black car."

So, Rosie had fled with Rooney! But where would they go? To the South Pole for all we knew. We debated the question

en route back to the state's attorney's office, but reached few conclusions.

We arranged to tap the telephone and place under surveillance the home where Rooney's wife and four children lived in Berwyn, Rosie's apartment in Berwyn and her parents' home in Oak Park. Then we turned to hunting for Berry.

Gray and I took up a vigil in the union headquarters and took to answering the telephone in guarded tones whenever it rang. It rang often and we soon discovered that Berry, Jilson or Arnold were playing games with us.

For each time we replied to the telephone's summons we would be greeted with a volley of curses and uncomplimentary remarks.

A CANVASS of the neighborhood brought better results, however, when Gray came upon a taxicab driver who knew Berry and had driven him to his home at 2102 West Chicago Avenue. We haunted that neighborhood for two days—and Berry walked right into our arms on the street.

But capture was far from conviction, and Berry knew it. He scoffed at our accusations, dared us to prove our charges and said when confronted with Alex Davidson's statement that the barman was "just a drunkard whose testimony would be laughed out of court."

So we locked Berry in a cell and renewed our search for Ross and Rooney. We spent a week in Chicago, running down every possible clue, but there was no sight of the elusive pair. We came to the conclusion that Rose's parents were correct in believing her out of the city.

"You know where every Chicago hoodlum goes when he wants a vacation in the country?" I asked my partner one Saturday afternoon after we had spent another day of chasing about Chicago. Gray nodded. "Sure, up around Eagle River, Wisconsin. The woods are full of 'em up there."

"Maybe we need a vacation," I suggested. We pondered a while. It would be taking a chance. Rosie and Rooney might have gone anywhere in the world. Of course, Eagle River country was a likely place. There was nothing better to do.

On the evening of Sunday, June 10th, we drove into the village of Phelps, Wisconsin, dressed in boots and khaki breeches and looking like nothing but two dudes from Chicago on vacation.

The fishing was good, a filling station attendant told us. Little chilly in the night, though, especially in unheated cabins.

We agreed with him and added that we hoped to run across some Chicago friends in the vicinity on vacation. We asked him if he had seen a black LaSalle carrying a man and woman, but he couldn't help us.

There wasn't much going on in Phelps that Sunday evening, so we drove to Eagle River. It was pretty dull there, too, so we drove down to the depot to see the evening train come in.

We were seated in our car near the station when both of us saw the same thing at the same time. It was a black LaSalle with a man and woman in the front seat. We recognized them at once—Rooney from having seen him and Rosie from photographs in her home.

Hardly had the limousine passed when Gray swung our car out in pursuit. As we

approached behind them we could see the limousine bore Illinois 1933 license No. 683-423—the same licenses that had been on the car so often trailed away from the Chicago union-offices.

FOR two miles out of Eagle River the LaSalle rolled. Then it arrived at the Spider Lake Dine and Dance Resort and halted at a dwelling cottage nearby. We saw a man and a woman alight from the car and enter the cottage.

We now had Rooney and his girl friend located, but there still was the matter of arresting them and extraditing them from Wisconsin to Illinois. Both were difficult problems, for large profits were made by the criminal element from vacationing gangsters and they were adverse to having them disturbed.

To call upon local authorities for aid in making the arrest might mean that



We now had Rooney and his girl friend, Rose Rizzo, above, located.

the news of our presence might somehow leak out and we hesitated to telephone to Chicago for aid because telephone operators have been known to gossip in small towns. And it seemed a useless risk for the two of us to attempt capture without help, as we knew Rooney was quick on the draw and always loaded for bear.

As the best way out of the dilemma, I drove to Pelican Lake, Wisconsin, and telephoned from there to Captain Gilbert, informing him of our success, while Gray remained at the Spider Lake resort, watching our fugitives and ready to tail them if they moved.

On the following Tuesday morning at 3 o'clock the squads from Chicago arrived and we cautiously surrounded the cottage in which Rooney and Rosie still were living. With us was Sheriff McGregor of Vilas County, Wisconsin, as the authority for Chicago officers to make arrests in Wisconsin was doubtful.

We crashed in the door of the cottage, guns in hand, and aroused John Rooney and Rose Rizzo from a sound sleep. Rooney was in pajamas of a startling orange and blue design and Rose was wearing a fetching night dress of pink silk.

Rooney didn't even reach for the pistol beneath his pillow. Rose wept. In a closet we found another pistol and the spy glass with which Rooney had boldly looked at us from the union office window while we

thought we were spying on him.

Rushed back to Chicago that morning, both Rooney and Miss Rizzo flatly denied any knowledge of the murder of young Gross. Separated in different rooms, they told identical stories of having spent the night in the Berwyn apartment and of having left early next day for Wisconsin.

Berry, they said, visited them in the apartment until 2 a. m., making it impossible for him to have been in on the murder.

As for Alex Davidson's story of Rosie having supplied the gun, of their leaving the offices to kill, of their returning with boasts and laughter—they denounced it as a pack of lies. Confronted with the watchman's story of having seen them in the offices shortly before midnight, they declared he was confused as to the date.

AFTER two hours of grilling the pair for a confession, we gave it up.

Prosecutors moved quickly, realizing how delays had caused witnesses and evidence to disappear in other gangster cases, and on July 24th, 1933, Rooney, Miss Rizzo and Berry went on trial before Criminal Court Judge Harry A. Miller for murder—only to have the proceedings abruptly halted when Policeman John Sevvick was shot and killed in a corridor outside by a bank bandit seeking to escape from another court.

Judge Miller decided the shooting might prejudice venire men called for jury duty.

A new venire was summoned and two days later the trial was started again. A week was required to select the jury, and then the state began its parade of witnesses. Most important of them was Alex Davidson. Not even the most rigid cross examination by Defense Attorney William Scott Stewart could shake his damning evidence.

For the defense, character witnesses paraded to the stand to testify that Rooney always had been an honest, hard-working man. Rosie crossed her knees, smiled her sweetest and said she knew nothing about guns or killings. Berry and Rooney, too, denied everything.

The case went to the jury on August 7th and it required the twelve men only five hours to reach their judgment. They found all three defendants guilty of murder and set the penalty of Rooney and Berry at life in prison, and that of Miss Rizzo at twenty years.

Business men of Chicago cheered loudly at the verdict and heaped praise upon the state's attorney's office for breaking the first racket case in the city. Prosecutors declared the backbone of racketeering broken in Chicago. Extra compensation was awarded to Gray and myself.

Meanwhile, Jilson and Arnold had surrendered. They were convicted of conspiracy to commit illegal acts and sentenced to terms of one to five years.

A week later Judge Miller formally pronounced the sentences set by the jury for Miss Rizzo, Rooney and Berry. The two men heard the decree without change of their sullen expressions. Rosie went into hysterics.

Perhaps she remembered as she was assisted screaming and sobbing from the court, how she brought a gun to her paramour for the killing of the college boy and how she later pantomimed his death—staggering grotesquely, rolling back her eyes and laughing loudly in the union offices.

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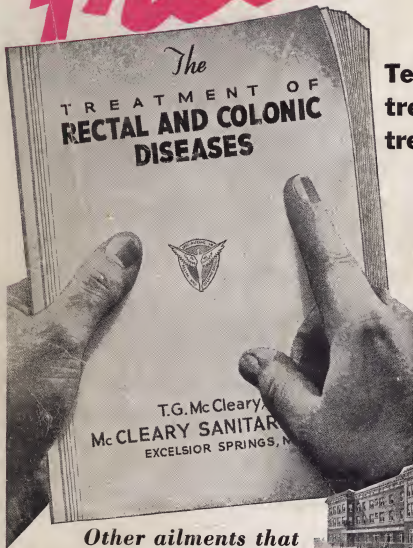
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